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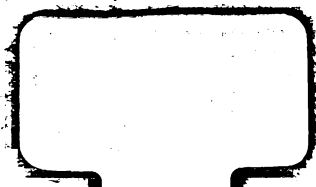
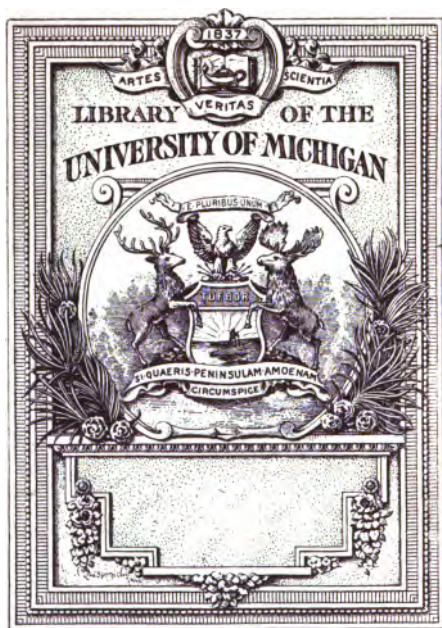
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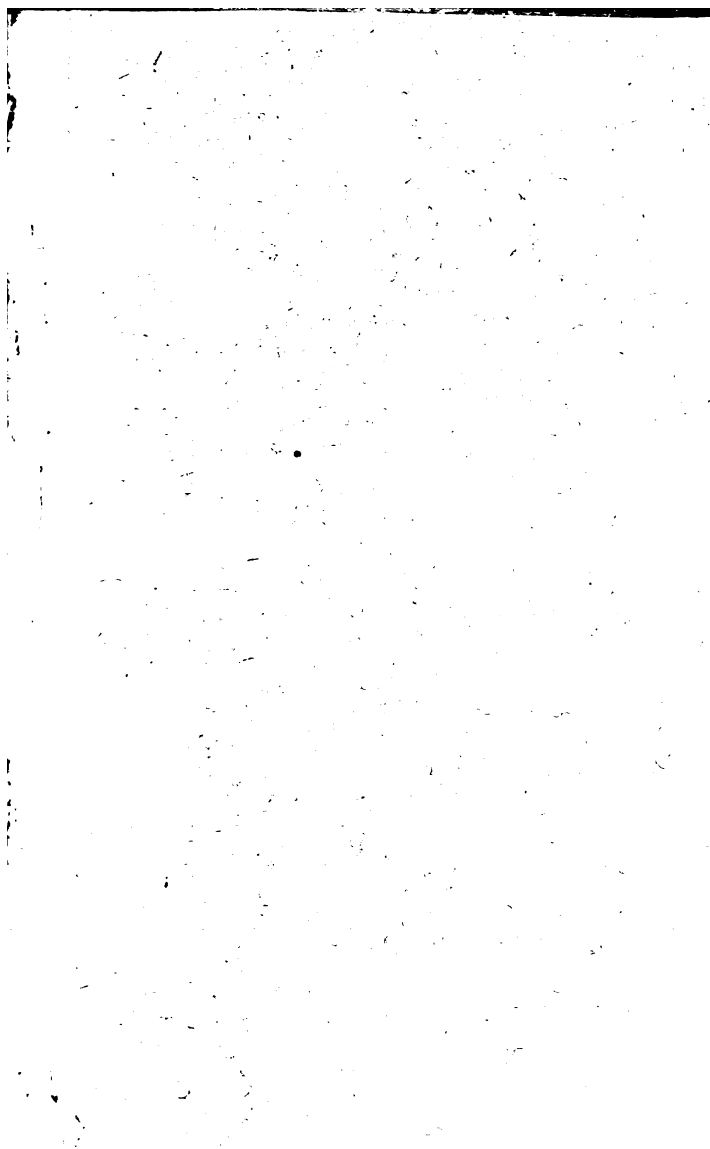
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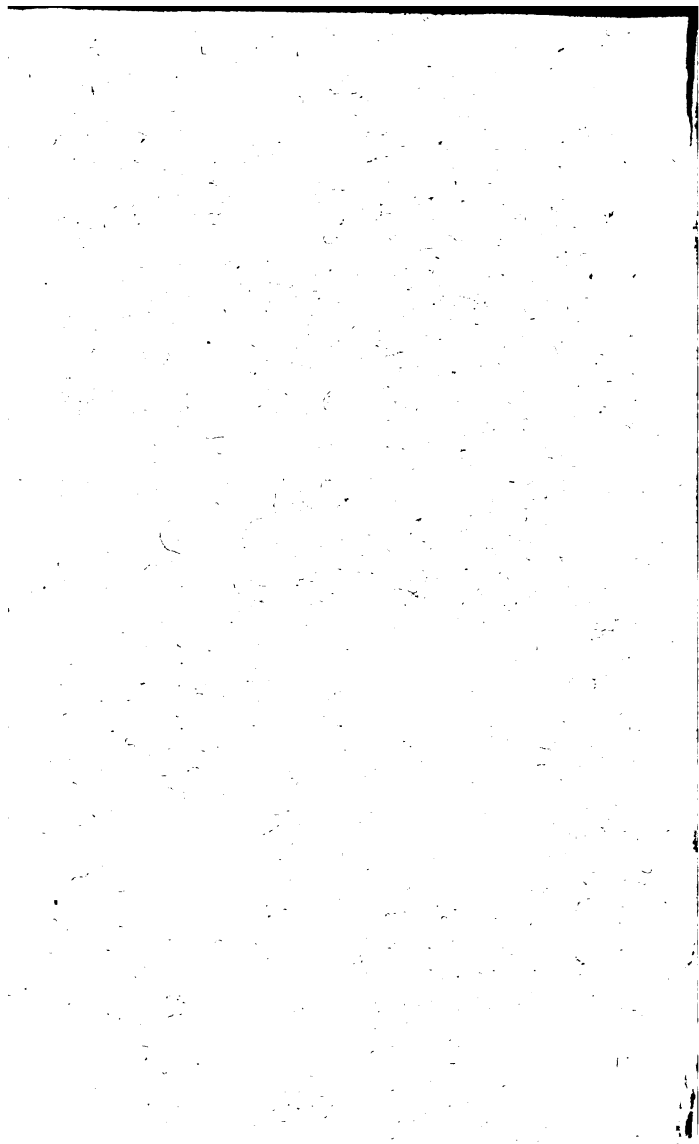
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**VIRGIL.**

**THE ECLOGUES TRANSLATED BY WRANGHAM,  
THE GEORGICS BY SOTHEY,  
AND THE AENEID BY DRYDEN.**

**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

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# ÆNEID.

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## BOOK III.

### ARGUMENT.

**ÆNEAS** proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace—From thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation—By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete—His household gods give him the true sense of the oracle, in a dream—He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy—He is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily, where his father Anchises dies—This is the place which he was sailing from when the tempest rose, and threw him on the Carthaginian coast.

---

“WHEN heav'n had overturn'd the Trojan state,  
And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate;  
When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians' prey,  
And Ilium's lofty tow'rs in ashes lay;  
Warn'd by celestial omens, we retreat, 5  
To seek in foreign lands a happier seat.  
Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,  
The timber of the sacred groves we cut,  
And build our fleet—uncertain yet to find  
What place the gods for our repose assign'd. 10  
Friends daily flock; and scarce the kindly spring  
Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing,

When old Anchises summon'd all to sea :  
 The crew, my father and the fates obey.  
 With sighs and tears I leave my native shore, 15  
 And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.  
 My sire, my son, our less and greater gods,  
 All sail at once, and cleave the briny floods.  
 Against our coast appears a spacious land,  
 Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command 20  
 (Thracia the name—the people bold in war—  
 Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care)  
 A hospitable realm, while Fate was kind,  
 With Troy in friendship and religion join'd.  
 I land, with luckless omens ; then adore 25  
 Their gods, and draw a line along the shore ;  
 I lay the deep foundations of a wall,  
 And Ænos, named from me, the city call.  
 To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,  
 And all the powers that rising labours aid ; 30  
 A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.  
 Not far, a rising hillock stood in view :  
 Sharp myrtles on the sides, and cornels grew.  
 There, while I went to crop the sylvan scenes,  
 And shade our altar with their leafy greens, 35  
 I pull'd a plant—with horror I relate  
 A prodigy so strange, and full of fate—  
 The rooted fibres rose ; and, from the wound,  
 Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.  
 Mute and amazed, my hair with terror stood ; 40  
 Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood.  
 Mann'd once again, another plant I try :  
 That other gush'd with the same sanguine die.  
 Then fearing guilt for some offence unknown,  
 With pray'rs and vows the dryads I atone, 45  
 With all the sisters of the woods, and most  
 The god of arms, who rules the Thracian coast—  
 That they, or he, these omens would avert,  
 Release our fears, and better signs impart.  
 Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length 50  
 To learn the cause, I tugg'd with all my strength :

I bent my knees against the ground; once more  
 The violated myrtle ran with gore.  
 Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the womb  
 Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb, 55  
 A groan as of a troubled ghost, renew'd  
 My fright, and then these dreadful words ensued:  
 'Why dost thou thus my buried body rend!  
 O! spare the corpse of thy unhappy friend!  
 Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood: 60  
 The tears distil not from the wounded wood;  
 But ev'ry drop this living tree contains  
 Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins.  
 Oh! fly from this inhospitable shore,  
 Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore! 65  
 Here loads of lances, in my blood imbrued,  
 Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.'  
 My falt'ring tongue and shiv'ring limbs declare  
 My horror; and in bristles rose my hair.  
 When Troy with Grecian arms was closely pent, 70  
 Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,  
 This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent:  
 Loaded with gold, he sent his darling, far  
 From noise and tumults, and destructive war,  
 Committed to the faithless tyrant's care; 75  
 Who, when he saw the power of Troy decline,  
 Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join—  
 Broke ev'ry bond of nature and of truth,  
 And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.  
 O sacred hunger of pernicious gold! 80  
 What bands of faith can impious lucre hold!  
 Now, when my soul had shaken off her fears,  
 I call my father, and the Trojan peers—  
 Relate the prodigies of heaven—require  
 What he commands, and their advice desire. 85  
 All vote to leave that execrable shore,  
 Polluted with the blood of Polydore;  
 But, ere we sail, his fun'ral rites prepare,  
 Then to his ghost a tomb and altars rear.

In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round, 90  
 With baleful cypress and blue fillets crown'd,  
 With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.  
 Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,  
 And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.

Now, when the raging storms no longer reign, 95  
 But southern gales invite us to the main,  
 We launch our vessels, with a prosp'rous wind,  
 And leave the cities and the shores behind.

An island in th' Ægean main appears :  
 Neptune and wat'ry Doris claim it theirs. 100  
 It floated once, till Phœbus fix'd the sides  
 To rooted earth ; and now it braves the tides.  
 Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,  
 With needful ease our weary limbs restore,  
 And the Sun's temple and his town adore. 105

Anius, the priest and king, with laurel crown'd,  
 His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,  
 Who saw my sire the Delian shore ascend,  
 Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend ;  
 Invites him to his palace ; and, in sign 110  
 Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.  
 Then to the temple of the god I went,  
 And thus before the shrine my vows present :  
 ' Give, O Thymbræus ! give a resting-place  
 To the sad relics of the Trojan race— 115  
 A seat secure, a region of their own,  
 A lasting empire, and a happier town.  
 Where shall we fix ? where shall our labours end ?  
 Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend ?  
 Let not my pray'rs a doubtful answer find ; 120  
 But in clear auguries unveil thy mind.'  
 Scarce had I said : he shook the holy ground,  
 The laurels, and the lofty hills around ;  
 And from the tripos rush'd a bellowing sound.  
 Prostrate we fell ; confess'd the present god, 125  
 Who gave this answer from his dark abode :  
 ' Undaunted youths ! go, seek that mother earth  
 From which your ancestors derive their birth.

The soil that sent you forth, her ancient race,  
 In her old bosom shall again embrace. 130  
 Through the wide world th' Æneian house shall  
     reign,  
 And children's children shall the crown sustain.  
 Thus Phœbus did our future fates disclose;  
 A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.  
 All are concern'd to know what place the god 135  
 Assign'd, and where determined our abode.  
 My father, long revolving in his mind  
 The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,  
 Thus answer'd their demands: 'Ye princes, hear  
 Your pleasing fortune, and dispel your fear. 140  
 The fruitful isle of Crete, well known to fame,  
 Sacred of old to Jove's imperial name,  
 In the mid ocean lies, with large command:  
 And on its plains a hundred cities stand.  
 Another Ida rises there; and we 145  
 From thence derive our Trojan ancestry.  
 From thence, as 'tis divulged by certain fame,  
 To the Rhœtean shores old Teucer came;  
 There fix'd, and there the seat of empire chose,  
 Ere Ilium and the Trojan tow'rs arose. 150  
 In humble vales they built their soft abodes;  
 Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,  
 With tinkling cymbals charm'd th' Idæan woods.  
 She secret rites and ceremonies taught,  
 And to the yoke the savage lions brought. 155  
 Let us the land, which heaven appoints, explore;  
 Appease the winds, and seek the Gnosian shore.  
 If Jove assists the passage of our fleet,  
 The third propitious dawn discovers Crete.'  
 Thus having said, the sacrifices, laid 160  
 On smoking altars, to the gods he paid—  
 A bull to Neptune an oblation due,  
 Another bull to bright Apollo slew—  
 A milk-white ewe the western winds to please,  
 And one coal-black, to calm the stormy seas. 165

Ere this a flying rumour had been spread,  
 That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled,  
 Expell'd and exiled; that the coast was free  
 From foreign or domestic enemy.  
 We leave the Delian ports, and put to sea;      170  
 By Naxos, famed for vintage, make our way;  
 Then green Donysa pass; and sail in sight  
 Of Paros' isle, with marble quarries white.  
 We pass the scatter'd isles of Cyclades,  
 That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to stud the seas. 175  
 The shouts of sailors double near the shores;  
 They stretch their canvass, and they ply their oars.  
 'All hands aloft! for Crete! for Crete!' they cry,  
 And swiftly through the foamy billows fly.  
 Full on the promised land at length we bore      180  
 With joy descending on the Cretan shore.  
 With eager haste a rising town I frame,  
 Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name;  
 The name itself was grateful:—I exhort  
 To found their houses, and erect a fort.      185  
 Our ships are haul'd upon the yellow strand:  
 The youth begin to till the labour'd land;  
 And I myself new marriages promote,  
 Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot:  
 When rising vapours choke the wholesome air, 190  
 And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year:  
 The trees devouring caterpillars burn:  
 Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the corn.  
 Nor 'scape the beasts: for Sirius from on high,  
 With pestilential heat infects the sky:      195  
 My men—some fall, the rest in fevers fry.  
 Again my father bids me seek the shore  
 Of sacred Delos, and the god implore,  
 To learn what end of woes we might expect,  
 And to what clime our weary course direct.      200  
 'Twas night, when ev'ry creature, void of cares,  
 The common gift of balmy slumber shares:  
 The statues of my gods (for such they seem'd),  
 Those gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,



Before me stood, majestically bright, 205  
 Full in the beams of Phœbe's ent'ring light.  
 Then thus they spoke, and eased my troubled mind:  
 'What from the Delian god thou go'st to find,  
 He tells thee here, and sends us to relate.  
 Those pow'rs are we, companions of thy fate, 210  
 Who from the burning town by thee were brought,  
 Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.  
 Through seas and lands as we thy steps attend,  
 So shall our care thy glorious race befriend.  
 An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain, 215  
 A town that o'er the conquer'd world shall reign.  
 Thou, mighty walls for mighty nations build;  
 Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield:  
 But change thy seat; for not the Delian god,  
 Nor we, have given thee Crete for our abode. 220  
 A land there is, Hesperia call'd of old  
 (The soil is fruitful, and the natives bold—  
 Th' Ænotrians held it once), by later fame  
 Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.  
 Iasius there and Dardanus were born. 225  
 From thence we came, and thither must return.  
 Rise, and thy sire with these glad tidings greet.—  
 Search Italy; for Jove denies thee Crete.  
 Astonish'd at their voices and their sight  
 (Nor were they dreams, but visions of the night;  
 I saw, I knew their faces, and descried, 231  
 In perfect view, their hair with fillets tied),  
 I started from my couch: a clammy sweat  
 On all my limbs and shiv'ring body sat.  
 To heav'n I lift my hands with pious haste, 235  
 And sacred incense in the flames I cast.  
 Thus to the gods their perfect honours done,  
 More cheerful to my good old sire I run,  
 And tell the pleasing news. In little space  
 He found his error of the double race, 240  
 Not, as before he deem'd, derived from Crete;  
 No more deluded by the doubtful seat;

Then said, 'O son, turmoil'd in Trojan fate!  
 Such things as these Cassandra did relate.  
 This day revives within my mind what she      245  
 Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,  
 And Latian lands: but who could then have  
 thought

That Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought,  
 Or who believed what mad Cassandra taught?  
 Now let us go where Phœbus leads the way.'      250  
 He said; and we with glad consent obey;  
 Forsake the seat; and, leaving few behind,  
 We spread our sails before the willing wind.  
 Now from the sight of land our galleys move,  
 With only seas around, and skies above;      255  
 When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain,  
 And night with sable clouds involves the main:  
 The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise:  
 The scatter'd fleet is forced to sev'ral ways:  
 The face of heav'n is ravish'd from our eyes;      260  
 And in redoubled peals the roaring thunder flies.  
 Cast from our course, we wander in the dark;  
 No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.  
 Ev'n Palinurus no distinction found  
 Between the night and day; such darkness reign'd  
 around.      265

Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays  
 Without distinction, and three sunless days:  
 The fourth renews the light; and from our shrouds  
 We view a rising land, like distant clouds:  
 The mountain tops confirm the pleasing sight,      270  
 And curling smoke ascending from their height.  
 The canvass falls; their oars the sailors ply;  
 From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly.  
 At length I land upon the Strophades,  
 Safe from the dangers of the stormy seas.      275  
 Those isles are compass'd by th' Ionian main;  
 The dire abode where the foul Harpies reign,  
 Forced by the winged warriors to repair  
 To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.

Monsters more fierce offended heav'n ne'er sent 280  
 From hell's abyss, for human punishment—  
 With virgin faces, but with wombs obscene,  
 Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean;  
 With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.  
 We landed at the port, and soon beheld 285  
 Fat herds of oxen graze the flow'ry field:  
 And wanton goats without a keeper stray'd.—  
 With weapons we the welcome prey invade,  
 Then call the gods for partners of our feast;  
 And Jove himself the chief invited guest. 290  
 We spread the tables on the greensward ground:  
 We feed with hunger; and the bowls go round;  
 When from the mountain-tops, with hideous cry,  
 And clatt'ring wings, the hungry Harpies fly:  
 They snatch the meat, defiling all they find, 295  
 And, parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.  
 Close by a hollow rock again we sit,  
 New dress the dinner, and the beds refit,  
 Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,  
 Where tufted trees a native arbour made. 300  
 Again the holy fires on altars burn;  
 And once again the rav'nous birds return,  
 Or from the dark recesses where they lie,  
 Or from another quarter of the sky—  
 With filthy claws their odious meal repeat, 305  
 And mix their loathsome ordures with their meat.  
 I bade my friends for vengeance then prepare,  
 And with the hellish nation wage the war.  
 They, as commanded, for the fight provide,  
 And in the grass their glitt'ring weapons hide: 310  
 Then, when along the crooked shore we hear  
 Their clatt'ring wings, and saw the foes appear,  
 Misenus sounds a charge: we take th' alarm,  
 And our strong hands with swords and bucklers arm.  
 In this new kind of combat, all employ 315  
 Their utmost force, the monsters to destroy—  
 In vain:—the fated skin is proof to wounds;  
 And from their plumes the shining sword rebounds.

At length rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,  
 And their stretch'd pinions to the skies display. 320  
 Yet one remain'd—the Messenger of Fate,  
 High on a craggy cliff Celæno sate,  
 And thus her dismal errand did relate :  
 'What! not contented with our oxen slain,  
 Dare you with heav'n an impious war maintain, 325  
 And drive the Harpies from their native reign?  
 Heed therefore what I say; and keep in mind  
 What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has design'd,  
 And I, the Furies' queen, from both relate—  
 You seek th' Italian shores, foredoom'd by Fate :  
 'Th' Italian shores are granted you to find, 331  
 And a safe passage to the port assign'd.  
 But know, that, ere your promised walls you build,  
 My curses shall severely be fulfilled.  
 Fierce famine is your lot—for this misdeed, 335  
 Reduced to grind the plates on which you feed.'  
 She said, and to the neighb'ring forest flew.  
 Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.  
 Hopeless to win by war, to pray'rs we fall,  
 And on th' offended Harpies humbly call, 340  
 And (whether gods or birds obscene they were)  
 Our vows, for pardon and for peace, prefer.  
 But old Anchises, off'ring sacrifice,  
 And lifting up to heav'n his hands and eyes,  
 Adored the greater gods—'Avert,' said he, 345  
 'These omens! render vain this prophecy,  
 And from th' impending curse a pious people free.'  
 Thus having said, he bids us put to sea.  
 We loose from shore our hawsers, and obey,  
 And soon with swelling sails pursue our wat'ry  
 way. 350  
 Amid our course Zacynthian woods appear;  
 And next by rocky Neritos we steer:  
 We fly from Ithaca's detested shore,  
 And curse the land which dire Ulysses bore.  
 At length Leucate's cloudy top appears, 355  
 And the Sun's temple, which the sailor fears.

Resolved to breathe awhile from labour past,  
 Our crooked anchors from the prow we cast,  
 And joyful to the little city haste.  
 Here, safe beyond our hopes, our vows we pay 360  
 To Jove, the guide and patron of our way.  
 The customs of our country we pursue,  
 And Trojan games on Actian shores renew.  
 Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil,  
 And exercise the wrestlers' noble toil— 365  
 Pleased to have sail'd so long before the wind,  
 And left so many Grecian towns behind.  
 The sun had now fulfill'd his annual course,  
 And Boreas on the seas display'd his force.  
 I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door 370  
 The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore:  
 The verse beneath my name and action speaks:  
 'These arms Æneas took from conqu'ring Greeks.'  
 Then I command to weigh: the seamen ply  
 Their sweeping oars: the smoking billows fly. 375  
 The sight of high Phæacia soon we lost,  
 And skinn'd along Epirus' rocky coast.  
 Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,  
 And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend.  
 Here wondrous things were loudly blazed by Fame—  
 How Helenus revived the Trojan name, 381  
 And reign'd in Greece; that Priam's captive son  
 Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne;  
 And fair Andromache, restored by fate,  
 Once more was happy in a Trojan mate. 385  
 I leave my galleys riding in the port,  
 And long to see the new Dardanian court.  
 By chance the mournful queen, before the gate,  
 Then solemnized her former husband's fate.  
 Green altars, raised of turf, with gifts she crown'd;  
 And sacred priests in order stand around, 391  
 And thrice the name of hapless Hector sound.  
 The grove itself resembles Ida's wood;  
 And Simois seem'd the well-dissembled flood.

But when, at nearer distance, she beheld 395  
 My shining armour and my Trojan shield,  
 Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat  
 Forsakes her limbs, her veins no longer beat :  
 She faints, she falls, and scarce recov'ring strength,  
 Thus, with a falt'ring tongue, she speaks at length :  
 'Are you alive, O goddess-born ?' she said, 401  
 'Or, if a ghost, then where is Hector's shade ?'  
 At this she cast a loud and frightful cry.—  
 With broken words I made this brief reply :  
 'All of me that remains appears in sight ; 405  
 I live ; if living be to loathe the light—  
 No phantom ; but I drag a wretched life ;  
 My fate resembling that of Hector's wife.  
 What have you suffer'd since you lost your lord ?  
 By what strange blessing are you now restored ? 410  
 Still are you Hector's ? or is Hector fled,  
 And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus' bed ?'  
 With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,  
 After a modest pause, she thus begun :  
 Oh only happy maid of Priam's race, 415  
 Whom death deliver'd from the foe's embrace !  
 Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,  
 Not forced, like us, to hard captivity,  
 Or in a haughty master's arms to lie.  
 In Grecian ships, unhappy we were borne, 420  
 Endured the victor's lust, sustain'd the scorn :  
 Thus I submitted to the lawless pride  
 Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.  
 Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,  
 And Helen's lovely daughter sought to wed ; 425  
 Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd,  
 And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd ;  
 Till young Orestes, pierced with deep despair,  
 And longing to redeem the promised fair,  
 Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher. 430  
 By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd :  
 At least one-half with Helenus remain'd.

Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls,  
And names from Pergamus his rising walls.  
But you, what fates have landed on our coast? 435  
What gods have sent you, or what storms have  
toss'd?

Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy,  
Saved from the ruins of unhappy Troy?  
O! tell me how his mother's loss he bears,  
What hopes are promised from his blooming years,  
How much of Hector in his face appears? 441  
She spoke; and mix'd her speech with mournful  
cries;

And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.  
At length her lord descends upon the plain,  
In pomp, attended with a num'rous train; 445  
Receives his friends, and to the city leads,  
And tears of joy amid his welcome sheds.  
Proceeding on; another Troy I see,  
Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.  
A riv'let by the name of Xanthus ran; 450  
And I embrace the Scæan gate again.  
My friends in porticoes were entertain'd,  
And feasts and pleasures through the city reign'd.  
The tables fill'd the spacious hall around;  
And golden bowls with sparkling wine were  
crown'd.

Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly gales, 456  
Blown from the south, supplied our swelling sails.  
Then to the royal seer I thus began:  
'O thou who know'st, beyond the reach of man,  
The laws of heav'n, and what the stars decree, 460  
Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy,  
From his own tripod, and his holy tree—  
Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,  
What auspices their notes and flights declare—  
O! say—for all religious rites portend 465  
A happy voyage, and a prosp'rous end;  
And ev'ry pow'r and omen of the sky  
Direct my course for destined Italy;

But only dire Celæno, from the gods,  
 A dismal famine fatally forbodes— 470  
 O! say, what dangers I am first to shun,  
 What toils to vanquish, and what course to run.'

The prophet first with sacrifice adores  
 The greater gods; their pardon then implores;  
 Unbinds the fillet from his holy head; 475

To Phœbus next my trembling steps he led,  
 Full of religious doubts and awful dread,  
 Then, with his god possess'd, before the shrine,  
 These words proceeded from his mouth divine:

'O goddess-born! (for heav'n's appointed will, 480  
 With greater auspices of good than ill,  
 Foreshows thy voyage, and thy course directs;  
 Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protects),  
 Of many things, some few I shall explain,  
 Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main, 485  
 And how at length the promised shore to gain.

The rest the Fates from Helenus conceal,  
 And Juno's angry pow'r forbids to tell.  
 First, then, that happy shore, that seems so nigh,  
 Will far from your deluded wishes fly: 490

Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from Italy:  
 For you must cruise along Sicilian shores,  
 And stem the currents with your struggling oars;  
 Then round th' Italian coast your navy steer;  
 And, after this, to Circe's island veer; 495  
 And, last, before your new foundations rise,  
 Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the nether  
 skies.

Now mark the signs of future ease and rest;  
 And bear them safely treasured in thy breast.  
 When, in the shady shelter of a wood, 500

And near the margin of a gentle flood,  
 Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,  
 With thirty sucking young encompass'd round;  
 The dam and offspring white as falling snow—  
 These on thy city shall their name bestow; 505  
 And there shall end thy labours and thy wo.



Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind ;  
 For Phœbus will assist ; and Fate the way will find.  
 Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,  
 Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent : 510  
 Those parts are all by Grecian foes possess'd.  
 The savage Locrians here the shores infest :  
 There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,  
 And guards with arms the Salentinian fields ;  
 And on the mountain's brow Petilia stands, 515  
 Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.  
 Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the shore,  
 And priests with holy vows the gods adore,  
 Then with a purple veil involve your eyes,  
 Lest hostile faces blast the sacrifice. 520  
 These rites and customs to the rest commend,  
 That to your pious race they may descend.

When, parted hence, the wind that ready waits  
 For Sicily, shall bear you to the straits :  
 Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way, 525  
 Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea :  
 Veer starboard sea and land. Th' Italian shore,  
 And fair Sicilia's coast, were one, before  
 An earthquake caused the flaw : the roaring tides  
 The passage broke, that land from land divides ; 530  
 And, where the lands retired, the rushing ocean  
 rides.

Distinguish'd by the straits, on either hand,  
 Now rising cities in long order stand,  
 And fruitful fields :—so much can time invade  
 The mould'ring work that beauteous Nature made.  
 Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides : 535  
 Charybdis, roaring, on the left presides,  
 And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides ;  
 Then spouts them from below : with fury driv'n,  
 The waves mount up, and wash the face of heav'n.  
 But Scylla from her den, with open jaws, 541  
 The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,  
 Then dashes on the rocks.—A human face,  
 And virgin bosom, hide her tail's disgrace ;

Her parts obscene below the waves descend, 545  
 With dogs enclosed; and in a dolphin end.  
 'Tis safer, then, to bear aloof to sea,  
 And coast Pachynus, though with more delay,  
 Than once to view misshapen Scylla near,  
 And the loud yell of wat'ry wolves to hear. 550  
 ' Besides, if faith to Helenus be due,  
 And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true,  
 Do not this precept of your friend forget,  
 Which therefore more than once I must repeat: 555  
 Above the rest, great Juno's name adore;  
 Pay vows to Juno; Juno's aid implore.  
 Let gifts be to the mighty queen design'd;  
 And mollify with pray'rs her haughty mind.  
 Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,  
 And you shall safe descend on Italy. 560  
 Arrived at Cumæ, when you view the flood  
 Of black Avernus, and the sounding wood,  
 The mad prophetic Sibyl you shall find,  
 Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclined.  
 She sings the Fates, and, in her frantic fits, 565  
 The notes and names, inscribed to leaves commits.  
 What she commits to leaves, in order laid,  
 Before the cavern's entrance are display'd:  
 Unmoved they lie: but, if a blast of wind  
 Without, or vapours issue from behind, 570  
 The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air;  
 And she resumes no more her museful care,  
 Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse,  
 Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.  
 Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid 575  
 The madness of the visionary maid,  
 And with loud curses leave the mystic shade.  
 ' Think it not loss of time awhile to stay:  
 Though thy companions chide thy long delay;  
 Though summon'd to the seas, though pleasing 580  
     gales  
 Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails:

But beg the sacred priestess to relate  
 With willing words, and not to write, thy fate.  
 The fierce Italian people she will show,  
 And all thy wars, and all thy future wo, 585  
 And what thou mayst avoid, and what must un-  
 dergo.

She shall direct thy course, instruct thy mind,  
 And teach thee how the happy shores to find.  
 This is what heav'n allows me to relate :  
 Now part in peace ; pursue thy better fate, 590  
 And raise, by strength of arms, the Trojan state.'

This when the priest with friendly voice declared,  
 He gave me license, and rich gifts prepared :  
 Bounteous of treasure, he supplied my want  
 With heavy gold, and polish'd elephant, 595  
 Then Dodonæan caldrons put on board,  
 And ev'ry ship with sums of silver stored.

A trusty coat-of-mail to me he sent,  
 Thrice chain'd with gold, for use and ornament ;  
 The helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest, 600  
 That flourish'd with a plume and waving crest.

Nor was my sire forgotten, nor my friends :  
 And large recruits he to my navy sends—  
 Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike stores ;  
 Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping oars. 605

Meantime, my sire commands to hoist our sails,  
 Lest we should lose the first auspicious gales.

The prophet bless'd the parting crew : and, last,  
 With words like these, his ancient friend embraced :

' Old happy man, the care of gods above, 610  
 Whom heav'nly Venus honour'd with her love,

And twice preserved thy life when Troy was lost !  
 Behold from far the wish'd Ausonian coast :

There land ; but take a larger compass round ;  
 For that before is all forbidden ground. 615

The shore that Phœbus has design'd for you,  
 At farther distance lies, conceal'd from view.

Go happy hence, and seek your new abodes,  
 Bless'd in a son, and favour'd by the gods.

For I with useless words prolong your stay, 620  
When southern gales have summon'd you away.'

Nor less the queen our parting thence deplored,  
Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan lord.

A noble present to my son she brought,  
A robe with flow'rs on golden tissue wrought. 625  
A Phrygian vest; and loads with gifts beside  
Of precious texture, and of Asian pride.

'Accept,' she said, 'these monuments of love,  
Which in my youth with happier hands I wove:  
Regard these trifles for the giver's sake: 630

'Tis the last present Hector's wife can make.

Thou call'st my lost Astyanax to mind:

In thee his features and his form I find.

His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame!

Such were his motions; such was all his frame; 635

And ah! had heav'n so pleased, his years had been  
the same.'

With tears I took my last adieu, and said,  
'Your fortune, happy pair, already made,  
Leaves you no further wish. My diff'rent state,  
Avoiding one, incurs another fate. 640

To you a quiet seat the gods allow:

You have no shores to search, no seas to plough,

Nor fields of flying Italy to chase—

Deluding visions, and a vain embrace!

You see another Simois, and enjoy • 645

The labour of your hands, another Troy,

With better auspice than her ancient tow'rs,

And less obnoxious to the Grecian pow'rs.

If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,

Conduct my steps to Tiber's happy shore— 650

If ever I ascend the Latian throne,

And build a city I may call my own—

As both of us our birth from Troy derive,

So let our kindred lines in concord live,

And both in acts of equal friendship strive. 655

Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same:

The double Troy shall differ but in name;

That what we now begin may never end,  
But long to late posterity descend.'

Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore—  
The shortest passage to th' Italian shore. 661

Nor had the sun withdrawn his radiant light,  
And hills were hid in dusky shades of night:  
We land, and, on the bosom of the ground,  
A safe retreat and a bare lodging found. 665

Close by the shore we lay; the sailors keep  
Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.  
The night, proceeding on with silent pace,  
Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face  
Her steepy rise, and her declining race. 670

'Then wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy  
The face of heav'n, and the nocturnal sky;  
And listen'd ev'ry breath of air to try;  
Observes the stars, and notes their sliding course,  
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their wat'ry force; 675  
And both the Bears is careful to behold,  
And bright Orion, arm'd with burnish'd gold.  
Then, when he saw no threat'ning tempest nigh,  
But a sure promise of a settled sky,  
He gave the sign to weigh: we break our sleep, 680  
Forsake the pleasing shore, and plough the deep.

And now the rising morn with rosy light  
Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight;  
When we from far, like bluish mists, descry  
The hills, and then the plains, of Italy. 685

Achates first pronounced the joyful sound;  
Then 'Italy!' the cheerful crew rebound.  
My sire Anchises crown'd a cup with wine,  
And, off'ring, thus implored the pow'rs divine  
'Ye gods, presiding over lands and seas, 690

And you who raging winds and waves appease,  
Breathe on our swelling sails a prosp'rous wind,  
And smooth our passage to the port assign'd.'  
The gentle gales their flagging force renew;  
And now the happy harbour is in view. 695

Minerva's temple then salutes our sight,  
 Placed, as a landmark, on the mountain's height.  
 We furl our sails, and turn the prows to shore;  
 The curling waters round the galleys roar.  
 The land lies open to the raging east, 700  
 Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compress'd,  
 Shuts out the storms; the winds and waves com-  
 plain,  
 And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.  
 The port lies hid within; on either side,  
 Two tow'ring rocks the narrow mouth divide. 705  
 The temple, which aloft we view'd before,  
 To distance flies, and seems to shun the shore.  
 Scarce landed, the first omens I beheld  
 Were four white steeds that cropp'd the flow'ry  
 field. 709  
 'War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground,'  
 (My father cried) 'where warlike steeds are found.  
 Yet, since, reclaim'd, to chariots they submit,  
 And bend to stubborn yokes, and champ the bit,  
 Peace may succeed to war.'—Our way we bend  
 To Pallas, and the sacred hill ascend; 715  
 There prostrate to the fierce virago pray,  
 Whose temple was the landmark of our way.  
 Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head,  
 And all commands of Helenus obey'd,  
 And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid. 720  
 These dues perform'd, we stretch our sails, and  
 stand  
 To sea, forsaking that suspected land.  
 From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view,  
 For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.  
 Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands; 725  
 Caulonian tow'rs, and Scylacæan strands,  
 For shipwrecks fear'd. Mount Ætna thence we  
 spy,  
 Known by the smoky flames which cloud the sky.  
 Far off we hear the waves with surly sound  
 Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound. 730

The billows break upon the sounding strand,  
 And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.  
 Then thus Anchises, in experience old :  
 'Tis that Charybdis which the seer foretold.  
 And those the promised rocks ! Bear off to sea !  
 With haste the frightened mariners obey. 736  
 First Palinurus to the larboard veer'd ;  
 Then all the fleet by his example steer'd.  
 To heav'n aloft on ridgy waves we ride,  
 Then down to hell descend, when they divide : 740  
 And thrice our galleys knock'd the stony ground,  
 And thrice the hollow rocks return the sound,  
 And thrice we saw the stars, that stood with dew  
 around.

The flagging winds forsook us, with the sun ;  
 And, wearied, on Cyclopiàn shores we run. 745  
 The port, capacious and secure from wind,  
 Is to the foot of thund'ring Ætna join'd.  
 By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high ;  
 By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,  
 And flakes of mountain flames, that lick the sky. 750  
 Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,  
 And, shiver'd by the force, come piecemeal down.  
 Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,  
 Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.  
 Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove, 755  
 With blasted limbs came tumbling from above ;  
 And, where he fell, th' avenging father drew  
 This flaming hill, and on his body threw.  
 As often as he turns his weary sides,  
 He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the heavens  
 hides. 760

In shady woods we pass the tedious night,  
 Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls  
 affright.

Of which no cause is offer'd to the sight.  
 For not one star was kindled in the sky :  
 Nor could the moon her borrow'd light supply : 765

For misty clouds involv'd the firmament ;  
 The stars were muffled, and the moon was pent.  
 Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd ;  
 Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell'd ;  
 When from the woods there bolts, before our sight,  
 Somewhat between a mortal and a sprite ; 771  
 So thin, so ghastly meager, and so wan,  
 So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.  
 This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t' implore  
 Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore. 775  
 We look behind ; then view his shaggy beard :  
 His clothes were tagg'd with thorns ; and filth his  
 limbs besmear'd :  
 The rest, in mien, in habit, and in face,  
 Appear'd a Greek : and such indeed he was.  
 He cast on us, from far, a frightful view, 780  
 Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew—  
 Stood still, and paused ; then all at once began  
 To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.  
 Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,  
 And thus with tears and sighs for pity calls : 785  
 ' Now, by the pow'rs above, and what we share  
 From Nature's common gift, this vital air,  
 O Trojans ! take me hence. I beg no more ;  
 But bear me far from this unhappy shore.  
 'Tis true, I am a Greek, and further own, 790  
 Among your foes besieged th' imperial town.  
 For such demerits, if my death be due,  
 No more for this abandon'd life I sue :  
 This only favour let my tears obtain,  
 To throw me headlong in the rapid main : 795  
 Since nothing more than death my crime demands,  
 I die content, to die by human hands.'  
 He said, and on his knees my knees embraced :  
 I bade him boldly tell his fortune past,  
 His present state, his lineage, and his name, 800  
 Th' occasion of his fears, and whence he came.  
 The good Anchises raised him with his hand ;  
 Who, thus encouraged, answer'd our demand :



' From Ithaca, my native soil, I came  
To Troy ; and Achæmenides my name. 805

Me my poor father with Ulysses sent ;  
(O ! had I staid with poverty content !)

But, fearful for themselves, my countrymen  
Left me forsaken in the Cyclops' den.

The cave, though large, was dark ; the dismal floor  
Was paved with mangled limbs and putrid gore. 811

Our monstrous host, of more than human size,  
Erects his head, and stares within the skies.

Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.

Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view ! 815

The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food ;

And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.

These eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand

He seized two captives of our Grecian band ;

Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd against the stones |

Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones : 821

With spouting blood the purple pavement swims,

While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.

Not unrevenged Ulysses bore their fate,

Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state ; 825

For, gorged with flesh, and drunk with human  
wine,

While fast asleep the giant lay supine,

Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw

His indigested foam, and morsels raw—

We pray ; we cast the lots, and then surround 830

The monstrous body, stretch'd along the ground :

Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand

To bore his eye-ball with a flaming brand.

Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye ;

For only one did the vast frame supply— 835

But that a globe so large, his front it fill'd,

Like the sun's disk, or like a Grecian shield.

The stroke succeeds ; and down the pupil bends ;

This vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd friends.

But haste, unhappy wretches ! haste to fly ! 840

Your cables cut, and on your oars rely !

Such, and so vast as Polypheme appears,  
 A hundred more this hated island bears :  
 Like him, in caves they shut their woolly sheep ;  
 Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep ; 845  
 Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk from steep  
 to steep.

And now three moons their sharpen'd horns renew,  
 Since thus in woods and wilds, obscure from view,  
 I drag my loathsome days with mortal fright,  
 And in deserted caverns lodge by night : 850

Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect see  
 Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree :  
 From far I hear his thund'ring voice resound,  
 And trampling feet that shake the solid ground.  
 Cornel and savage berries of the wood, 855  
 And roots and herbs, have been my meagre food.

While all around my longing eyes I cast,  
 I saw your happy ships appear at last.  
 On those I fixed my hopes, to these I run :  
 'Tis all I ask, this cruel race to shun : 860

What other death you please, yourselves bestow.'  
 Scarce had he said, when on the mountain's brow  
 We saw the giant shepherd stalk before  
 His following flock, and leading to the shore—  
 A monstrous bulk, deform'd, deprived of sight ; 865  
 His staff a trunk of pine, to guide his steps aright,  
 His pond'rous whistle from his neck descends ;  
 His woolly care their pensive lord attends :  
 This only solace his hard fortune sends.

Soon as he reach'd the shore, and touch'd the  
 waves, 870

From his bored eye the gutt'ring blood he laves :  
 He gnash'd his teeth, and groan'd : through seas he  
 strides :

And scarce the topmost billows touch'd his sides.

Seized with a sudden fear, we run to sea,  
 The cables cut, and silent haste away ; 875  
 The well-deserving stranger entertain ;  
 Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the main.

The giant hearken'd to the dashing sound :  
 But, when our vessels out of reach he found,  
 He strided onward, and in vain essay'd 880  
 Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther wade.  
 With that he roar'd aloud : the dreadful cry  
 Shakes earth, and air, and seas ; the billows fly  
 Before the bellowing noise, to distant Italy.  
 The neighb'ring Ætna trembling all around, 885  
 The winding caverns echo to the sound.  
 His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar,  
 And, rushing down the mountains, crowd the shore.  
 We saw their stern distorted looks, from far,  
 And one-eyed glance, that vainly threaten'd war—  
 A dreadful council ! with their heads on high 891  
 (The misty clouds about their foreheads fly)  
 Not yielding to the tow'ring tree of Jove,  
 Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.  
 New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail ; 895  
 We tug at ev'ry oar, and hoist up ev'ry sail,  
 And take th' advantage of the friendly gale.  
 Forewarn'd by Helenus, we strive to shun  
 Charybdis' gulf, nor dare to Scylla run.  
 An equal fate on either side appears : 900  
 We, tacking to the left, are free from fears :  
 For, from Pelorus' point, the North arose,  
 And drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.  
 His rocky mouth we pass ; and make our way  
 By Thapsus, and Megara's winding bay. 905  
 This passage Achæmenides had shown,  
 Tracing the course which he before had run.  
 Right o'er against Plemmyrium's wat'ry strand  
 There lies an isle, once call'd th' Ortygian land.  
 Alpheus, as old fame reports, has found 910  
 From Greece a secret passage under ground,  
 By love to beauteous Arethusa led ;  
 And, mingling here, they roll in the same sacred bed.  
 As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore  
 Diana's name, protectress of the shore. 915

With prosp'rous gales we pass the quiet sounds  
 Of still Helorus, and his fruitful bounds.  
 Then, doubling Cape Pachynus, we survey  
 The rocky shore extended to the sea.  
 The town of Camarine from far we see, 920  
 And fenny lake, undrain'd by Fate's decree.  
 In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,  
 And the large walls, where mighty Gela was;  
 Then Agragas, with lofty summits crown'd,  
 Long for the race of warlike steeds renown'd. 925  
 We pass'd Selinus, and the palmy land,  
 And widely shun the Lilybæan strand,  
 Unsafe, for secret rocks and moving sand.  
 At length on shore the weary fleet arrived,  
 Which Drepanum's unhappy port received. 930  
 Here, after endless labours, often toss'd  
 By raging storms, and driv'n on ev'ry coast,  
 My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost—  
 Ease of my cares, and solace of my pain,  
 Saved through a thousand toils, but saved in vain.  
 The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd, 936  
 Yet this, the greatest and the worst, conceal'd:  
 And dire Celæno, whose foreboding skill  
 Denounced all else, was silent of this ill.  
 This my last labour was. Some friendly god 940  
 From thence convey'd us to your blest abode."  
 Thus, to the list'ning queen, the royal guest  
 His wand'ring course and all his toils express'd;  
 And here concluding, he retired to rest.

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But anxious cares already seized the queen :  
She fed within her veins a flame unseen :  
The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inspire  
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.  
His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart, 5  
Improve the passion, and increase the smart.  
Now, when the purple morn had chased away  
The dewy shadows, and restored the day,  
Her sister first with early care she sought,  
And thus in mournful accents eased her thought : 10  
" My dearest Anna ! what new dreams affright  
My lab'ring soul ! what visions of the night  
Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast  
With strange ideas of our Trojan guest !  
His worth, his actions, and majestic air, 15  
A man descended from the gods declare.  
Fear ever argues a degen'rate kind :  
His birth is well asserted by his mind.

Then, what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd !  
 What brave attempts for falling Troy he made ! 20  
 Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,  
 That, were I not resolved against the yoke  
 Of hapless marriage—never to be cursed  
 With second love, so fatal was my first—  
 To this one error I might yield again : 25  
 For, since Sichæus was untimely slain,  
 This only man is able to subvert  
 The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart,  
 And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,  
 Somewhat I find within, if not the same, 30  
 Too like the sparkles of my former flame.  
 But first let yawning earth a passage rend,  
 And let me through the dark abyss descend—  
 First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,  
 Drive down this body to the nether sky, 35  
 Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie—  
 Before I break the plighted faith I gave !  
 No ! he who had my vows, shall ever have ;  
 For, whom I loved on earth, I worship in the grave.”  
 She said : the tears ran gushing from her eyes, 40  
 And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus replies :  
 “ O dearer than the vital air I breathe !  
 Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath,  
 Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,  
 Without the joys of mother, or of wife ? 45  
 Think you these tears, this pompous train of wo,  
 Are known or valued by the ghosts below ?  
 I grant, that, while your sorrows yet were green,  
 It well became a woman and a queen,  
 The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect, 50  
 To scorn Iarbas, and his love reject,  
 With all the Libyan lords of mighty name :  
 But will you fight against a pleasing flame ?  
 This little spot of land, which heav'n bestows,  
 On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike foes : 55  
 Gætulian cities here are spread around,  
 And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound :

Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,  
 And there the Syrtes rise, the moving sand :  
 Barcæan troops besiege the narrow shore ; 60  
 And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.  
 Propitious heav'n and gracious Juno lead  
 This wand'ring navy to your needful aid :  
 How will your empire spread, your city rise,  
 From such a union, and with such allies ! 65  
 Implore the favour of the pow'rs above ;  
 And leave the conduct of the rest to love.  
 Continue still your hospitable way,  
 And still invent occasions of their stay,  
 Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,  
 And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet." 71  
 These words, which from a friend and sister came,  
 With ease resolved the scruples of her fame,  
 And added fury to the kindled flame.  
 Inspired with hope, the project they pursue ; 75  
 On ev'ry altar sacrifice renew ;  
 A chosen ewe of two years' old they pay  
 To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.  
 Preferring Juno's pow'r (for Juno ties  
 The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage-joys), 80  
 The beauteous queen before her altar stands,  
 And holds the golden goblet in her hands.  
 A milk-white heifer she with flow'rs adorns,  
 And pours the ruddy wine between her horns :  
 And while the priests with pray'r the gods invoke,  
 She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke, 86  
 With hourly care the sacrifice renews,  
 And anxiously the panting entrails views,  
 What priestly rites, alas ! what pious art,  
 What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart ? 90  
 A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,  
 Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.  
 Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,  
 From street to street the raving Dido roves.  
 So, when the watchful shepherd, from the blind, 95  
 Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,

Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,  
 Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods—  
 With fruitless care ; for still the fatal dart  
 Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart. 100  
 And now she leads the Trojan chief along  
 The lofty walls, amid the busy throng ;  
 Displays her Tyrian wealth, and rising town,  
 Which love, without his labour, makes his own.  
 This pomp she shows, to tempt her wand'ring guest :  
 Her falt'ring tongue forbids to speak the rest. 106  
 When day declines, and feasts renew the night ;  
 Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight ;  
 She longs again to hear the prince relate  
 His own adventures, and the Trojan fate. 110  
 He tells it o'er and o'er ; but still in vain ;  
 For still she begs to hear it once again.  
 The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends ;  
 And thus the tragic story never ends.

Then, when they part, when Phœbe's paler light  
 Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite, 116  
 She last remains, when ev'ry guest is gone,  
 Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone.  
 Absent, her absent hero sees and hears ;  
 Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears, 120  
 And seeks the father's image in the child,  
 If love by likeness might be so beguiled.

Meantime the rising tow'rs are at a stand :  
 No labours exercise the youthful band,  
 Nor use of arts, nor toils of arms they know : 125  
 The more is left unfinish'd to the foe ;  
 The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,  
 Short of their promised height, that seem'd to threat  
 the sky.

But when imperial Juno, from above,  
 Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love, 130  
 Hot with the venom which her veins inflamed,  
 And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd,  
 With soothing words to Venus she begun :  
 " High praises, endless honours, you have won,



And mighty trophies, with your worthy son! 135  
 Two gods a silly woman have undone!  
 Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect  
 This rising city, which my hands erect:  
 But shall celestial discord never cease?  
 'Tis better ended in a lasting peace. 140  
 You stand possess'd of all your soul desired;  
 Poor Dido with consuming love is fired.  
 Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join;  
 So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine—  
 One common kingdom, one united line. 145  
 Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,  
 And lofty Carthage for a dow'r convey."  
 Then Venus (who her hidden fraud descried,  
 Which would the sceptre of the world misguide  
 To Libyan shore) thus artfully replied: 150  
 "Who but a fool would wars with Juno choose,  
 And such alliance and such gifts refuse,  
 If fortune with our joint desires comply?  
 The doubt is all from Jove, and destiny;  
 Lest he forbid, with absolute command, 155  
 To mix the people in one common land—  
 Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,  
 In lasting leagues and sure succession, join?  
 But you, the partner of his bed and throne,  
 May move his mind:—my wishes are your own."  
 "Mine," said imperial Juno, "be the care:— 161  
 Time urges now:—to perfect this affair,  
 Attend my counsel, and the secret share.  
 When next the sun his rising light displays,  
 And gilds the world below with purple rays, 165  
 The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,  
 Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan game, resort.  
 There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,  
 And cheerful horns, from side to side, resound,  
 A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain 170  
 With hail, and thunder, and tempestuous rain:  
 The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,  
 Dispersed and all involved in gloomy night:

One cave a grateful shelter shall afford  
 To the fair princess and the Trojan lord. 175  
 I will myself the bridal bed prepare,  
 If you, to bless their nuptials, will be there :  
 So shall their loves be crown'd with due delights,  
 And Hymen shall be present at the rites."  
 The queen of love consents, and closely smiles 180  
 At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.

The rosy morn was risen from the main,  
 And horns and hounds awake the princely train :  
 They issue early through the city gate,  
 Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait, 185  
 With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force  
 Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.  
 The Tyrian peers and officers of state,  
 For the slow queen, in antechambers wait :  
 Her lofty courser, in the court below 190  
 (Who his majestic rider seems to know),  
 Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,  
 And, champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam  
 around.

The queen at length appears : on either hand,  
 The brawny guards in martial order stand. 195  
 A flow'r'd cymar with golden fringe she wore,  
 And at her back a golden quiver bore :  
 Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains ;  
 A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.  
 Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace, 200  
 Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.  
 But far above the rest in beauty shines  
 The great Æneas, when the troop he joins ;  
 Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost  
 Of wint'ry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast, 205  
 When to his native Delos he resorts,  
 Ordains the dances, and renews the sports ;  
 Where painted Scythians, mixed with Cretan bands,  
 Before the joyful altars join their hands :  
 Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below 210  
 The merry madness of the sacred show.

Green wreaths of bays his length of hair enclose :  
 A golden fillet binds his awful brows :  
 His quiver sounds.—Not less the prince is seen  
 In manly presence, or in lofty mien. 215

Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the  
 seat

Of savage beasts in dens, their last retreat.  
 The cry pursues the mountain-goats : they bound  
 From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground :  
 Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train, 220  
 In herds unsingled scour the dusty plain,  
 And a long chase, in open view, maintain.  
 The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,  
 Spurs through the vale, and these and those out-  
 rides.

His horse's flanks and sides are forced to feel 225  
 The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.  
 Impatiently he views the feeble prey,  
 Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way,  
 And rather would the tusky boar attend,  
 Or see the tawny lion downward bend. 230

Meantime the gath'ring clouds obscure the skies :  
 From pole to pole the forky lightning flies ;  
 The rattling thunders roll ; and Juno pours  
 A wint'ry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.  
 The company, dispersed, to coverts ride, 235  
 And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow  
 side.

The rapid rains, descending from the hills,  
 To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.  
 The queen and prince, as Love or Fortune guides,  
 One common cavern in her bosom hides. 240  
 Then first the trembling earth the signal gave ;  
 And flashing fires enlighten all the cave :  
 Hell from below, and Juno from above,  
 And howling nymphs, were conscious to their love.  
 From this ill-omen'd hour, in time arose 245  
 Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.

VIR. VOL. II.—D

The queen, whom sense of honour could not move,

No longer made a secret of her love,  
But call'd it marriage, by that specious name  
To veil the crime, and sanctify that shame. 250

The loud report through Libyan cities goes.  
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows—  
Swift from the first; and ev'ry moment brings  
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.  
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size; 255

Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.  
Enraged against the gods, revengeful Earth  
Produced her, last of the Titanian birth—  
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste—  
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast. 260

As many plumes as rise her lofty flight,  
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:  
Millions of op'ning mouths to Fame belong;  
And ev'ry mouth is furnish'd with a tongue;  
And round with list'ning ears the flying plague is  
hung. 265

She fills the peaceful universe with cries:  
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes:  
By day, from lofty tow'rs her head she shows,  
And spreads through trembling crowds disastrous  
news;

With court informers' haunts, and royal spies; 270  
Things done relates; not done she feigns; and min-  
gles truth with lies.

Talk is her bus'ness; and her chief delight  
To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.  
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,  
Who, "lost to honour and the sense of shame, 275  
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed

A wand'ring guest, who from his country fled:  
Whole days with him she passes in delights,  
And wastes in luxury long winter nights,  
Forgetful of her fame, and royal trust, 280  
Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust."

The goddess widely spreads the loud report,  
 And flies at length to King Iarbas' court.  
 When first possess'd with this unwelcome news,  
 Whom did he not of men and gods accuse ? 285  
 This prince, from ravish'd Garamantis born,  
 A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,  
 In Ammon's honour, his celestial sire,  
 A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire ; 289  
 And, through his vast dominions, priests ordain'd,  
 Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.  
 The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,  
 And blood of victim beasts enrich'd the ground.

He, when he heard a fugitive could move  
 The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love, 295  
 His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire—  
 Mad with despair, impatient with desire—  
 Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,  
 He thus with pray'rs implored his sire divine :  
 "Great Jove, propitious to the Moorish race, 300  
 Who feast on painted beds, with off'rings grace  
 Thy temples, and adore thy pow'r divine  
 With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine ;  
 Seest thou not this ! or do we fear in vain  
 Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign ? 305  
 Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance !  
 Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance !  
 A wand'ring woman builds within our state  
 A little town, bought at an easy rate ;  
 She pays me homage (and my grants allow 310  
 A narrow space of Libyan lands to plough) ;  
 Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,  
 Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed !  
 And now this other Paris, with his train  
 Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign ! 315  
 (Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess,  
 Their locks with oil perfumed, their Lydian dress.)  
 He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame ;  
 And I, rejected I, adore an empty name !"

His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd, 320  
And held his altar's horns: the mighty thund'rer  
heard,

Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found  
The lustful pair in lawless pleasure drown'd,  
Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,  
And both forgetful of their better fame. 325

He calls Cyllenius; and the god attends;  
By whom this menacing command he sends;  
"Go mount the western winds, and cleave the sky;  
Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly:

There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days 330  
In slothful riot and inglorious ease,  
Nor minds the future city, giv'n by fate.

To him this message from my mouth relate:  
Not so fair Venus hoped, when twice she won  
Thy life with pray'rs; nor promised such a son. 335

Hers was a hero, destined to command  
A martial race, and rule the Latian land;  
Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw;  
And on the conquer'd world impose the law.

If glory cannot move a mind so mean, 340  
Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,  
Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,  
And grudge the Romans their immortal name?

What are his vain designs? what hopes he more  
From his long ling'ring on a hostile shore, 345  
Regardless to redeem his honour lost,

And for his race to gain th' Ausonian coast?  
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake:  
With this command the slumb'ring warrior wake."

Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds 350  
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds:  
And, whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,  
With rapid force they bear him down the skies.

But first he grasps within his awful hand  
The mark of sov'reign pow'r, his magic wand: 355  
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves;  
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;

With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,  
 And eyes, though closed in death, restores to light.  
 Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race, 360  
 And drives the racking clouds along the liquid  
 space;

Now sees the top of Atlas, as he flies,  
 Whose brawny back supports the starry skies—  
 Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd, 364  
 Is beaten by the winds—with foggy vapours bound.  
 Snows hide his shoulders: from beneath his chin  
 The founts of rolling streams their race begin:  
 A beard of ice on his large breast depends.—  
 Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends:  
 Then, rested thus, he from the tow'ring height 370  
 Plunged downward with precipitated flight,  
 Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood.  
 As waterfowl, who seek their fishy food,  
 Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show:  
 By turns they dance aloft, and dive below: 375  
 Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,  
 And near the surface of the water flies,  
 Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,  
 He closed his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands, 379  
 Where shepherds once were housed in homely sheds;  
 Now tow'rs within the clouds advance their heads.  
 Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince  
 New ramparts raising for the town's defence.  
 A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er  
 (Queen Dido's gift) about his waist he wore; 385  
 A sword, with glitt'ring gems diversified,  
 For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.  
 Then thus, with winged words, the god began,  
 Resuming his own shape—"Degenerate man!  
 Thou woman's property! what mak'st thou here, 390  
 These foreign walls and Tyrian tow'rs to rear,  
 Forgetful of thy own! All-pow'rful Jove,  
 Who sways the world below and heav'n above,  
 Has sent me down with this severe command:  
 What means thy ling'ring in the Libyan land? 395

If glory cannot move a mind so mean,  
 Nor future praise from fitting pleasure wean,  
 Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir:  
 The promised crown let young Ascanius wear,  
 To whom th' Ausonian sceptre, and the state 400  
 Of Rome's imperial name, is owed by Fate."  
 So spoke the god; and, speaking, took his flight,  
 Involved in clouds; and vanish'd out of sight.

The pious prince was seized with sudden fear:  
 Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair. 405  
 Revolving in his mind the stern command,  
 He longs to fly, and loathes the charming land.  
 What should he say? or how should he begin?  
 What course, alas! remains, to steer between  
 Th' offended lover and the pow'rful queen? 410  
 This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,  
 And all expedients tries, and none can find.  
 Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means—  
 After long thought, to this advice he leans:  
 Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair 415  
 The fleet, and ship their men, with silent care:  
 Some plausible pretence he bids them find,  
 To colour what in secret he design'd.  
 Himself, meantime, the softest hours would  
 choose,

Before the love-sick lady heard the news; 420  
 And move her tender mind, by slow degrees,  
 To suffer what the sov'reign pow'r decrees:  
 Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.—  
 They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.

But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise:  
 (What arts can bind a jealous woman's eyes?) 425  
 She was the first to find the secret fraud,  
 Before the fatal news was blazed abroad.  
 Love the first motions of the lover hears,  
 Quick to presage, and ev'n in safety fears. 430  
 Nor impious Fame was wanting, to report  
 The ships repair'd, the Trojans' thick resort,  
 And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.



Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,  
And impotent of mind, she roves the city round. 435  
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,  
When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,  
And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy  
spear.

At length she finds the dear perfidious man ;  
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began : 440  
" Base and ungrateful ! could you hope to fly,  
And undiscover'd 'scape a lover's eye ?  
Nor could my kindness your compassion move,  
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love ?  
Or is the death of a despairing queen 445  
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen ?  
Ev'n when the wint'ry winds command your stay,  
You dare the tempests, and defy the sea.  
False, as you are, suppose you were not bound  
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound ; 450  
Were Troy restored, and Priam's happy reign,  
Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main ?  
See whom you fly ! am I the foe you shun ?  
Now, by those holy vows, so late begun,  
By this right hand (since I have nothing more 455  
To challenge, but the faith you gave before),  
I beg you by these tears too truly shed,  
By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed ;  
If ever Dido, when you most were kind,  
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your  
mind : 460

By these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet have place,  
Pity the fortunes of a falling race !  
For you I have provoked a tyrant's hate,  
Incensed the Libyan and the Tyrian state ;  
For you alone, I suffer in my fame, 465  
Bereft of honour, and exposed to shame !  
Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful guest ?  
(That only name remains of all the rest !)  
What have I left ? or whither can I fly !  
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty, 470

Or till Iarbas shall in triumph lead  
 A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed !  
 Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,  
 And left behind some pledge of our delight,  
 Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight, 475  
 Some young Æneas to supply your place,  
 Whose features might express his father's face ;  
 I should not then complain to live bereft  
 Of all my husband, or be wholly left."

Here paused the queen. Unmoved he holds his  
 eyes, 480

By Jove's command ; nor suffer'd love to rise,  
 Though heaving in his heart ; and thus at length  
 replies :

" Fair queen, you never can enough repeat  
 Your boundless favours, or I own my debt ;  
 Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name, 485  
 While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.

'This only let me speak in my defence—  
 I never hoped a secret flight from hence,  
 Much less pretended to the lawful claim  
 Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name. 490

For if indulgent heav'n would leave me free,  
 And not submit my life to Fate's decree,  
 My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,  
 Those relics to review, their dust adore,  
 And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore. 495

But now the Delphian oracle commands,  
 And Fate invites me to the Latian lands.  
 That is the promised place to which I steer ;  
 And all my vows are terminated there.  
 If you, a Tyrian and a stranger born, 500

With walls and tow'rs a Libyan town adorn,  
 Why may not we—like you, a foreign race—  
 Like you, seek shelter in a foreign place ?  
 As often as the night obscures the skies  
 With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise, 505  
 Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,  
 Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears :

And young Ascanius justly may complain,  
 Defrauded of his fate and destined reign.  
 Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd— 510  
 Waking I saw him, and his message heard.  
 From Jove he came commission'd, heav'nly bright  
 With radiant beams, and manifest to sight :  
 (The sender and the sent I both attest)  
 These walls he enter'd, and those words express'd :  
 Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command : 515  
 Forced by my fate, I leave your happy land."  
 Thus while he spoke, already she began  
 With sparkling eyes to view the guilty man,  
 From head to foot survey'd his person o'er, : 520  
 Nor longer these outrageous threats forbore :  
 " False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn !  
 Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,  
 But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock !  
 And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck ! 525  
 Why should I fawn ? what have I worse to fear ?  
 Did he once look, or lent a list'ning ear,  
 Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear ?  
 All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,  
 So foul, that which is worse, 'tis hard to find. 530  
 Of man's injustice why should I complain ?  
 The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain  
 Triumphant treason : yet no thunder flies ;  
 Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes :  
 Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies ! 535  
 Justice is fled, and truth is now no more !  
 I saved the shipwreck'd exile on my shore :  
 With needful food his hungry Trojans fed ;  
 I took the traitor to my throne and bed :  
 Fool that I was !—'tis little to repeat 540  
 The rest—I stored and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.  
 I rave, I rave ! A god's command he pleads,  
 And makes heav'n accessory to his deeds.  
 Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,  
 Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode, 545

To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state  
 Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate!  
 But go! thy flight no longer I detain—  
 Go! seek thy promised kingdom through the main!  
 Yet, if the heav'n's will hear my pious vow, 550  
 The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,  
 Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford  
 To thy proud vessels, and their perjured lord.  
 Then shalt thou call on injured Dido's name:  
 Dido shall come in a black sulph'ry flame, 555  
 When death has once dissolved her mortal frame—  
 Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep:  
 Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,  
 Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.  
 At least my shade thy punishment shall know; 560  
 And Fame shall spread the pleasing news below."

Abruptly here she stops—then turns away  
 Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.  
 Amazed he stood, revolving in his mind  
 What speech to frame, and what excuse to find. 565  
 Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led,  
 And softly laid her on her iv'ry bed.

But good Æneas, though he much desired  
 To give that pity which her grief required—  
 Though much he mourn'd, and labour'd with his love—  
 Resolved at length, obeys the will of Jove; 571  
 Reviews his forces: they with early care  
 Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.  
 The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride;  
 And well-caulk'd galleys in the harbour ride. 575  
 Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood,  
 Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,  
 Studious of flight. The beach is cover'd o'er  
 With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore:  
 On ev'ry side are seen, descending down, 580  
 Thick swarms of soldiers, loaden from the town.  
 Thus, in battalia, march imbodied ants,  
 Fearful of winter, and of future wants,

T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey  
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey. 585

The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,  
Scarce bear the weighty burdens on their backs :  
Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous grain ;  
Some guard the spoil ; some lash the lagging train ;  
All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain. 590

What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,  
When, from the tow'r, she saw the cover'd shore,  
And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,  
Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war !

All-pow'rful Love ! what changes canst thou cause  
In human hearts, subjected to thy laws ! 596

Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends :  
To pray'rs and mean submissions she descends.  
No female arts or aids she left untried,  
Nor counsels unexplored, before she died. 600

" Look, Anna ! look ! the Trojans crowd to sea ;  
They spread their canvass, and their anchors weigh.  
The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind,  
Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wind.  
Could I have thought this threat'ning blow so near,  
My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear. 606

" But do not you my last request deny :  
With yon perfidious man your int'rest try,  
And bring me news, if I must live or die.  
You are his fav'rite : you alone can find 610

The dark recesses of his inmost mind :  
In all his trusted secrets you have part,  
And know the soft approaches to his heart.  
Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe ;  
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go, 615  
Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,  
Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,  
Nor moved with hands profane his father's dust :  
Why should he then reject a suit so just ?

Whom does he shun ? and whither would he fly ? 620  
Can he this last, this only pray'r deny ?

Let him at least his dang'rous flight delay,  
 Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.  
 The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more :  
 Let him pursue the promised Latian shore. 625  
 A short delay is all I ask him now—  
 A pause of grief, an interval from wo,  
 Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain  
 Accustom'd sorrows, and inured to pain.  
 If you in pity grant this one request, 630  
 My death shall glut the hatred of his breast."  
 This mournful message pious Anna bears,  
 And seconds, with her own, her sister's tears :  
 But all her arts are still employ'd in vain :  
 Again she comes, and is refused again. 635  
 His harden'd heart nor pray'rs nor threat'nings  
 move :

Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.

As, when the winds their airy quarrel try,  
 Jostling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,  
 This way and that the mountain oak they bend ; 640  
 His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend ;  
 With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground ;  
 The hollow valleys echo to the sound ;  
 Unmoved, the royal plant their fury mocks,  
 Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks : 645  
 Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on high,  
 So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.  
 No less a storm the Trojan hero bears ;  
 Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,  
 And bandied words, still beating on his ears. 650  
 Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains ;  
 But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, pursued by cruel Fate,  
 Begins at length the light of heav'n to hate,  
 And loathes to live. Then dire portents she sees,  
 To hasten on the death her soul decrees— 655  
 Strange to relate ! for when, before the shrine,  
 She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,

The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood ;  
 And the white offer'd milk converts to mud. 660  
 This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,  
 From all, and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd.  
 A marble temple stood within the grove,  
 Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love ;  
 That honour'd chapel she had hung around 665  
 With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd :  
 Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,  
 Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb :  
 She thought she heard him summon her away,  
 Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay. 670  
 Hourly 'tis heard, when, with a boding note  
 The solitary screech-owl strains her throat,  
 And, on a chimney's top or turret's height,  
 With songs obscene, disturbs the silence of the  
 night.

Besides, old prophecies augment her fears ; 675  
 And stern Æneas in her dreams appears,  
 Disdainful as by day : she seems, alone,  
 To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,  
 Guideless and dark ; or in a desert plain,  
 To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain— 680  
 Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,  
 He saw two suns, and double Thebes appear ;  
 Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost  
 Full in his face infernal torches toss'd,  
 And shook her snaky locks : he shuns the sight, 685  
 Flies o'er the stage, surprised with mortal fright ;  
 The Furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.

Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,  
 From death alone she seeks her last relief :  
 The time and means resolved within her breast, 690  
 She to her mournful sister thus address'd  
 (Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,  
 And a false vigour in her eyes appears) :  
 " Rejoice !" she said. " Instructed from above,  
 My lover I shall gain, or lose my love. 695

Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,  
 Long tracts of Ethiopian climates run:  
 There a Massylian priestess I have found,  
 Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd:  
 Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care; 700  
 'Twas she supplied the wakeful dragon's fare.  
 She poppy-seeds in honey taught to steep,  
 Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep.  
 She watch'd the golden fruit. Her charms unbind  
 The chains of love, or fix them on the mind: 705  
 She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry,  
 Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.  
 The yawning earth rebellows to her call;  
 Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes fall.  
 Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part, 710  
 How loath I am to try this impious art!  
 Within the secret court, with silent care,  
 Erect a lofty pile, exposed in air:  
 Hang, on the topmost part, the Trojan vest,  
 Spoils, arms, and presents, of my faithless guest.  
 Next, under these, the bridal bed be placed, 716  
 Where I my ruin in his arms embraced.  
 All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire  
 For so the priestess and her charms require."  
 Thus far she said, and further speech forbears. 720  
 A mortal paleness in her face appears:  
 Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find  
 The secret fun'ral in these rites design'd;  
 Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.  
 Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well, 725  
 She fear'd no worse than when Sichæus fell:  
 Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear,  
 Within the secret court, exposed in air.  
 The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high:  
 And garlands on the hollow spaces lie. 730  
 Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath,  
 And ev'ry baleful green denoting death.  
 The queen, determined to the fatal deed,



The spoils and sword he left, in order spread,  
And the man's image on the nuptial bed. 735

And now (the sacred altars placed around)  
The priestess enters, with her hair unbound,  
And thrice invokes the pow'rs below the ground.  
Night, Erebus, and Chaos, she proclaims,  
And threefold Hecate, with her hundred names, 740  
And three Dianas: next she sprinkles round,  
With feign'd Avernian drops, the hallow'd ground;  
Culls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,  
With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night;  
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl, 745  
And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal,  
Robbing the mother's love.—The destined queen  
Observes, assisting at the rites obscene:  
A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands  
She holds; and next the highest altar stands: 750  
One tender foot was shod, her other bare;  
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.  
Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,  
The heav'ns and planets, conscious of her death;  
And ev'ry pow'r, if any rules above, 755  
Who minds or who revenges injured love.

'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close  
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose:  
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,  
Nor murm'ring tides disturb the gentle floods. 760  
The stars in silent order moved around;  
And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the  
ground.

The flocks and herds, and party-colour'd fowl,  
Which haunt the woods or swim the weedy pool,  
Stretch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay, 765  
Forgetting the past labours of the day.  
All else of Nature's common gift partake:  
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.  
Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find:  
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind. 770

Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart ;  
Despair and rage had some, but love the greater  
part.

Then thus she said within her secret mind :  
" What shall I do ? what succour can I find ?  
Become a suppliant to Iarbas' pride, 775  
And take my turn to court and be denied !  
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,  
Forsake an empire, and attend a foe ?  
Himself I refuged, and his train relieved—  
'Tis true—but am I sure to be received ? 780  
Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place ?  
Laomedon still lives in all his race !  
Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,  
Or with my fleet their flying sails pursue !  
What force have I but those, whom scarce be-  
fore 785

I drew reluctant from their native shore ?  
Will they again embark at my desire,  
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second  
Tyre ?

Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,  
And take the fortune thou thyself hast made. 790  
Your pity, sister, first seduced my mind,  
Or seconded too well what I design'd.  
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known—  
Had I continued free, and still my own—  
Avoiding love, I had not found despair, 795  
But shared with savage beasts the common air.  
Like them, a lonely life I might have led,  
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead."  
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast.—  
On board, the Trojan found more easy rest. 800  
Resolved to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night ;  
And order'd all things for his early flight.

To whom once more the winged god appears :  
His former youthful mien and shape he wears,  
And with this new alarm invades his ears : 805

"Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born? and canst thou  
drown

Thy needful cares so near a hostile town,  
Beset with foes; nor hear'st the western gales  
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails? 810  
She harbours in her heart a furious hate  
(And thou shalt find the dire effects too late),  
Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die.

Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r to fly.  
The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er, 815  
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.  
Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies;  
And sail before the purple morn arise.

Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?  
Woman's a various and a changeful thing." 820  
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,  
Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.

Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,  
The pious prince arose with hasty fear;  
Then roused his drowsy train without delay: 825  
"Haste to your banks! your crooked anchors  
weigh,

And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea!  
A god commands: he stood before my sight,  
And urged us once again to speedy flight.  
O sacred pow'r! what pow'r soe'er thou art, 830  
To thy bless'd orders I resign my heart.

Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands,  
And prosper the design thy will commands."  
He said: and drawing forth his flaming sword,  
His thund'ring arm divides the many-twisted cord.  
An emulating zeal inspires his train: 836

They run; they snatch; they rush into the main.  
With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,  
And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed, 840  
And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erspread,  
When, from a tow'r, the queen, with wakeful eyes,  
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.

She look'd to seaward: but the sea was void,  
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descried. 845  
Stung with despite, and furious with despair,  
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.  
"And shall th' ungrateful traitor go," she said,  
"My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?  
Shall we not arm? not rush from ev'ry street, 850  
To follow, sink, and burn his perjured fleet?  
Haste! haul my galleys out! pursue the foe!  
Bring flaming brands! set sail, and quickly row!  
What have I said? Where am I? Fury turns  
My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns. 855  
Then, when I gave my person and my throne,  
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown,  
See now the promised faith, the vaunted name,  
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,  
Preserved his gods, and to the Phrygian shore 860  
The burden of his feeble father bore!  
I should have torn him piecemeal—strew'd in floods  
His scatter'd limbs, or left exposed in woods—  
Destroy'd his friends and son—and from the fire  
Have set the reeking boy before the sire. 865  
Events are doubtful which on battle wait;  
Yet where's the doubt to souls secure of fate?  
My Tyrians, at their injured queen's command,  
Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band;  
At once extinguish'd all the faithless name; 870  
And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,  
Had fall'n upon the pile, to mend the fun'ral flame.  
Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below!  
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow!  
Thou Hecate, hearken from thy dark abodes! 875  
Ye furies, fiends, and violated gods!  
All pow'rs invoked with Dido's dying breath,  
Attend her curses, and avenge her death!  
If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,  
Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,  
Yet let a race untamed, and haughty foes, 881  
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose:

Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,  
 His men discouraged, and himself expell'd,  
 Let him for succour sue from place to place, 885  
 Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace.  
 First let him see his friends in battle slain,  
 And their untimely fate lament in vain:  
 And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,  
 On hard conditions may he buy his peace: 890  
 Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;  
 But fall, untimely, by some hostile hand,  
 And lie unburied on the barren sand!  
 These are my pray'rs, and this my dying will:  
 And you, my Tyrians, ev'ry curse fulfil. 895  
 Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim  
 Against the prince, the people, and the name.  
 These grateful offerings on my grave bestow;  
 Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know!  
 Now, and from hence in ev'ry future age, 900  
 When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies  
 the rage,  
 Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,  
 With fire and sword pursue the perjured brood—  
 Our arms, our seas, our shores, opposed to theirs—  
 And the same hate descend on all our heirs!" 905  
 This said, within her anxious mind she weighs  
 The means of cutting short her odious days.  
 Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said,  
 (For, when she left her country, hers was dead),  
 "Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care 910  
 The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare:  
 The sheep, and all th' atoning offerings, bring;  
 Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring  
 With living drops: then let her come; and thou  
 With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow. 915  
 Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,  
 And end the cares of my disastrous love;  
 Then cast the Trojan image on the fire;  
 And, as that burns, my passion shall expire."



Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,  
 And through the town the dismal rumour spread.  
 First from the frightened court the yell began;  
 Redoubled, thence from house to house it ran : 960  
 The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries  
 Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.  
 Not less the clamour, than if—ancient Tyre,  
 Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire—  
 The rolling ruin, with their loved abodes, 965  
 Involved the blazing temples of their gods.  
 Her sister hears ; and, furious with despair,  
 She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair,  
 And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,  
 Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.  
 " Was all that pomp of wo for this prepared, 971  
 These fires, this fun'ral pile, these altars rear'd ?  
 Was all this train of plots contrived," said she,  
 " All only to deceive unhappy me !  
 Which is the worst ? Didst thou in death pretend  
 To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend ? 976  
 Thy summon'd sister and thy friend had come :  
 One sword had served us both, one common tomb.  
 Was I to raise the pile, the pow'rs invoke,  
 Not to be present at the fatal stroke ? 980  
 At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me,  
 Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony !  
 Bring water ! bathe the wound : while I in death  
 Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying  
 breath."  
 This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste, 985  
 And in her arms the gasping queen embraced :  
 Her temples chafed ; and her own garments tore,  
 To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the  
 gore.  
 Thrice Dido tried to raise her drooping head,  
 And, fainting, thrice fell grov'ling on the bed ; 990  
 Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light,  
 But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,  
 And closed her lids at last in endless night.

Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain  
A death so ling'ring, and so full of pain, 995  
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife  
Of lab'ring nature, and dissolve her life.  
For, since she died, not doom'd by heav'n's decree,  
Or her own crime, but human casualty,  
And rage of love, that plunged her in despair, 1000  
The sisters had not cut the topmost hair,  
Which Proserpine and they can only know;  
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.  
Downward the various goddess took her flight,  
And drew a thousand colours from the light; 1005  
Then stood above the dying lover's head,  
And said, "I thus devote thee to the dead.  
This off'ring to th' infernal gods I bear."  
Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair,  
The struggling soul was loosed, and life dissolved in  
air. 1010



BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS, setting sail from Africa, is driven by a storm on the coast of Sicily, where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage—He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours, and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them—While the ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships, who, on her instigation, set fire to them; which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter by a miraculous shower extinguished it—On this, Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and sets sail for Italy—Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

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MEANTIME the Trojan cuts his wat'ry way,  
 Fix'd on his voyage, through the curling sea;  
 Then casting back his eyes, with dire amaze,  
 Sees on the Punic shore the mounting blaze.  
 The cause unknown; yet his presaging mind,                   5  
 The fate of Dido from the fire divined.  
 He knew the stormy souls of womankind;  
 What secret springs their eager passions move,  
 How capable of death for injured love.  
 Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw;                   10  
 Till neither fires nor shining shores they saw.  
 Now seas and skies their prospect only bound—  
 An empty space above, a floating field around.  
 But soon the heav'ns with shadows were o'erspread:  
 A swelling cloud hung hov'ring o'er their head:                   15



His mother was a dame of Dardan blood ;  
 His sire Crinismus, a Sicilian flood.  
 He welcomes his returning friends ashore  
 With plenteous country cates, and homely store.

Now, when the following morn had chased away  
 The flying stars, and light restored the day, 56  
 Æneas call'd the Trojan troops around,  
 And thus bespoke them from a rising ground :  
 " Offspring of heav'n, divine Dardanian race !  
 The sun, revolving through th' etherial space, 60  
 The shining circle of the year has fill'd,  
 Since first this isle my father's ashes held :  
 And now the rising day renews the year—  
 A day for ever sad, for ever dear.

This would I celebrate with annual games, 65  
 With gifts on altars piled, and holy flames,  
 Though banish'd to Gætulia's barren sands,  
 Caught on the Grecian seas, or hostile lands :  
 But since this happy storm our fleet has driv'n  
 (Not, as I deem, without the will of heav'n) 70  
 Upon these friendly shores and flow'ry plains,  
 Which hide Anchises and his bless'd remains,  
 Let us with joy perform his honours due,  
 And pray for prosp'rous winds, our voyage to  
 renew—

Pray that, in towns and temples of our own, 75  
 The name of great Anchises may be known ;  
 And yearly games may spread the god's renown.  
 Our sports Acestes, of the Trojan race,  
 With royal gifts ordain'd is pleased to grace ;  
 Two steers on ev'ry ship the king bestows : 80  
 His gods and ours shall share your equal vows.  
 Besides, if nine days hence the rosy morn  
 Shall with unclouded light the skies adorn,  
 That day with solemn sports I mean to grace :  
 Light galleys on the seas shall run a wat'ry race : 85  
 Some shall in swiftness for the goal contend,  
 And others try the twanging bow to bend :

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The strong, with iron gauntlets arm'd shall stand  
 Opposed in combat on the yellow sand.  
 Let all be present at the games prepared; 90  
 And joyful victors wait the just reward.  
 But now assist the rites, with garlands crown'd."  
 He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound.  
 Then Helymus, by his example led,  
 And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head; 95  
 Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,  
 His temples tied, and all the Trojan race.  
 Æneas then advanced amid the train,  
 By thousands follow'd through the flow'ry plain,  
 To great Anchises' tomb; which, when he found,  
 He pour'd to Bacchus, on the hallow'd ground, 101  
 Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two more,  
 And two (from offer'd bulls) of purple gore.  
 With roses then the sepulchre he strow'd,  
 And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud: 105  
 "Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again,  
 Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain!  
 The gods permitted not that you, with me,  
 Should reach the promised shores of Italy,  
 Or Tiber's flood, what flood soe'er it be." 110  
 Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled pride,  
 A serpent from the tomb began to glide:  
 His hugy bulk on sev'n high volumes roll'd;  
 Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd with scaly  
 gold:  
 Thus riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass 115  
 A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.  
 More various colours through his body run,  
 Than Iris when her bow imbibes the sun.  
 Between the rising altars, and around,  
 The sacred monster shot along the ground; 120  
 With harmless play amid the bowls he pass'd,  
 And with his lolling tongue assay'd the taste:  
 Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous guest  
 Within the hollow tomb retired to rest.

The pious prince, surprised at what he view'd, 125  
 The fun'ral honours with more zeal renew'd,  
 Doubtful if this the place's genius were,  
 Or guardian of his father's sepulchre.  
 Five sheep, according to the rites, he slew;  
 As many swine, and steers of sable hue; 130  
 New gen'rous wine he from the goblets pour'd,  
 And call'd his father's ghost, from hell restored.  
 The glad attendants in long order come,  
 Off'ring their gifts at great Anchises' tomb:  
 Some add more oxen; some divide the spoil; 135  
 Some place the chargers on the grassy soil;  
 Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails broil.

Now came the day desired. The skies were bright  
 With rosy lustre of the rising light:  
 The bord'ring people, roused with sounding fame  
 Of Trojan feasts and great Acestes' name, 141  
 The crowded shore with acclamations fill,  
 Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.  
 And first the gifts in public view they place,  
 Green laurel-wreaths, and palm—the victors' grace:  
 Within the circle, arms and tripods lie, 146  
 Ingots of gold and silver heap'd on high,  
 And vests embroider'd, of the Tyrian die.  
 The trumpet's clangor then the feast proclaims;  
 And all prepare for their appointed games. 150  
 Four galleys first, which equal rowers bear,  
 Advancing, in the wat'ry lists appear.  
 The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the wind,  
 Bore Mnesthius, author of the Memmian kind:  
 Gyas the vast Chimæra's bulk commands, 155  
 Which rising like a tow'ring city stands:  
 Three Trojans tug at ev'ry lab'ring oar;  
 Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore;  
 Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar.  
 Sergestus, who began the Sergian race, 160  
 In the great Centaur took the leading place;  
 Cloanthus on the seagreen Scylla stood,  
 From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood,

Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,  
There stands a rock : the raging billows roar 165  
Above his head in storms ; but, when 'tis clear,  
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.  
In peace below the gentle waters run ;  
The cormorants above lie basking in the sun.  
On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight, 170  
The mark to guide the mariners aright.  
To bear with this, the seamen stretch their oars ;  
Then round the rock they steer, and seek the former  
shores.

The lots decide their place. Above the rest,  
Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest ; 175  
The common crew, with wreaths of poplar boughs,  
Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty brows ;  
Besmear'd with oil, their naked shoulders shine.  
All take their seats, and wait the sounding sign :  
They gripe their oars ; and ev'ry panting breast 180  
Is raised by turns with hope, by turns with fear  
depress'd.

The clangor of the trumpet gives the sign ;  
At once they start, advancing in a line :  
With shouts the sailors rend the starry skies ;  
Lash'd with their oars, the smoky billows rise ; 185  
Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.  
Exact in time, with equal strokes they row ;  
At once the brushing oars and brazen prow  
Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths below.  
Not fiery coursers, in a chariot-race, 190  
Invade the field with half so swift a pace :  
Not the fierce driver with more fury lends  
The sounding lash, and, ere the stroke descends,  
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.  
The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide, 195  
And aid, with eager shouts, the favour'd side.  
Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,  
From woods to woods, from hills to hills rebound.

Amid the loud applauses of the shore,  
Gyas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung before : 200

Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursued him fast ;  
 But his o'er-masted galley check'd his haste.  
 The Centaur and the Dolphin brush the brine  
 With equal oars, advancing in a line :  
 And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead, 205  
 And now the speedy Dolphin gets a-head :  
 Now board to board the rival vessels row ;  
 The billows lave the skies, and ocean groans below.  
 They reach'd the mark. Proud Gyas and his train  
 In triumph rode, the victors of the main : 210  
 But, steering round, he charged his pilot—"Stand  
 More close to shore, and skim along the sand !  
 Let others bear to sea."—Menœtes heard ;  
 But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd,  
 And, fearing, sought the deep ; and still aloof he  
 steer'd. 215

With louder cries the captain call'd again :  
 "Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the main."  
 He spoke, and, speaking, at his stern he saw  
 The bold Cloanthus near the shelvings draw.  
 Between the mark and him the Scylla stood, 220  
 And in a closer compass plough'd the flood.  
 He pass'd the mark ; and, wheeling, got before :—  
 Gyas blasphemed the gods, devoutly swore,  
 Cried out for anger, and his hair he tore.  
 Mindless of others' lives (so high was grown 225  
 His rising rage), and careless of his own,  
 The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,  
 And hoisted up, and overboard he threw.  
 This done, he seized the helm ; his fellows cheer'd ;  
 Turn'd short upon the shelves, and madly steer'd.

Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears, 230  
 Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his  
 years :

Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain.  
 The crowd, that saw him fall, and float again,  
 Shout from the distant shore ; and loudly laugh'd, 235  
 To see his heaving breast disgorge the briny draught.

The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,  
 Their vanish'd hopes of victory renew :  
 While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,  
 To reach the mark. Sergestus takes the place : 240  
 Mnestheus pursues ; and, while around they wind,  
 Comes up, not half his galley's length behind ;  
 Then on the deck, amid his mates, appear'd,  
 And thus their drooping courages he cheer'd :  
 " My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore, 245  
 Exert your vigour ; tug the lab'ring oar ;  
 Stretch to your strokes, my still unconquer'd crew,  
 Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew.  
 In this our common int'rest, let me find  
 That strength of hand, that courage of the mind, 250  
 As when you stemm'd the strong Malean flood,  
 And o'er the Syrtes' broken billows row'd.  
 I seek not now the foremost palm to gain ;  
 Though yet—but, ah ! that haughty wish is vain !  
 Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain. 255  
 But to be last, the lags of all the race !—  
 Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace."  
 Now, one and all, they tug amain ; they row  
 At the full stretch, and shake the brazen prow.  
 The sea beneath them sinks ; their lab'ring sides 260  
 Are swell'd, and sweat runs gutt'ring down in  
 tides.

Chance aids their daring with unhoped success :—  
 Sergestus, eager with his beak to press  
 Between the rival galley and the rock,  
 Shuts up th' unwieldy Centaur in the lock, 265  
 The vessel struck ; and, with the dreadful shock,  
 Her oars she shiver'd, and her head she broke.  
 The trembling rowers from their banks arise,  
 And, anxious for themselves, renounce the prize.  
 With iron poles they heave her off the shores, 270  
 And gather from the sea their floating oars.  
 The crew of Mnestheus, with elated minds,  
 Urge their success, and call the willing winds,



Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way  
 In larger compass on the roomy sea. 275  
 As when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,  
 Roused in a fright, her sounding wings she shakes;  
 The cavern rings with clatt'ring; out she flies,  
 And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the skies:  
 At first she flutters; but at length she springs 280  
 To smoother flight, and shoots upon her wings:  
 So Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the sea;  
 And, flying with a force, that force assists his  
 way.

Sergestus in the Centaur soon he pass'd,  
 Wedged in the rocky shoals, and sticking fast. 285  
 In vain the victor he with cries implores,  
 And practises to row with shatter'd oars,  
 Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and outflies:  
 The ship, without a pilot, yields the prize.  
 Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains:— 290  
 Her he pursues; and all his vigour strains.  
 Shouts from the fav'ring multitude arise;  
 Applauding Echo to the shouts replies;  
 Shouts, wishes, and applause, run rattling through  
 the skies.

These clamours with disdain the Scylla heard, 295  
 Much grudged the praise, but more the robb'd  
 reward:

Resolved to hold their own, they mend their pace,  
 All obstinate to die, or gain the race.  
 Raised with success, the Dolphin swiftly ran—  
 For they can conquer who believe they can.— 300  
 Both urge their oars; and Fortune both supplies  
 (And both perhaps had shared an equal prize);  
 When to the seas Cloanthus holds his hands,  
 And succour from the wat'ry pow'rs demands:  
 "Gods of the liquid realms on which I row! 305  
 If, giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,  
 (Assist to make me guilty of my vow!)  
 A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain:  
 His offer'd entrails cast into the main,

And ruddy wine from golden goblets thrown, 310  
Your grateful gift and my return shall own."  
The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus, from below,  
With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;  
And old Portunus, with his breadth of hand,  
Push'd on and sped the galley to the land. 315  
Swift as a shaft, or winged wind, she flies,  
And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.  
The herald summons all, and then proclaims  
Oloanthus conqueror of the naval games.  
The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head; 320  
And three fat steers are to his vessel led—  
The ship's reward—with gen'rous wine beside,  
And sums of silver, which the crew divide.  
The leaders are distinguish'd from the rest;  
The victor honour'd with a nobler vest, 325  
Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,  
And needlework its happy cost bestows.  
There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,  
Chasing through Ida's groves the trembling hart:  
Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue; 330  
When from aloft descends, in open view,  
The bird of Jove, and, sousing on his prey,  
With crooked talons bears the boy away.  
In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,  
His guards behold him soaring through the skies, 335  
And dogs pursue his flight, with imitated cries.  
Mnestheus the second victor was declared;  
And, summon'd there, the second prize he shared—  
A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,  
More brave Æneas from his shoulders tore, 340  
In single combat on the Trojan shore.  
This was ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess—  
In war for his defence, for ornament in peace.  
Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold;  
But yet so pond'rous with its plates of gold, 345  
That scarce two servants could the weight sustain:  
Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain  
Pursued, and lightly seized the Trojan train.

The third, succeeding to the last reward,  
Two goodly bowls of massy silver shared, 350  
With figures prominent, and richly wrought,  
And two brass caldrons from Dodona brought.

Thus all rewarded by the hero's hands,  
Their conqu'ring temples bound with purple bands.  
And now Sergestus, clearing from the rock, 355  
Brought back his galley shatter'd with the shock.

Forlorn she look'd, without an aiding oar,  
And, hooted by the vulgar, made to shore :  
As when a snake, surprised upon the road,  
Is crush'd athwart her body by the load 360

Of heavy wheels ; or with a mortal wound  
Her belly bruised, and trodden to the ground—  
In vain, with loosen'd curls, she crawls along ;  
Yet, fierce above, she brandishes her tongue ;  
Glares with her eyes, and bristles with her scales ;  
But, grov'ling in the dust, her parts unsound she  
trails. 366

So slowly to the port the Centaur tends,  
But, what she wants in oars, with sails amends.  
Yet, for his galley saved, the grateful prince  
Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompense. 370  
Pholoë, the Cretan slave, rewards his care,  
Beauteous herself, with lovely twins as fair.

From thence his way the Trojan hero bent  
Into the neighb'ring plain, with mountains pent,  
Whose sides were shaded with surrounding wood.  
Full in the midst of this fair valley stood 376

A native theatre, which, rising slow  
By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below  
High on a sylvan throne the leader sate ;  
A num'rous train attend in solemn state. 380  
Here those, that in the rapid course delight,  
Desire of honour, and the prize, invite.

The rival runners without order stand ;  
The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian band.  
First Nisus with Euryalus appears— 385  
Euryalus a boy of blooming years,

With sprightly grace and equal beauty crown'd—  
 Nisus, for friendship to the youth, renown'd.  
 Diore next, of Priam's royal race,  
 Then Salius, join'd with Patron, took their place ;  
 (But Patron in Arcadia had his birth, 391  
 And Salius his from Acarnanian earth) ;  
 Then two Sicilian youths—the names of these  
 Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes  
 (Both jolly huntsmen, both in forests bred, 395  
 And owning old Acestes for their head),  
 With sev'ral others of ignobler name,  
 Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.

To these the hero thus his thoughts explain'd,  
 In words which gen'ral approbation gain'd : 400  
 " One common largess is for all design'd  
 (The vanquish'd and the victor shall be join'd) :  
 Two darts of polish'd steel and Gnosian wood,  
 A silver studded-axe, alike bestow'd.  
 The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed : 405  
 The first of these obtains a stately steed  
 Adorn'd with trappings ; and the next in fame,  
 The quiver of an Amazonian dame,  
 With feather'd Thracian arrows well supplied :  
 A golden belt shall gird his manly side, 410  
 Which with a sparkling diamond shall be tied.  
 The third this Grecian helmet shall content."  
 He said. To their appointed base they went ;  
 With beating hearts th' expected sign receive,  
 And, starting all at once, the barrier leave. 415  
 Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,  
 And seized the distant goal with greedy view.  
 Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'erpass'd ;  
 Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.  
 The next, but, though the next, yet far disjoin'd, 420  
 Came Salius ; and Euryalus behind ;  
 Then Helymus, whom young Diore plied,  
 Step after step, and almost side by side,  
 His shoulders pressing—and, in longer space,  
 Had won, or left at least a dubious race. 425

Now spent, the goal they almost reach at last,  
 When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,  
 Slipp'd first, and, slipping, fell upon the plain,  
 Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly slain.  
 The careless victor had not mark'd his way ; 430  
 But, treading where the treach'rous puddle lay,  
 His heels flew up ; and on the grassy floor  
 He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.  
 Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,  
 Nor of the sacred bonds of amity, 435  
 He strove th' immediate rival's hope to cross,  
 And caught the foot of Salius as he rose :  
 So Salius lay extended on the plain :  
 Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,  
 And leaves the crowd : applauding peals attend 440  
 The victor to the goal, who vanquish'd by his  
 friend.

Next Helymus ; and then Dioreas came,  
 By two misfortunes made the third in fame.  
 But Salius enters, and, exclaiming loud  
 For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd ; 445  
 Urges his cause may in the court be heard ;  
 And pleads the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.  
 But favour for Euryalus appears ;  
 His blooming beauty with his tender years,  
 Had bribed the judges for the promised prize ; 450  
 Besides, Dioreas fills the court with cries  
 Who vainly reaches at the last reward,  
 If the first palm on Salius be conferr'd.  
 Then thus the prince : " let no disputes arise ;  
 Where Fortune placed it, I award the prize. 455  
 But Fortune's errors give me leave to mend,  
 At least to pity my deserving friend."  
 He said, and, from among the spoils he draws  
 (Pond'rous with shaggy mane and golden paws)  
 A lion's hide : to Salius this he gives : 460  
 Nisus with envy sees the gift, and grieves.  
 " If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due,"  
 He said, " and falling is to rise by you,

What prize may Nisus from your bounty claim,  
Who merited the first rewards and fame ? 465  
In falling, both an equal fortune tried ;  
Would Fortune for my fall so well provide !"  
With this he pointed to his face, and show'd  
His hands and all his habit smear'd with blood.  
Th' indulgent father of the people smiled, 470  
And caused to be produced an ample shield,  
Of wondrous art, by Didymaon wrought,  
Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.  
This giv'n to Nisus, he divides the rest,  
And equal justice in his gifts express'd. 475  
The race thus ended, and rewards bestow'd,  
Once more the prince bespeaks th' attentive crowd :  
" If there be here, whose dauntless courage dare  
In gauntlet fight with limbs and body bare,  
His opposite sustain in open view, 480  
Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.  
Two prizes I propose, and thus divide—  
A bull with gilded horns, and fillets tied,  
Shall be the portion of the conqu'ring chief :  
A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief." 485  
Then haughty Dares in the lists appears :  
Stalking he strides, his head erected bears :  
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlets wield ;  
And loud applauses echo through the field.  
Dares alone in combat used to stand 490  
The match of mighty Paris, hand to hand ;  
The same at Hector's fun'erals undertook  
Gigantic Butes, of th' Amycian stock,  
And, by the stroke of his resistless hand,  
Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow sand. 495  
Such Dares was ; and such he strode along,  
And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.  
His brawny back and ample breast he shows ;  
His lifted arms around his head he throws,  
And deals, in whistling air, his empty blows. 500  
His match is sought ; but, through the trembling band,  
Not one dares answer to the proud demand.

Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes  
 Already he devours the promised prize.  
 He claims the bull with awless insolence, **505**  
 And, having seized his horns, accosts the prince :  
 " If none my matchless valour dares oppose,  
 How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes ?  
 Permit me, chief, permit, without delay,  
 To lead this uncontended gift away." **510**  
 The crowd assents, and, with redoubled cries,  
 For the proud challenger demands the prize.  
 Acestes, fired with just disdain, to see  
 The palm usurp'd without a victory,  
 Reproach'd Entellus thus, who sat beside, **515**  
 And heard and saw, unmoved, the Trojan's pride :  
 " Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,  
 So tamely can you bear the ravish'd crown,  
 A prize in triumph borne before your sight,  
 And shun for fear the danger of the fight ? **520**  
 Where is our Eryx now, the boasted name,  
 The god who taught your thund'ring arm the game ?  
 Where now your baffled honour ? where the spoil  
 That fill'd your house, and fame that fill'd our  
 isle !"  
 Entellus thus : " My soul is still the same, **525**  
 Unmoved with fear, and moved with martial fame :  
 But my chill blood is curdled in my veins ;  
 And scarce the shadow of a man remains.  
 Oh ! could I turn to that fair prime again,  
 That prime, of which this boaster is so vain, **530**  
 The brave who this decrepit age defies,  
 Should feel my force, without the promised prize."  
 He said ; and, rising at the word, he threw  
 Two pond'rous gauntlets down in open view—  
 Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in fight to wield, **535**  
 And shield his hands with, in the listed field.  
 With fear and wonder seized, the crowd beholds  
 The gloves of death, with sev'n distinguish'd folds  
 Of tough bull-hides : the space within is spread  
 With iron, or with loads of heavy lead. **540**

Dares himself was daunted at the sight,  
Renounced his challenge, and refused to fight.  
Astonish'd at their weight, the hero stands,  
And poised the pond'rous engines in his hands.  
"What had your wonder," said Entellus, "been 545  
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen,  
Or view'd the stern debate on this unhappy green!  
These, which I bear, your brother Eryx bore,  
Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.  
With these he long sustain'd th' Herculean arm; 550  
And these I wielded while my blood was warm,  
This languish'd frame while better spirits fed,  
Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'ersnow'd my  
head.

But, if the challenger these arms refuse,  
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use; 555  
If great Æneas and Acestes join  
In his request, these gauntlets I resign:  
Let us with equal arms perform the fight;  
And let him leave to fear, since I resign my right."  
This said, Entellus for the strife prepares; 560  
Stripp'd of his quilted coat, his body bares:  
Composed of mighty bones and brawn, he stands,  
A goodly tow'ring object on the sands.  
Then just Æneas equal arms supplied,  
Which round their shoulders to their wrist they  
tied. 565

Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent,  
Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;  
Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;  
With clashing gauntlets then provoke the war.  
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies; 570  
One on his sinews, and his giant size.  
The last is stiff with age, his motion slow;  
He heaves for breath; he staggers to and fro;  
And clouds of issuing smoke his nostrils loudly  
blow.

Yet equal in success, they ward, they strike; 575  
Their ways are different, but their art alike.



Before, behind, the blows are dealt ; around  
 Their hollow sides the rattling thumps resound.  
 A storm of strokes, well meant, with fury flies,  
 And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes— 580  
 Nor always errs ; for oft the gauntlet draws  
 A sweeping stroke along the crackling jaws.  
 Heavy with age, Entellus stands his ground,  
 But with his warping body wards the wound.  
 His hand and watchful eye keep even pace ; 585  
 While Dares traverses, and shifts his place,  
 And, like a captain who beleaguers round  
 Some strong-built castle on a rising ground,  
 Views all th' approaches with observing eyes ;  
 This and that other part in vain he tries, 590  
 And more on industry than force relies.  
 With hands on high, Entellus threatens the foe ;  
 But Dares watch'd the motion from below,  
 And slipp'd aside, and shunn'd the long-descending  
 blow.

Entellus wastes his forces on the wind, 595  
 And, thus deluded of the stroke design'd,  
 Headlong and heavy fell : his ample breast,  
 And weighty limbs, his ancient mother press'd.  
 So falls a hollow pine, that long had stood  
 On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood, 600  
 Torn from the roots. The diff'ring nations rise ;  
 And shouts and mingled murmurs rend the skies.  
 Acestes runs with eager haste, to raise  
 The fall'n companion of his youthful days.  
 Dauntless he rose, and to the fight return'd : 605  
 With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury,  
 burn'd.

Disdain and conscious virtue fired his breast ;  
 And with redoubled force his foe he press'd.  
 He lays on load with either hand, amain,  
 And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain ; 610  
 Nor stops, nor stays ; nor rest nor breath allows ;  
 But storms of strokes descend about his brows,  
 A rattling tempest, and a hail of blows.

But now the prince, who saw the wild increase  
Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease, 615  
And bounds 'Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace.  
First to the Trojan, spent with toil, he came,  
And soothed his sorrow for the suffer'd shame.  
"What fury seized my friend? The gods," said he,  
"To him propitious, and averse to thee, 620  
Have giv'n his arm superior force to thine.  
'Tis madness to contend with strength divine."  
The gauntlet-fight thus ended, from the shore  
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore;  
His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood; 625  
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.  
Faintly he stagger'd through the hissing throng,  
And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.  
The sword and casque are carried by his train;  
But with his foe the palm and ox remain. 630  
The champion, then, before Æneas came,  
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame:  
"O goddess-born, and you Dardanian host, '  
Mark with attention, and forgive my boast:  
Learn what I was, by what remains; and know, 635  
From what impending fate you saved my foe."  
Sternly he spoke: and then confronts the bull;  
And, on his ample forehead aiming full,  
The deadly stroke descending, pierced the skull.  
Down drops the beast, nor needs a second wound,  
But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the  
ground. 641  
Then thus: "In Dares' stead I offer this.  
Eryx! accept a nobler sacrifice:  
Take the last gift my wither'd arms can yield:  
Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field."  
This done, Æneas orders, for the close, 646  
The strife of archers, with contending bows.  
The mast, Sergestus' shatter'd galley bore,  
With his own hands he raises on the shore.  
A flutt'ring dove upon the top they tie, 650  
The living mark at which their arrows fly.

The rival archers in a line advance,  
Their turn of shooting to receive from chance.  
A helmet holds their names: the lots are drawn;  
On the first scroll was read Hippocoon: 655  
The people shout. Upon the next was found  
Young Mnestheus, late with naval honours crown'd.  
The third contain'd Eurytion's noble name,  
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame,  
Whom Pallas urged the treaty to confound, 660  
And send among the Greeks a feather'd wound.  
Acestes, in the bottom, last remain'd,  
Whom not his age from youthful sports restrain'd.  
Soon all with vigour bend their trusty bows;  
And from the quiver each his arrow chose. 665  
Hippocoon's was the first; with forceful sway  
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.  
Fix'd in the mast the feather'd weapon stands:  
The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands;  
And the tree trembled; and the shouting cries 670  
Of the pleased people rend the vaulted skies.  
Then Mnesthius to the head his arrow drove,  
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above;  
But made a glancing shot, and miss'd the dove.  
Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the cord, 675  
Which fasten'd, by the foot, the fitting bird.  
The captive thus released, away she flies,  
And beats, with clapping wings, the yielding  
skies.  
His bow already bent, Eurytion stood;  
And, having first invoked his brother god, 680  
His winged shaft with eager haste he sped.  
The fatal message reach'd her as she fled:  
She leaves her life aloft; she strikes the ground,  
And renders back the weapon in the wound.  
Acestes, grudging at his lot, remains, 685  
Without a prize to gratify his pains.  
Yet, shooting upward, sends his shaft, to show  
An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.

The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent :  
And latter augurs judge from this event. 690  
Chafed by the speed, it fired ; and, as it flew,  
A trail of following flames ascending drew :  
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way ;  
Across the skies as falling meteors play,  
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay. 695  
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare,  
And trembling, turn their wonder into pray'r.  
The Dardan prince put on a smiling face,  
And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace ;  
Then hon'ring him with gifts above the rest, 700  
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confess'd.  
" The gods," said he, " this miracle have wrought,  
And order'd you the prize without the lot.  
Accept this goblet, rough with figured gold,  
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old : 705  
This pledge of ancient amity receive,  
Which to my second sire I justly give."  
He said, and, with the trumpet's cheerful sound,  
Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd.  
Nor good Eurytion envied him the prize, 710  
Though he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.  
Who cut the line, with second gifts was graced ;  
The third was his whose arrow pierced the  
mast.  
The chief, before the games were wholly done,  
Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his son, 715  
And whisper'd thus : " With speed Ascanius find ;  
And, if his childish troop be ready join'd,  
On horseback let him grace his grandsire's day,  
And lead his equals arm'd in just array."  
He said ; and, calling out, the cirque he clears. 720  
The crowd withdrawn, an open plain appears.  
And now the noble youths, of form divine,  
Advance before their fathers, in a line :  
The riders grace the steeds ; the steeds with glory  
shine.

Thus marching on in military pride, 735  
Shouts of applause resound from side to side.  
Their casques adorn'd with laurel wreaths they wear,

Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear.  
Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore ;  
Their chains of burnish'd gold hung down before. 730  
Three graceful troops they form'd upon the green ;  
Three graceful leaders at their head were seen ;  
Twelve follow'd ev'ry chief, and left a space between.

The first young Priam led—a lovely boy,  
Whose grandsire was th' unhappy king of Troy 735  
(His race in after-times was known to fame,  
New honours adding to the Latian name) ;  
And well the royal boy his Thracian steed became.  
White were the fetlocks of his feet before ;  
And on his front a snowy star he bore. 740

Then beauteous Atys, with Iulus bred,  
Of equal age, the second squadron led.  
The last in order, but the first in grace,  
First in the lovely features of his face,  
Rode fair Ascanius on a fiery steed, 745  
Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.  
Sure coursers for the rest the king ordains,  
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.

The pleased spectators peals of shouts renew,  
And all the parents in the children view ; 750  
Their make, their motions, and their sprightly grace,

And hopes and fears alternate in their face.  
Th' unfledged commanders, and their martial train,

First make the circuit of the sandy plain  
Around their sires, and at th' appointed sign, 755  
Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.  
The second signal sounds : the troop divides  
In three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguish'd guides.

Again they close, and once again disjoin :  
In troop to troop opposed, and line to line, 760  
They meet; they wheel; they throw their darts  
afar,

With harmless rage, and well-dissembled war.  
Then in a round the mingled bodies run ;  
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun ;  
Broken, they break ; and, rallying, they renew 765  
In other forms the military show.

At last, in order undiscern'd they join,  
And march together in a friendly line.  
And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,  
With wand'ring ways, and many a winding fold, 770  
Involved the weary feet, without redress,  
In a round error, which denied recess ;  
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,  
Turn'd and return'd, and still a diff'rent way.  
Thus dolphins, in the deep, each other chase 775  
In circles, when they swim around the wat'ry  
race.

This game, these carousals, Ascanius taught ;  
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought,  
Show'd what he learn'd : the Latin sires impart  
To their succeeding sons the graceful art. 780  
From these imperial Rome received the game,  
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, thy  
name.

Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate :  
But Fortune soon resumed her ancient hate ;  
For, while they pay the dead his annual dues, 785  
Those envied rites Saturnian Juno views ;  
And sends the goddess of the various bow  
To try new methods of revenge below ;  
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way,  
Where in the port secure the navy lay. 790  
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends,  
And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.  
She saw the gath'ring crowd ; and, gliding thence,  
The desert shore, and fleet without defence.

The Trojan matrons, on the sands alone, 795  
 With sighs and tears Anchises' death bemoan :  
 Then, turning to the sea their weeping eyes,  
 Their pity to themselves renews their cries.  
 " Alas !" said one, " what oceans yet remain  
 For us to sail ! what labours to sustain !" 800  
 All take the word, and, with a gen'ral groan,  
 Implore the gods for peace, and places of their  
 own.

The goddess, great in mischief, views their pains,  
 And in a woman's form her heav'nly limbs restrains.  
 In face and shape, old Beroë she became, 805  
 Doryclus' wife, a venerable dame,  
 Once bless'd with riches, and a mother's name.  
 Thus changed, amid the crying crowd she ran,  
 Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began :  
 " O wretched we ! whom not the Grecian pow'r, 810  
 Nor flames, destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour !  
 O wretched we ! reserved by cruel Fate,  
 Beyond the ruins of the sinking state !  
 Now sev'n revolving years are wholly run  
 Since this improsp'rous voyage we begun ; 815  
 Since, toss'd from shores to shores, from lands to  
 lands,

Inhospitable rocks and barren sands,  
 Wand'ring in exile, through the stormy sea,  
 We search in vain for flying Italy.  
 Now cast by Fortune on this kindred land, 820  
 What should our rest and rising walls withstand,  
 Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band ?  
 O country lost, and gods redeem'd in vain,  
 If still in endless exile we remain !  
 Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew, 825  
 Or streams of some dissembled Simois view ?  
 Haste ! join with me ! th' unhappy fleet consume !  
 Cassandra bids ; and I declare her doom.  
 In sleep I saw her ; she supplied my hands  
 (For this I more than dreamt) with flaming brands :

"With these," said she, "these wand'ring ships  
destroy : 831

These are your fatal seats, and this your Troy.  
Time calls you now ; the precious hour employ :  
Slack not the good presage, while heav'n inspires  
Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires. 835  
See ! Neptune's altars minister their brands :

The god is pleased ; the god supplies our hands."  
Then, from the pile, a flaming fir she drew,  
And, toss'd in air, amid the galleys threw.  
Rapt in amaze, the matrons wildly stare : 840

Then Pyrgo, rev'renced for her hoary hair,  
Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's num'rous race,  
"No Beroë this, though she belies her face !  
What terrors from her frowning front arise !  
Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes ! 845

What rays around her heav'nly face are seen !  
Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal  
mien !

Beroë but now I left, whom, pined with pain,  
Her age and anguish from these rites detain."  
She said. The matrons, seized with new amaze, 850  
Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze.

They fear, and hope, and neither part obey :  
They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.  
The goddess, having done her task below,  
Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted  
bow. 855

Struck with the sight, and seized with rage divine,  
The matrons prosecute their mad design :  
They shriek aloud : they snatch, with impious  
hands,

The food of altars : firs and flaming brands,  
Green boughs and saplings, mingled in their  
haste, 860

And smoking torches, on the ships they cast.  
The flame, unstop'd at first, more fury gains ;  
And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd reins.



Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars,  
And seizes, in his way, the banks and crackling  
oars. 865

Eumelus was the first the news to bear,  
While yet they crowd the rural theatre.  
Then what they hear is witness'd by their eyes :  
A storm of sparkles and of flames arise.

Ascanius took th' alarm, while yet he led 870  
His early warriors on his prancing steed,  
And, spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd ;  
Nor could his frightened friends reclaim his haste.  
Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,  
He sent his voice before him as he flew : 875

" What madness moves you, matrons ! to destroy  
The last remainders of unhappy Troy ?

Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes, you burn,  
And on your friends your fatal fury turn.  
Behold your own Ascanius !" — While he said, 880  
He drew his glitt'ring helmet from his head,  
In which the youths to sportful arms he led.

By this, Æneas and his train appear ;  
And now the women, seized with shame and fear,  
Dispersed, to woods and caverns take their flight,  
Abhor their actions, and avoid the light ; 886  
Their friends acknowledge, and their error find,  
And shake the goddess from their alter'd mind.

Not so the raging fires their fury cease,  
But, lurking in the seams, with seeming peace, 890  
Work on their way amid the smould'ring tow,  
Sure in destruction, but in motion slow.

The silent plague through the green timber eats,  
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.  
Down to the keels, and upward to the sails, 895  
The fire descends or mounts, but still prevails ;  
Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of human hand  
Can the victorious element withstand.

The pious hero rends his robe, and throws  
To heav'n his hands, and, with his hands, his  
vows. 900

"O Jove!" he cried, "if pray'rs can yet have place;  
 If thou abhorr'st not all the Dardan race;  
 If any spark of pity still remain;  
 If gods are gods, and not invoked in vain;  
 Yet spare the relics of the Trojan train! 905  
 Yet from the flames our burning vessels free!  
 Or let thy fury fall alone on me.  
 At this devoted head thy thunder throw,  
 And send the willing sacrifice below."

Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise;  
 From pole to pole the forky lightning flies: 911  
 Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain:  
 Heav'n bellies downward, and descends in rain.  
 Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent,  
 Which, hissing through the planks, the flames  
 prevent, 915

And stop the fiery pest. Four ships alone  
 Burn to the waist, and for the fleet atone.

But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide,  
 If he should still in Sicily reside,  
 Forgetful of his fates,—or tempt the main, 920  
 In hope the promised Italy to gain.

Then Nantes, old and wise—to whom alone  
 The will of heav'n by Pallas was foreshown—  
 Versed in portents, experienced, and inspired  
 To tell events, and what the Fates required— 925  
 Thus while he stood, to neither part inclined,  
 With cheerful words relieved his lab'ring mind:  
 "O goddess-born! resign'd in ev'ry state,  
 With patience bear, with prudence push, your  
 fate.

By suff'ring well, our fortune we subdue; 930  
 Fly when she frowns, and, when she calls, pursue.  
 Your friend Acestes is of Trojan kind:  
 To him disclose the secrets of your mind:  
 Trust in his hands your old and useless train,  
 Too num'rous for the ships which yet remain— 935  
 The feeble, old, indulgent of their ease,  
 The dames who dread the dangers of the seas,

With all the dastard crew who dare not stand  
 The shock of battle with your foes by land.  
 Here you may build a common town for all, 940  
 And, from Acestes' name, Acesta call."  
 The reasons, with his friend's experience join'd,  
 Encouraged much, but more disturb'd, his mind.  
 'Twas dead of night; when, to his slumb'ring eyes,  
 His father's shade descended from the skies; 945  
 And thus he spoke: "O, more than vital breath,  
 Loved while I lived, and dear ev'n after death!  
 O son, in various toils and troubles toss'd!  
 The king of heav'n employs my careful ghost  
 On his commands—the god who saved from fire 950  
 Your flaming fleet, and heard your just desire.  
 The wholesome counsel of your friend receive,  
 And here the coward train and women leave:  
 The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare,  
 Transport, to tempt the dangers of the war. 955  
 The stern Italians will their courage try:  
 Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.  
 But first to Pluto's palace you shall go,  
 And seek my shade among the bless'd below:  
 For not with impious ghosts my soul remains, 960  
 Nor suffers, with the damn'd, perpetual pains,  
 But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains.  
 The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey,  
 And blood of offer'd victims free the way.  
 There shall you know what realms the gods assign,  
 And learn the fates and fortunes of your line. 966  
 But now farewell! I vanish with the night,  
 And feel the blast of heav'n's approaching light."  
 He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his airy  
 flight.  
 "Whither so fast?" the filial duty cried; 970  
 "And why, ah! why the wish'd embrace denied?"  
 He said, and rose: as holy zeal inspires,  
 He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires;  
 His country gods and Vesta then adores  
 With cakes and incense, and their aid implores. 975

Next, for his friends and royal host he sent,  
 Reveal'd his vision, and the gods' intent,  
 With his own purpose.—All, without delay,  
 The will of Jove, and his desires, obey.  
 They list with women each degen'rate name, 980  
 Who dares not hazard life for future fame.  
 These they cashier. The brave remaining few,  
 Oars, banks, and cables, half consumed, renew.  
 The prince designs a city with the plough:  
 The lots their sev'ral tenements allow. 985  
 This part is named from Ilium, that from Troy;  
 And the new king ascends the throne with joy:  
 A chosen senate from the people draws;  
 Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.  
 Then, on the top of Eryx, they begin 990  
 A rising temple to the Paphian queen.  
 Anchises, last, is honour'd as a god:  
 A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd;  
 And groves are planted round his bless'd abode.  
 Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples  
 crown'd; 995  
 And fumes of incense in the plains abound.  
 Then from the south arose a gentle breeze,  
 That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas;  
 The rising winds a ruffling gale afford,  
 And call the merry mariners aboard. 1000  
 Now loud laments along the shores resound,  
 Of parting friends in close embraces bound.  
 The trembling women, the degen'rate train  
 Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,  
 Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share 1005  
 Of the rough passage, and the promised war:  
 Whom good Æneas cheers; and recommends  
 To their new master's care his fearful friends.  
 On Eryx' altars three fat calves he lays;  
 A lamb new-fallen to the stormy seas; 1010  
 Then slips his hawsers, and his anchors weighs.  
 High on the deck the godlike hero stands,  
 With olive crown'd; a charger in his hands;

Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,  
And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine. 1015  
Fresh gales arise : with equal strokes they vie,  
And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows  
fly.

Meantime the mother-goddess, full of fears,  
To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears :  
" The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage,  
The malice, which no suff'rings can assuage, 1021  
Compel me to these pray'rs ; since neither fate,  
Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate.  
Ev'n Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife ;  
Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife. 1025  
As if 'twere little to consume the town  
Which awed the world, and wore th' imperial  
crown,

She persecutes the ghost of Troy with pains,  
And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the last remains.  
Let her the causes of her hatred tell ; 1030  
But you can witness its effects too well.  
You saw the storm she raised on Libyan floods,  
'That mix'd the mounting billows with the clouds ;  
When, bribing Æolus, she took the main,  
And moved rebellion in your wat'ry reign. 1035  
With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames  
'To burn their fleet with execrable flames,  
And forced Æneas, when his ships were lost,  
To leave his followers on a foreign coast.  
For what remains, your godhead I implore, 1040  
And trust my son to your protecting pow'r.  
If neither Jove's nor Fate's decree withstand,  
Secure his passage to the Latian land."

Then thus the mighty ruler of the main :  
" What may not Venus hope from Neptune's  
reign ? 1045

My kingdom claims your birth : my late defence  
Of your endanger'd fleet may claim your confidence.  
Nor less by land than sea my deeds declare,  
How much your loved Æneas is my care.

Thee, Xanthus! and thee, Simois! I attest— 1050  
 Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles press'd,  
 And drove before him headlong on the plain,  
 And dash'd against the walls the trembling train;  
 When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain;  
 When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way, 1055  
 Stood up on ridges to behold the sea  
 (New heaps came tumbling in, and choked his way);  
 When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds,  
 Of force unequal, and unequal gods!  
 I spread a cloud before the victor's sight, 1060  
 Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secured his flight—  
 Ev'n then secured him, when I sought with joy  
 The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.  
 My will's the same: fair goddess! fear no more,  
 Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore: 1065  
 Their lives are giv'n: one destined head alone  
 Shall perish, and for multitudes atone."  
 Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,  
 His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd,  
 Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws, 1070  
 And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.  
 High on the waves his azure car he guides;  
 Its axles thunder; and the sea subsides;  
 And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.  
 The tempests fly before the father's face; 1075  
 Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;  
 And monster whales before their master play,  
 And choirs of Tritons crowd the wat'ry way.  
 The marshall'd pow'rs in equal troops divide  
 To right and left: the gods his better side 1080  
 Enclose; and, on the worse, the Nymphs and Ne-  
 reids ride.

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,  
 Within the hero's mind his joys renew'd.  
 He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display;  
 The cheerful crew with diligence obey; 1085  
 They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea.  
 Ahead of all the master pilot steers;  
 And, as he leads, the following navy veers.

The steeds of night had travell'd half the sky ;  
 The drowsy rowers on their benches lie ; 1090  
 When the soft god of sleep, with easy flight,  
 Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.  
 Thou, Palinurus, art his destined prey ;  
 To thee alone he takes his fatal way.  
 Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep, he bears ; 1095  
 And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas  
 wears.

Then thus the traitor god began his tale :  
 "The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale ;  
 The ships, without thy care, securely sail.  
 Now steal an hour of sweet repose ; and I 1100  
 Will take the rudder, and thy room supply."  
 To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep :  
 "Me dost thou bid to trust the treach'rous deep,  
 The harlot-smiles of her dissembling face,  
 And to her faith commit the Trojan race ? 1105  
 Shall I believe the siren south again,  
 And, oft betray'd, not know the monster main ?"  
 He said : his fasten'd hands the rudder keep ;  
 And, fix'd on heav'n, his eyes repel invading sleep.  
 The god was wroth, and at his temples threw 1110  
 A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Stygian  
 dew :

The pilot, vanquish'd by the pow'r divine,  
 Soon closed his swimming eyes, and lay supine.  
 Scarce were his limbs extended at their length ;  
 The god, insulting with superior strength, 1115  
 Fell heavy on him, plunged him in the sea,  
 And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.  
 Headlong he fell, and, struggling in the main,  
 Cried out for helping hands, but cried in vain.  
 The victor dæmon mounts obscure in air ; 1120  
 While the ship sails without the pilot's care.  
 On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies :  
 And what the man forsook, the god supplies ;  
 And o'er the dang'rous deep secure the navy flies ;

Glides by the sirens' cliffs, a shelfy coast,      1125  
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,  
And white with bones. Th' impetuous ocean roars,  
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.  
The watchful hero felt the knocks; and found  
The tossing vessel sail'd on shoaly ground.      1130  
Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself  
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.  
Inly he griev'd; and, groaning from the breast,  
Deplored his death; and thus his pain express'd:  
"For faith reposed on seas, and on the flatt'ring sky,  
Thy naked corpse is doom'd on shores unknown to  
lie."      1136



## BOOK VI.

## ARGUMENT.

THE Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy—She attends him to hell; describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shows him that glorious race of heroes, which was to descend from him and his posterity.

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He said, and wept; then spread his sails before  
 The winds, and reach'd at length the Cuman shore:  
 Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the vessels moor.  
 They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to land,  
 And greet with greedy joy th' Italian strand. 5  
 Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;  
 Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to feed,  
 Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,  
 Or trace through valleys the discover'd floods.  
 Thus while their sev'ral charges they fulfil, 10  
 The pious prince ascends the sacred hill  
 Where Phœbus is adored; and seeks the shade,  
 Which hides from sight his venerable maid.  
 Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;  
 Thence full of fate returns, and of the god. 15  
 Through Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,  
 And enter now, the temple roof'd with gold.  
 When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan shore,  
 His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore  
 (The first who sail'd in air), 'tis sung by Fame, 20  
 To the Cumæan coast at length he came,  
 And, here alighting, built this costly frame.  
 Inscribed to Phœbus, here he hung on high  
 The steerage of his wings, that cut the sky:

Then, o'er the lofty gate, his art emboss'd 25  
 Androgeos' death, and (off'rings to his ghost)  
 Sev'n youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet  
 The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.  
 And next to these the dreadful urn was placed,  
 In which the destined names by lots were cast : 30  
 The mournful parents stand around in tears :  
 And rising Crete against their shore appears.  
 There too, in living sculpture, might be seen  
 The mad affection of the Cretan queen ;  
 Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye ; 35  
 The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny—  
 The lower part a beast, a man above—  
 The monument of their polluted love.  
 Not far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maze,  
 A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways : 40  
 Here dwells the monster hid from human view,  
 Not to be found but by the faithful clew ;  
 Till the kind artist, moved with pious grief,  
 Lent to the loving maid this last relief ;  
 And all those erring paths described so well, 45  
 That Theseus conquer'd, and the monster fell.  
 Here hapless Icarus had found his part  
 Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.  
 He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold ;  
 Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mould.  
 All this with wond'ring eyes Æneas view'd : 51  
 Each varying object his delight renew'd.  
 Eager to read the rest—Achates came,  
 And by his side the mad divining dame,  
 The priestess of the god, Deïphobe her name. 55  
 "Time suffers not," she said, "to feed your eyes  
 With empty pleasures : haste the sacrifice.  
 Sev'n bullocks, yet unyoked, for Phœbus choose,  
 And for Diana sev'n unspotted ewes."  
 This said, the servants urge the sacred rites, 60  
 While to the temple she the prince invites.  
 A spacious cave, within its farthest part,  
 Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art,

Through the hill's hollow sides : before the place  
 A hundred doors a hundred entries grace : 65  
 As many voices issue, and the sound  
 Of Sibyl's words as many times rebound.  
 Now to the mouth they come. Aloud she cries,  
 "This is the time ! inquire your destinies !  
 He comes ! behold the god !" Thus while she  
 said 70

(And shiv'ring at the sacred entry staid),  
 Her colour changed ; her face was not the same ;  
 And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.  
 Her hair stood up ; convulsive rage possess'd  
 Her trembling limbs, and heaved her lab'ring breast.  
 Greater than human-kind she seem'd to look, 76  
 And, with an accent more than mortal, spoke.  
 Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll ;  
 When all the god came rushing on her soul.  
 Swiftly she turn'd, and foaming as she spoke, 80  
 "Why this delay !" she cried—"the pow'rs invoke.  
 Thy pray'rs alone can open this abode,  
 Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god."  
 She said no more. The trembling Trojans hear,  
 O'erspread with a damp sweat, and holy fear. 85  
 The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,  
 His vows to great Apollo thus address'd :  
 "Indulgent god ! propitious pow'r to Troy,  
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy !  
 Directed by whose hand the Dardan dart 90  
 Pierced the proud Grecian's only mortal part !  
 Thus far, by fate's decrees and thy commands,  
 Through ambient seas and through devouring sands,  
 Our exiled crew has sought th' Ausonian ground :  
 And now, at length, the flying coast is found. 95  
 Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,  
 With fury has pursued her wond'ring race.  
 Here cease, ye pow'rs, and let your vengeance end ;  
 Troy is no more, and can no more offend.  
 And thou, O sacred maid, inspired to see 100  
 Th' event of things in dark futurity !

Give me, what heav'n has promised to my fate,  
 To conquer and command the Latian state;  
 To fix my wand'ring gods, and find a place  
 For the long exiles of the Trojan race. 105  
 Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear  
 To the twin gods, with vows and solemn pray'r;  
 And annual rites, and festivals, and games,  
 Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names.  
 Nor shalt thou want thy honours in my land: 110  
 For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,  
 Preserved in shrines: and ev'ry sacred lay,  
 Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey—  
 All shall be treasured by a chosen train  
 Of holy priests, and ever shall remain. 115  
 But, oh! commit not thy prophetic mind  
 To fitting leaves, the sport of ev'ry wind,  
 Lest they disperse in air our empty fate:  
 Write not, but what the pow'rs ordain relate."  
 Struggling in vain, impatient of her load, 120  
 And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,  
 The more she strove to shake him from her breast,  
 With more and far superior force he press'd;  
 Commands his entrance, and, without control,  
 Usurps her organs, and inspires her soul. 125  
 Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors  
 Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars  
 Within the cave, and Sibyl's voice restores:  
 "Escaped the dangers of the wat'ry reign,  
 Yet more and greater ills by land remain. 130  
 The coast, so long desired (nor doubt th' event),  
 Thy troops shall reach, but, having reach'd, repent.  
 Wars, horrid wars, I view—a field of blood,  
 And Tiber rolling with a purple flood.  
 Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there: 135  
 A new Achilles shall in arms appear,  
 And he, too, goddess-born. Fierce Juno's hate,  
 Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.  
 To what strange nations shalt not thou resort,  
 Driv'n to solicit aid at ev'ry court! 140

The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd—  
 A foreign mistress, and a foreign guest.  
 But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,  
 The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.  
 The dawnings of thy safety shall be shown, 145  
 From—whence thou least shalt hope—a Grecian  
 town."

Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl spoke ;  
 And the resisting air the thunder broke ;  
 The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook.  
 Th' ambiguous god, who ruled her lab'ring breast,  
 In these mysterious words his mind express'd ; 151  
 Some truths reveal'd, in terms involved the rest.  
 At length her fury fell ; her foaming ceased,  
 And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreased.  
 Then thus the chief : " No terror to my view, 155  
 No frightful face of danger, can be new,  
 Inured to suffer, and resolved to dare,  
 The fates, without my pow'r, shall be without my  
 care.

This let me crave—since near your grove the road  
 To hell lies open, and the dark abode, 160  
 Which Acheron surrounds, th' innavigable flood—  
 Conduct me through the regions void of light,  
 And lead me longing to my father's sight.  
 For him, a thousand dangers I have sought,  
 And rushing where the thickest Grecians fought, 165  
 Safe on my back the sacred burden brought.  
 He, for my sake, the raging ocean tried,  
 And wrath of heav'n (my still auspicious guide),  
 And bore, beyond the strength decrepit age supplied.  
 Oft, since he breathed his last, in dead of night, 170  
 His rev'rend image stood before my sight ;  
 Enjoin'd to seek, below, his holy shade—  
 Conducted there by your unerring aid.  
 But you, if pious minds by pray'rs are won,  
 Oblige the father, and protect the son. 175  
 Yours is the pow'r ; nor Proserpine in vain  
 Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.

If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,  
The ruthless king with pity could inspire,  
And from the shades below redeem his wife ; 180  
If Pollux, off'ring his alternate life,  
Could free his brother, and can daily go  
By turns aloft, by turns descend below ;—  
Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,  
Who trod the downward path, and upward could  
ascend ?— 185  
Not less than theirs, from Jove my lineage came ;  
My mother greater, my descent the same.”  
So pray'd the Trojan prince, and, while he pray'd,  
His hand upon the holy altar laid.  
Then thus replied the prophetess divine : 190  
“ O goddess-born, of great Anchises' line !  
The gates of hell are open night and day ;  
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way :  
But, to return, and view the cheerful skies—  
In this the task and mighty labour lies. 195  
To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,  
And those of shining worth, and heav'nly race.  
Between those regions and our upper light  
Deep forests and impenetrable night  
Possess the middle space : th' infernal bounds 200  
Cocytus, with his sable waves, surrounds.  
But, if so dire a love your soul invades,  
As twice below to view the trembling shades ;  
If you so hard a toil will undertake,  
As twice to pass th' innavigable lake ; 205  
Receive my counsel. In the neighb'ring grove  
There stands a tree : the queen of Stygian Jove  
Claims it her own ; thick woods and gloomy  
night  
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.  
One bough it bears ; but (wondrous to behold) 210  
The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold :  
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,  
And to fair Proserpine the present borne,

Ere leave be giv'n to tempt the nether skies.  
 The first thus rent, a second will arise ; 215  
 And the same metal the same room supplies.  
 Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see  
 The lurking gold upon the fatal tree ;  
 Then rend it off, as holy rites command :  
 The willing metal will obey thy hand, 220  
 Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,  
 Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state :  
 If not, no labour can the tree constrain ;  
 And strength of stubborn arms and steel are  
 vain.

Besides, you know not, while you here attend, 225  
 Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend :  
 Breathless he lies ; and his unburied ghost,  
 Depriv'd of fun'ral rites, pollutes your host.  
 Pay first his pious dues : and, for the dead,  
 Two sable sheep around his hearse be led ; 230  
 Then living turfs upon his body lay :  
 This done, securely take the destined way,  
 To find the regions destitute of day."  
 She said, and held her peace.—Æneas went  
 Sad from the cave, and full of discontent, 235  
 Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant.  
 Achates, the companion of his breast,  
 Goes grieving by his side, with equal cares oppress'd.  
 Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly divined,  
 What friend the priestess by those words design'd.  
 But soon they found an object to deplore : 241  
 Misenus lay extended on the shore—  
 Son of the god of winds :—none so renown'd  
 The warrior trumpet in the field to sound ;  
 With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms, 245  
 And rouse to dare their fate in honourable arms.  
 He served great Hector, and was ever near,  
 Not with his trumpet only, but his spear.  
 But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,  
 He chose Æneas ; and he chose as well. 250

Sworn with applause, and aiming still at more,  
 He now provokes the sea-gods from the shore.  
 With envy Triton heard the martial sound,  
 And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd ;  
 Then cast his mangled carcass on the strand. 255  
 The gazing crowd around the body stand.  
 All weep ; but most Æneas mourns his fate ;  
 And hastens to perform the fun'ral state.  
 In altar-wise, a stately pile they rear ;  
 The basis broad below, and top advanced in air. 260  
 An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd  
 (The shady covert of the savage kind),  
 The Trojans found : the sounding axe is plied ;  
 Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the tow'ring pride  
 Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke ; - 265  
 And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak,  
 Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy  
 crown

Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.  
 Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,  
 And, by his pious labour, urges theirs. 270  
 Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind  
 The ways to compass what his wish design'd,  
 He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,  
 And then with vows implored the queen of love :  
 " O ! may thy pow'r, propitious still to me, 275  
 Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,  
 In this deep forest ; since the Sibyl's breath  
 Foretold, alas ! too true, Misenus' death."  
 Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight,  
 Two doves, descending from their airy flight, 280  
 Secure upon the grassy plain alight.  
 He knew his mother's birds ; and thus he pray'd :  
 " Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid,  
 And lead my footsteps till the branch be found,  
 Whose glitt'ring shadow gilds the sacred ground.  
 And thou, great parent ! with celestial care, 285  
 In this distress, be present to my pray'r."



Thus having said, he stoop'd, with watchful sight  
Observing still the motions of their flight,  
What course they took, what happy signs they  
show. 290

They fed, and, flutt'ring, by degrees withdrew  
Still farther from the place ; but still in view :  
Hopping and flying thus they led him on  
To the slow lake ; whose baleful stench to shun,  
They wing'd their flight aloft, then, stooping  
low, 295

Perch'd on the double tree that bears the golden  
bough.

Through the green leaves the glitt'ring shadows  
glow ;

As, on the sacred oak, the wint'ry mistletoe,  
Where the proud mother views her precious brood,  
And happier branches, which she never sow'd. 300  
Such was the glitt'ring ; such the ruddy rind,  
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.  
He seized the shining bough with griping hold ;  
And rent away, with ease, the ling'ring gold,  
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize. 305

Meantime the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,  
To dead Misenus pay his obsequies.

First, from the ground, a lofty pile they rear  
Of pitch-trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir :  
The fabric's front with cypress twigs they strew, 310  
And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yew.

The topmost part his glitt'ring arms adorn ;  
Warm waters, then, in brazen caldrons borne,  
Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint ;  
And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint. 315

With groans and cries Misenus they deplore :  
Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,  
The breathless body, thus bewail'd, they lay,  
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away  
(Such rev'rent rites their fathers used to pay). 320  
Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,  
And fat of victims, which his friends bestow,

These gifts the greedy flames to dust devour :  
 Then on the living coals red wine they pour :  
 And, last, the relics by themselves dispose, 335  
 Which in a brazen urn the priests enclose.  
 Old Corynæus compass'd thrice the crew,  
 And dipp'd an olive-branch in holy dew ;  
 Which thrice he sprinkled round ; and thrice aloud  
 Invoked the dead, and then dismiss'd the crowd. 330

But good Æneas order'd on the shore  
 A stately tomb, whose top a trumpet bore,  
 A soldier's falchion, and a seaman's oar.  
 Thus was his friend interr'd : and deathless fame  
 Still to the lofty cape consigns his name. 335

These rites perform'd, the pŕince, without delay,  
 Hastes, to the nether world, his destined way.  
 Deep was the cave ; and, downward as it went  
 From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent ;  
 And here th' access a gloomy grove defends ; 340  
 And here th' innavigable lake extends,  
 O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,  
 No bird presumes to steer his airy flight ;  
 Such deadly stench from the depth arise,  
 And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies. 345  
 From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,  
 And give the name Avernus to the lake.  
 Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,  
 For sacrifice the pious hero brought.

The priestess pours the wine between their  
 horns ; 350  
 Then cuts the curling hair ; that first oblation  
 burns,

Invoking Hecate hither to repair—  
 A pow'rful name in hell and upper air,  
 The sacred priests, with ready knives, bereave  
 The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive 355  
 The streaming blood : a lamb to Hell and Night  
 (The sable wool without a streak of white)  
 Æneas offers ; and, by Fate's decree,  
 A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee.

With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills : 360  
 Sev'n brawny bulls with his own hand he kills :  
 Then on the broiling entrails oil he pours ;  
 Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours.  
 Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,  
 Nor ended till the next returning sun. 365  
 Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,  
 And howling dogs in glimm'ring light advance,  
 Ere Hecate came.—“ Far hence be souls profane !”  
 The Sibyl cried—“ and from the grove abstain !  
 Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford : 370  
 Assume thy courage, and unsheath thy sword.”  
 She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space :  
 The prince pursued her steps with equal pace.  
 Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight !  
 Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night ! 375  
 Ye gliding ghosts ! permit me to relate  
 The mystic wonders of your silent state.  
 Obscure they went through dreary shades, that  
 led  
 Along the waste dominions of the dead.  
 Thus wander travellers in woods by night, 380  
 By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,  
 When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,  
 And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their  
 eyes.  
 Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,  
 Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell, 385  
 And pale Diseases, and repining Age,  
 Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage ;  
 Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother,  
 Sleep  
 (Forms terrible to view), their sentry keep ;  
 With anxious pleasures of a guilty mind, 390  
 Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind ;  
 The Furies' iron beds ; and Strife, that shakes  
 Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes.  
 Full in the midst of this infernal road  
 An elm displays her dusky arms abroad : 395

The god of sleep there hides his heavy head ;  
And empty dreams on ev'ry leaf are spread.  
Of various forms unnumber'd spectres more,  
Centaur's, and double shapes, besiege the door.  
Before the passage horrid Hydra stands, 400  
And Briareus with all his hundred hands ;  
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame ;  
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.  
The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepared,  
Though seized with sudden fear, to force the  
guard, 405  
Off'ring his brandish'd weapon at their face ;  
Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,  
And told him what those empty phantoms were—  
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.  
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way, 410  
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,  
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost :  
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast—  
A sordid god : down from his hoary chin  
A length of beard descends, uncombed, unclean : 415  
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire ;  
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.  
He spreads his canvass ; with his pole he steers ;  
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom  
bears.  
He look'd in years ; yet, in his years, were seen 420  
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.  
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,  
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood—  
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,  
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades, 425  
And youths, entomb'd before their fathers' eyes,  
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries.  
Thick as the leaves in autumn strew the woods,  
Or fowls, by winter forced, forsake the floods ;  
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands— 430  
Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring army stands,  
And press for passage with extended hands.

Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore :  
 The rest he drove to distance from the shore.  
 The hero, who beheld, with wond'ring eyes, 435  
 The tumult, mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,  
 Ask'd of his guide what the rude concourse meant ?  
 Why to the shore the thronging people bent ?  
 What forms of law among the ghosts were used ?  
 Why some were ferried o'er, and some refused ? 440  
 " Son of Anchises ! offspring of the gods !"  
 The Sibyl said, " you see the Stygian floods,  
 The sacred streams, which heav'n's imperial state  
 Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.  
 The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy crew 445  
 Deprived of sepulchres and fun'ral due :  
 The boatman, Charon : those, the buried host,  
 He ferries over to the farther coast ;  
 Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves  
 With such whose bones are not composed in 450  
 graves.  
 A hundred years they wander on the shore ;  
 At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er."  
 The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd,  
 Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast.  
 He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the 455  
 waves,  
 Their fun'ral honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet  
 graves.  
 The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,  
 And the brave leader of the Lycian crew,  
 Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the tempests met ;  
 The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erset. 460  
 Amid the spirits, Palinurus press'd,  
 Yet fresh from life, a new-admitted guest,  
 Who, while he steering view'd the stars, and bore  
 His course from Afric to the Latian shore,  
 Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view, 465  
 And scarcely through the gloom the sullen shadow  
 knew.

Then thus the prince: "What envious pow'r,  
friend!

Brought your loved life to this disastrous end?  
For Phœbus, ever true in all he said,  
Has in your fate alone my faith betray'd. 470

The god foretold you should not die before  
You reach'd, secure from seas, th' Italian shore.  
Is this th' unerring pow'r?" The ghost replied:  
"Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his answers lied;  
Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep: 475  
But, while the stars and course of heav'n I keep,  
My wearied eyes were seized with fatal sleep.

I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd  
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.  
Now by the winds and raging waves I swear, 480

Your safety, more than mine, was then my care;  
Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,  
Your ship should run against the rocky coast.  
Three blust'ring nights, borne by the southern blast,  
I floated, and discover'd land at last: 485

High on a mountain wave my head I bore,  
Forcing my strength, and gath'ring to the shore.  
Panting, but past the danger, now I seized  
The craggy cliffs, and my tired members eased.  
While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes, I  
lay, 490

The cruel nation, covetous of prey,  
Stain'd with my blood th' unhospitable coast:  
And now, by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs are  
toss'd:

Which, O! avert, by yon ethereal light,  
Which I have lost for this eternal night: 495

Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,  
By your dead sire, and by your living son,  
Redeem from this reproach my wand'ring ghost,  
Or with your navy seek the Velin coast,  
And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose; 500  
Or, if a nearer way your mother shows,

(Without whose aid you durst not undertake  
This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake),  
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er  
To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore." 505  
Scarce had he said; the prophetess began:

"What hopes delude thee, miserable man!  
Think'st thou thus unentomb'd to cross the floods,  
To view the Furies and infernal gods,  
And visit, without leave, the dark abodes? 510  
Attend the term of long-revolving years:

Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to pray'rs.  
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take—  
The wrath of heav'n, inflicted for thy sake,  
With vengeance shall pursue the inhuman coast 515  
Till they propitiate thy offended ghost.  
And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn pray'r;  
And Palinurus' name the place shall bear."  
This calm'd his cares—sooth'd with his future  
fame,

And pleased to hear his propagated name. 520

Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw:  
Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw;  
Observed their passage through the shady wood,  
And mark'd their near approaches to the flood.  
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflamed with wrath: 525  
"Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path  
In arms presum'st to tread! I charge thee, stand,  
And tell thy name, and bus'ness in the land.  
Know, this the realm of night—the Stygian shore:  
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er: 530

Nor was I pleased great Theseus once to bear  
(Who forced a passage with his pointed spear),  
Nor strong Alcides—men of mighty fame;  
And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.  
In fetters one the barking porter tied, 535  
And took him trembling from his sov'reign's side:  
Two sought by force to seize his beauteous bride."  
To whom the Sibyl thus: "Compose thy mind:  
Nor frauds are here contrived, nor force design'd.

Still may the dog the wand'ring troops constrain 540  
Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train ;  
And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.  
The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,  
Much famed for arms, and more for filial love,  
Is sent to seek his sire in your Elysian grove. 545  
If neither piety, nor heaven's command,  
Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,  
This fatal present shall prevail, at least—" "  
Then show'd the shining bough, conceal'd within  
her vest.  
No more was needful: for the gloomy god 550  
Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod ;  
Admired the destined off'ring to his queen—  
A venerable gift, so rarely seen.  
His fury thus appeased, he puts to land :  
The ghosts forsake their seats at his command: 555  
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight ;  
The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.  
Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides :  
The pressing water pours within her sides.  
His passengers at length are wafted o'er, 560  
Exposed, in muddy weeds, upon the miry shore.  
No sooner landed, in his den they found  
The triple porter of the Stygian sound,  
Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear  
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair. 565  
The prudent Sibyl had before prepared  
A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard ;  
Which, mix'd with pow'rful drugs, she cast before  
His greedy grinning jaws, just oped to roar.  
With three enormous mouths he gapes; and straight,  
With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait. 571  
Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave ;  
He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.  
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay  
Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable way. 575  
Before the gates the cries of babes new-born,  
Whom Fate had from their tender mothers torn,



Assault his ears: then those whom form of laws  
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judged their  
cause.

Nor want they lots, nor judges to review 580

The wrongful sentence, and award a new.

Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears;

And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.

Round in his urn the blended balls he rolls,  
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls. 585

The next, in place and punishment, are they

Who prodigally threw their souls away—

Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,

And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.

With late repentance, now they would retrieve 590

The bodies they forsook, and wish to live;

Their pains and poverty desire to bear,

To view the light of heav'n, and breathe the vital

air:

But Fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,

And with nine circling streams the captive souls en-

close.

595

Not far from thence the Mournful Fields appear,

So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.

The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,

In secret solitude and myrtle shades

Make endless moans, and, pining with desire, 600

Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.

Here Procris, Eriphyle here he found

Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound

Made by her son. He saw Pasiphaë there,

With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair. 605

There Laodamia, with Evadne, moves—

Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves:

Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man,

But ending in the sex she first began.

Not far from these Phenician Dido stood, 610

Fresh from her wound, her bosom bathed in blood;

Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,

Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,

(Doubtful as he who sees, through dusky night,  
 Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain light), 615  
 With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade;  
 And, as his love inspired him, thus he said:  
 "Unhappy queen! then is the common breath  
 Of rumour true, in your reported death,  
 And I, alas! the cause!—By heav'n, I vow, 620  
 And all the pow'rs that rule the realms below,  
 Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,  
 Commanded by the gods, and forced by Fate—  
 Those gods, that Fate, whose unresisted might  
 Have sent me to these regions void of light, 625  
 Through the vast empire of eternal night.  
 Nor dared I to presume, that, press'd with grief,  
 My flight should urge you to this dire relief.  
 Stay, stay your steps; and listen to my vows!  
 'Tis the last interview that Fate allows!" 630  
 In vain he thus attempts her mind to move  
 With tears and pray'rs, and late-repenting love.  
 Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,  
 She fix'd her eyes unmoved upon the ground,  
 And what he says and swears regards no more 635  
 Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;  
 But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,  
 Hid in the forest, and the shades of night;  
 Then sought Sichæus through the shady grove,  
 Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her  
 love. 640  
 Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,  
 And follow'd with his eyes the flitting shade,  
 Then took the forward way, by Fate ordain'd,  
 And, with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,  
 Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior souls  
 remain'd. 645  
 Tydeus he met, with Meleager's race,  
 The pride of armies, and the soldiers' grace;  
 And pale Adrastus with his ghastly face.  
 Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a numerous train,  
 All much lamented, all in battle slain— 650

Glaucus and Medon, high above the rest,  
 Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest,  
 And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,  
 Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy  
 spear.

The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, attend, 655  
 And with unwearied eyes behold their friend ;  
 Delight to hover near, and long to know  
 What bus'ness brought him to the realms below.

But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,  
 When his refulgent arms flash'd through the shady  
 plain, 660

Fled from his well known face, with wonted fear,  
 As when his thund'ring sword and pointed spear  
 Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the routed  
 rear.

They raised a feeble cry, with trembling notes :  
 But the weak voice deceived their gasping throats.  
 Here Priam's son, Deïphobus, he found, 666

Whose face and limbs were one continued wound.  
 Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,  
 Spoil'd of his nose and shorten'd of his ears.

He scarcely knew him, striving to disown 670

His blotted form, and blushing to be known ;

And therefore first began : " O Teucer's race !

Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface ?

What heart could wish, what hand inflict, this dire  
 disgrace ?

'Twas famed, that, in our last and fatal night, 675

Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight,

Till, tired, not forced, a glorious fate you chose,

And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.

Then, in remembrance of so brave a deed,

A tomb and fun'ral honours I decreed ; 680

Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains :

The place your armour and your name retains.

Your body too I sought, and, had I found,

Design'd for burial in your native ground."

The ghost replied : " Your piety has paid 685  
 All needful rites, to rest my wand'ring shade :  
 But cruel Fate, and my more cruel wife,  
 To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.  
 These are the monuments of Helen's love—  
 The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.  
 You know in what deluding joys we pass'd 691  
 The night, that was by heav'n decreed our last.  
 For, when the fatal horse, descending down,  
 Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy  
     town,  
 She feign'd nocturnal orgies ; left my bed, 695  
 And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led ;  
 Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,  
 Which roused the Grecians from their ambuscade.  
 With watching over-worn, with cares oppress'd,  
 Unhappy I had laid me down to rest ; 700  
 And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.  
 Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislaid,  
 And, from beneath my head, my sword convey'd ;  
 The door unlatch'd, and with repeated calls,  
 Invites her former lord within my walls. 705  
 Thus in her crime her confidence she placed,  
 And with new treasons would redeem the past.  
 What need I more ! Into the room they ran,  
 And meanly murder'd a defenceless man.  
 Ulysses, basely born, first led the way.— 710  
 Avenging pow'rs ! with justice if I pray,  
 That fortune be their own another day !  
 But answer you, and in your turn relate,  
 What brought you, living, to the Stygian state.  
 Driv'n by the winds and errors of the sea, 715  
 Or did you heaven's superior doom obey ?  
 Or tell what other chance conducts your way,  
 To view, with mortal eyes, our dark retreats,  
 Tumults and torments of th' infernal seats."  
 While thus, in talk, the flying hours they pass, 720  
 The sun had finish'd more than half his race ;

And they, perhaps, in words and tears had spent  
 The little time of stay which heav'n had lent:  
 But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay:  
 "Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day:  
 'Tis here, in diff'rent paths, the way divides: 726  
 The right to Pluto's golden palace guides  
 The left to that unhappy region tends  
 Which to the depth of 'Tartarus descends—  
 The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends."  
 Then thus Deiphobus: "O sacred maid! 731  
 Forbear to chide; and be your will obey'd.  
 Lo! to the secret shadows I retire,  
 To pay my penance till my years expire.  
 Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd, 735  
 And born to better fates than I have found."  
 He said; and, while he said, his steps he turn'd  
 To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.  
 The hero, looking on the left, espied  
 A lofty tow'r, and strong on ev'ry side 740  
 With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,  
 Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds:  
 And, press'd between the rocks, the bellowing noise  
 resounds.  
 Wide is the fronting gate, and, raised on high  
 With adamantine columns, threat the sky. 745  
 Vain is the force of man, and heaven's as vain,  
 To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.  
 Sublime on these a tow'r of steel is rear'd;  
 And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward,  
 Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day, 750  
 Observant of the souls that pass the downward way.  
 From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the  
 pains  
 Of sounding lashes, and of dragging chains.  
 The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries,  
 And ask'd his guide from whence those yells 755  
 arise;  
 And what the crimes, and what the tortures were,  
 And loud laments that rent the liquid air.

She thus replied: "The chaste and holy race  
 Are all forbidden this polluted place.  
 But Hecate, when she gave to rule the woods, 760  
 Then led me trembling through these dire abodes,  
 And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.  
 These are the realms of unrelenting Fate;  
 And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.  
 He hears and judges each committed crime; 765  
 Inquires into the manner, place, and time.  
 The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,  
 (Loath to confess, unable to conceal),  
 From the first moment of his vital breath,  
 To his last hour of unrepenting death. 770  
 Straight o'er the guilty ghost the Fury shakes  
 The sounding whip, and brandishes her snakes,  
 And the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes.  
 Then, of itself, unfolds th' eternal door:  
 With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar. 775  
 You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost  
 Commands the guard, what sentries keep the  
 post.  
 More formidable Hydra stands within,  
 Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.  
 The gaping gulf low to the centre lies, 780  
 And twice as deep as earth is distant from the  
 skies.  
 The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,  
 Here, singed with lightning, roll within th' un-  
 fathom'd space.  
 Here lie th' Aloëan twins' (I saw them both)  
 Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth, 785  
 Who dared in fight the Thund'rer to defy,  
 Affect his heav'n, and force him from the sky.  
 Salmoneus, suff'ring cruel pains, I found,  
 For emulating Jove with rattling sound  
 Of mimic thunder, and the glitt'ring blaze 790  
 Of pointed lightnings, and their forked rays.  
 Through Elis, and the Grecian towns, he flew:  
 Th' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew:

He waved a torch aloft, and, madly vain,  
Sought godlike worship from a servile train. 795  
Ambitious fool! with horny hoofs to pass  
O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,  
To rival thunder in its rapid course,  
And imitate inimitable force!

But he, the king of heav'n, obscure on high, 800  
Bared his red arm, and, launching from the sky  
His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,  
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon struck.  
There Tityus was to see, who took his birth  
From heav'n, his nursing from the foodful earth. 805  
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,  
Infold nine acres of infernal space.

A rav'nous vulture, in his open'd side,  
Her crooked beak and cruel talons tried;  
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast: 810  
The growing liver still supplied the feast.  
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:  
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food re-  
mains.

Ixion and Pirithoüs I could name,  
And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame. 815  
High o'er their heads a mould'ring rock is placed,  
That promises a fall, and shakes at ev'ry blast.

They lie below on golden beds display'd;  
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.

The queen of furies by their sides is set, 820  
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat,  
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,  
Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears.

Then they, who brothers' better claim disown,  
Expel their parents and usurp the throne; 825  
Defraud their clients, and, to lucre sold,  
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold—

Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend,  
To their poor kindred or a wanting friend—  
Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train 830  
Of lustful youths, for foul adult'ry slain—

Hosts of deserters, who their honour sold,  
 And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold.  
 All these within the dungeon's depth remain,  
 Despairing pardon, and expecting pain. 835  
 Ask not what pains ; nor further seek to know  
 Their process, or the forms of law below.  
 Some roll a mighty stone ; some, laid along,  
 And bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels  
 are hung.

Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there, 840  
 Is fix'd by Fate on his eternal chair :  
 And wretched Phlegyas warns the world with cries  
 (Could warning make the world more just or wise),  
 " Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging  
 deities.

To tyrants others have their country sold, 845  
 Imposing foreign lords for foreign gold :  
 Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made,  
 Not as the people pleased, but as they paid.  
 With incest some their daughters' bed profaned.  
 All dared the worst of ills, and, what they dared,  
 attain'd. 850

Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,  
 And throats of brass, inspired with iron lungs,  
 I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,  
 Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.  
 But let us haste our voyage to pursue : 855  
 The walls of Pluto's palace are in view,  
 The gate, and iron arch above :—it stands  
 On anvils labour'd by the Cyclops' hands.  
 Before our farther way the Fates allow,  
 Here must we fix on high the golden bough." 860  
 She said : and through the gloomy shades they  
 pass'd,

And chose the middle path.—Arrived at last,  
 The prince, with living water, sprinkled o'er  
 His limbs and body ; then approach'd the door,  
 Possess'd the porch, and on the front above 865  
 He fix'd the fatal bough, required by Pluto's love.



These holy rites perform'd, they took their way,  
Where long extended plains of pleasure lay.  
The verdant fields with those of heav'n may vie,  
With ether vested, and a purple sky— 870

The blissful seats of happy souls below :  
Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know.  
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,  
And, on the green, contend the wrestler's prize.  
Some, in heroic verse, divinely sing : 875

Others in artful measures lead the ring.  
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,  
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest.  
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,  
Strike sev'n distinguish'd notes, and sev'n at once  
they fill. 880

Here found they Teucer's old heroic race,  
Born better times and happier years to grace.  
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy  
Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.  
The chief beheld their chariots from afar, 885  
Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war.  
Their lances fix'd in earth—their steeds around,  
Free from their harness, graze the flow'ry ground.  
The love of horses which they had, alive,  
And care of chariots, after death survive. 890

Some cheerful souls were feasting on the plain ;  
Some did the song, and some the choir, maintain,  
Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po  
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head  
below.

Here patriots live, who, for their country's good, 895  
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood :  
Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,  
And poets worthy their inspiring god ;  
And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,  
Who graced their age with new-invented arts ; 900  
Those who to worth their bounty did extend,  
And those who knew that bounty did commend,

The heads of these with holy fillets bound,  
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.

To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd, 905  
And first to him surrounded by the rest—

(Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast)

"Say, happy souls! divine Musæus! say,

Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way

To find the hero, for whose only sake 910

We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter  
lake?"

To this the sacred poet thus replied:

"In no fix'd place the happy souls reside.

In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,

By crystal streams, that murmur through the  
meads: 915

But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;

The path conducts you to your journey's end."

This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,

And shows them all the shining fields below.

They wind the hill, and through the blissful mea-  
dows go. 920

But old Anchises, in a flow'ry vale,

Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale—

Those happy spirits which, ordain'd by Fate,

For future being and new bodies wait—

With studious thought observed th' illustrious  
throng, 925

In Nature's order as they pass'd along—

Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their  
care,

In peaceful senates, and successful war.

He, when Æneas on the plain appears,

Meets him with open arms, and falling tears. 930

"Welcome," he said, "the gods' undoubted race!

O long expected to my dear embrace!

Once more 'tis giv'n me to behold your face!

The love and pious duty which you pay

Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way. 935

'Tis true, computing times, I now believed  
The happy day approach'd; nor are my hopes de-  
ceived.

What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd,  
What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been  
cast!

How have I fear'd your fate! but fear'd it most 940  
When love assail'd you on the Libyan coast."

To this the filial duty thus replies:

"Your sacred ghost, before my sleeping eyes,  
Appear'd, and often urged this painful enterprise.  
After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea, 945  
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.

But reach your hand, oh parent shade! nor shun  
The dear embraces of your longing son!"

He said: and falling tears his face bedew:

Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw; 950

And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,  
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.

Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees

A sep'rate grove, through which a gentle breeze  
Plays with a passing breath, that whispers through  
the trees: 955

And, just before the confines of the wood,

The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.

About the boughs an airy nation flew,

Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden  
dew

In summer's heat; on tops of lilies feed, 960

And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed:

The winged army roams the field around;

The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.

Æneas wond'ring stood, then ask'd the cause

Which to the stream the crowding people draws. 965

Then thus the sire: "The souls that throng the  
flood

Are those to whom, by Fate, are other bodies owed.

In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste,

Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.

Long has my soul desired this time and place, 970  
 To set before your sight your glorious race,  
 That this presaging joy may fire your mind  
 To seek the shores by destiny design'd."—

"O father! can it be, that souls sublime  
 Return to visit our terrestrial clime, 975

And that the gen'rous mind, released by death,  
 Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?"

Anchises then, in order, thus begun

To clear those wonders to his godlike son:

"Know, first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted  
 frame, 980

And flowing waters, and the starry flame,

And both the radiant lights, one common soul

Inspires and feeds—and animates the whole.

This active mind, infused through all the space,

Unites and mingles with the mighty mass. 985

Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,

And birds of air, and monsters of the main.

Th' ethereal vigour is in all the same;

And ev'ry soul is fill'd with equal flame—

As much as earthy limbs, and gross alloy 990

Of mortal members subject to decay,

Blunt not the beams of heav'n and edge of day.

From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,

Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,

And grief, and joy: nor can the grovelling mind, 995

In the dark dungeon of the limbs confined,

Assert the native skies, or own its heav'nly kind:

Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;

But long-contracted filth ev'n in the soul remains.

The relics of invet'rate vice they wear; 1000

And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face appear.

For this are various penances enjoind;

And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,

Some plunged in waters, others purged in fires,

Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust ex-  
 pires. 1005

All have their manes, and those manes bear :  
 The few, so cleansed, to these abodes repair,  
 And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.  
 Then are they happy, when by length of time  
 The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;  
 No speck is left of their habitual stains ; 1011  
 But the pure ether of the soul remains.

But, when a thousand rolling years are past  
 (So long their punishments and penance last),  
 Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god, 1015  
 Compell'd to drink the deep Lethean flood,  
 In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares  
 Of their past labours and their irksome years,  
 That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,  
 The soul may suffer mortal flesh again." 1020  
 Thus having said, the father spirit leads  
 The priestess and his son through swarms of  
 shades,

And takes a rising ground, from thence to see  
 The long procession of his progeny.  
 "Survey," pursued the sire, "this airy throng, 1025  
 As, offer'd to the view, they pass along.  
 These are th' Italian names, which Fate will join  
 With ours, and graff upon the Trojan line.  
 Observe the youth who first appears in sight,  
 And holds the nearest station to the light, 1030  
 Already seems to snuff the vital air,  
 And leans just forward on a shining spear :  
 Sylvius is he, thy last-begotten race,  
 But first in order sent, to fill thy place—  
 An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood : 1035  
 Born in the covert of a shady wood,  
 Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,  
 Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.  
 In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,  
 And, born a king, a race of kings beget ;— 1040  
 Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,  
 Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame.

A second Sylvius after these appears—  
 Sylvius Æneas, for thy name he bears—  
 For arms and justice equally renown'd; 1045  
 Who, late restored, in Alba shall be crown'd.  
 How great they look! how vigorously they wield  
 Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!  
 But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,  
 Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidenæ rear; 1050  
 Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, sound;  
 And raise Collatian tow'rs on rocky ground.  
 All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,  
 Though now they lie obscure, and lands without a  
 name.

See Romulus the great, born to restore 1055  
 The crown that once his injured grandsire wore.  
 This prince a priestess of our blood shall bear;  
 And like his sire in arms he shall appear.  
 Two rising crests his royal head adorn:  
 Born from a god, himself to godhead born, 1060  
 His sire already signs him for the skies,  
 And marks his seat amid the deities.  
 Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to come,  
 Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome—  
 Rome, whose ascending tow'rs shall heav'n invade,  
 Involving earth and ocean in her shade; 1066  
 High as the mother of the gods in place,  
 And proud, like her, of an immortal race,  
 Then, when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,  
 With golden turrets on her temples crown'd: 1070  
 A hundred gods her sweeping train supply;  
 Her offspring all, and all command the sky.  
 Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see  
 Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.  
 There mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour, 1075  
 Impatient for the world, and grasps his promised  
 pow'r.

But next behold the youth of form divine—  
 Cæsar himself, exalted in his line—

Augustus, promised oft, and long foretold,  
Sent to the realm that Saturn ruled of old; 1080  
Born to restore a better age of gold.  
Afric and India shall his pow'r obey;  
He shall extend his propagated sway  
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,  
Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns around, 1085  
And his broad shoulders with their lights are  
crown'd.

At his foreseen approach, already quake  
The Caspian kingdoms and Mæotian lake.  
Their seers behold the tempest from afar;  
And threat'ning oracles denounce the war. 1090  
Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates,  
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's  
fates.

Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,  
Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew,  
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar, 1095  
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore;  
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,  
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,  
From Nysa's top descending on the plains,  
With curling vines around his purple reins. 1100  
And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue  
The paths of honour, and a crown in view?  
But what's the man, who from afar appears,  
His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer  
bears?

His hoary beard and holy vestments bring 1105  
His lost idea back: I know the Roman king.  
He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,  
Call'd from his mean abode, a sceptre to sustain.  
Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds,  
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds. 1110  
He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,  
Disused to toils, and triumphs of the war.  
By dint of sword his crown he shall increase,  
And scour his armour from the rust of peace.

Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air, 1115  
 But vain within, and proudly popular.  
 Next view the Tarquin kings, th' avenging sword  
 Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restored.  
 He first renews the rods and axe severe,  
 And gives the consuls royal robes to wear. 1120  
 His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,  
 And long for arbitrary lords again,  
 With ignominy scourged in open sight,  
 He dooms to death deserved, asserting public  
 right.  
 Unhappy man! to break the pious laws 1125  
 Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!  
 Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,  
 'Tis love of honour, and his country's good:  
 The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.  
 Behold Torquatus the same track pursue; 1130  
 And, next, the two devoted Decii view—  
 The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home  
 With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'er-  
 come.  
 The pair you see in equal armour shine,  
 Now, friends below, in close embraces join; 1135  
 But, when they leave the shady realms of night,  
 And, clothed in bodies, breathe your upper light,  
 With mortal hate each other shall pursue:  
 What wars, what wounds, what slaughter, shall  
 ensue!  
 From Alpine heights the father first descends; 1140  
 His daughter's husband in the plain attends:  
 His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.  
 Embrace again, my sons! be foes no more;  
 Nor stain your country with her children's gore!  
 And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim, 1145  
 Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name!  
 Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,  
 And to the capitol his chariot guide,  
 From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.  
 And yet another, famed for warlike toils, 1150



On Argos shall impose the Roman laws,  
And, on the Greeks, revenge the Trojan cause;  
Shall drag in chains their Achillean race;  
Shall vindicate his ancestors' disgrace,  
And Pallas, for her violated place. 1155

Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,  
And conqu'ring Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.  
Who can omit the Gracchi? who declare  
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,  
The double bane of Carthage? Who can see, 1160  
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,  
Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire  
The ploughman consul in his coarse attire?

Tired as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;  
And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name, 1165  
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,  
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!

Let others better mould the running mass  
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,  
And soften into flesh a marble face; 1170

Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,  
And when the stars ascend, and when they rise.  
But, Rome! 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,  
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,  
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way;  
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free: 1175  
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee."

He paused—and, while with wond'ring eyes they  
view'd

The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:  
"See great Marcellus! how, untired in toils, 1180  
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal  
spoils!

He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)  
Requires his courage and his conqu'ring arms,  
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright;  
Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight; 1185  
Then to the capitol in triumph move:  
And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove."

**Aeneas here beheld, of form divine**  
**A godlike youth in glitt'ring armour shine,**  
**With great Marcellus keeping equal pace: 1190**  
**But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.**  
**He saw, and, wond'ring, ask'd his airy guide,**  
**What and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's**  
**side.**

**"His son, or one of his illustrious name!**  
**How like the former, and almost the same! 1195**  
**Observe the crowds that compass him around:**  
**All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:**  
**But hov'ring mists around his brows are spread;**  
**And night, with sable shades, involves his head."**  
**"Seek not to know," the ghost replied with tears,**  
**"The sorrows of thy sons in future years. 1201**  
**This youth (the blissful vision of a day)**  
**Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.**  
**The gods too high had raised the Roman state,**  
**Were but their gifts as permanent as great. 1205**  
**What groans of men shall fill the Martian Field!**  
**How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!**  
**What fun'ral pomp shall floating Tiber see,**  
**When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemn-**  
**nity!**

**No youth shall equal hopes of glory give, 1210**  
**No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.**  
**The Trojan honour, and the Roman boast,**  
**Admired when living, and adored when lost!**  
**Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!**  
**Undaunted worth, inviolable truth! 1215**  
**No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting field**  
**Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and shield,**  
**Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,**  
**When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.**  
**Ah! couldst thou break through Fate's severe de-**  
**cree! 1220**

**A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!**  
**Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,**  
**Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring:**

Let me with fun'ral flow'rs his body strow :  
This gift which parents to their children owe, 1225  
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow !"  
Thus having said, he led the hero round  
The confines of the bless'd Elysian ground ;  
Which when Anchises to his son had shown,  
And fired his mind to mount the promised throne,  
He tells the future wars ordain'd by Fate : 1231  
The strength and customs of the Latian state ;  
The prince, and people ; and forearms his care  
With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.  
Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn : 1235  
Of polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent horn :  
True visions through transparent horn arise ;  
Through polish'd iv'ry pass deluding lies.  
Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,  
Anchises hither bends his steps at last. 1240  
Then, through the gate of iv'ry he dismiss'd  
His valiant offspring, and divining guest.  
Straight to the ships Æneas took his way,  
Embark'd his men, and skimm'd along the sea,  
Still coasting, till he gain'd Caieta's bay. 1245  
At length on oozy ground his galleys moor :  
Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

## BOOK VII.

## ARGUMENT.

**KING LATINUS** entertains **Æneas**, and promises him his only daughter, **Lavinia**, the heiress of his crown—**Turnus**, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and stirred up by **Juno** and **Alecto**, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel **Mezentius**, **Camilla**, **Messapus**, and many other of the neighbouring princes ; whose forces and the names of their commanders are particularly related

---

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame !  
 Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name :  
 Caieta still the place is call'd from thee,  
 The nurse of great **Æneas**' infancy.  
 Here rest thy bones in rich **Hesperia**'s plains :      5  
 Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.  
 Now, when the prince her fun'ral rites had paid,  
 He plough'd the **Tyrrhene** seas with sails display'd.  
 From land a gentle breeze arose by night ;  
 Serenely shone the stars ; the moon was bright ;      10  
 And the sea trembled with her silver light.  
 Now near the shelves of **Circe**'s shores they run,  
 (**Circe** the rich, the daughter of the sun),  
 A dang'rous coast !—The goddess wastes her days  
 In joyous songs ; the rocks resound her lays.      15  
 In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night ;  
 And cedar brands supply her father's light.  
 From hence were heard, rebelling to the main,  
 The roars of lions that refuse the chain,  
 The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,      20  
 And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailor's  
      ears.

These from their caverns, at the close of night,  
 Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.  
 Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r  
 (That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour), 25  
 With words and wicked herbs, from human kind  
 Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confined.  
 Which monsters lest the Trojans' pious host  
 Should bear, or touch upon th' enchanted coast,  
 Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night, 30  
 With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.  
 Supplied with these, they skim the sounding shore,  
 And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.  
 Now, when the rosy morn began to rise,  
 And waved her saffron streamer through the skies,  
 When Thetis blush'd in purple, not her own, 36  
 And from her face the breathing winds were blown,  
 A sudden silence sat upon the sea,  
 And sweeping oars with struggling urge their way.  
 The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood, 40  
 Which thick with shades, and a brown horror, stood:  
 Between the trees the Tiber took his course,  
 With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward  
 force  
 That drove the sand along, he took his way,  
 And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea. 45  
 About him, and above, and round the wood,  
 The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,  
 That bathed within, or bask'd upon his side,  
 To tuneful songs their narrow throats applied.  
 The captain gives command: the joyful train 50  
 Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main.  
 Now, Erato! thy poet's mind inspire,  
 And fill his soul with thy celestial fire.  
 Relate what Latium was; her ancient kings:  
 Declare the past and present state of things, 55  
 When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought,  
 And how the rivals loved, and how they fought.  
 These are my theme, and how the war began,  
 And how concluded by the godlike man:

For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage, 60  
Which princes and their people did engage;  
And haughty souls, that, moved with mutual hate,  
In fighting fields pursued and found their fate,  
That roused the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,  
And peaceful Italy involved in arms. 65

A larger scene of action is display'd;  
And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.

Latinus, old and mild, had long possess'd  
The Latian sceptre, and his people bless'd:  
His father Faunus: a Laurentian dame 70  
His mother; fair Marcia was her name.  
But Faunus came from Picus: Picus drew  
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.  
Thus king Latinus, in the third degree,  
Had Saturn author of his family. 75  
But this old peaceful prince, as Heaven decreed,  
Was bless'd with no male issue to succeed:  
His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by  
fate:

One only daughter heir'd the royal state.  
Fired with her love, and with ambition led, 80  
The neighb'ring princes court her nuptial bed.  
Among the crowd, but far above the rest,  
Young Turnus to the beauteous maid address'd.  
Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,  
Was first, and favour'd by the Latian queen: 85  
With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand;  
But dire portents the purposed match withstand.

Deep in the palace, of long growth, there stood  
A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood;  
Where rites divine were paid; whose holy hair 90  
Was kept and cut with superstitious care.  
This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,  
Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd:  
And last, in honour of his new abode,  
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god. 95  
It happen'd once (a boding prodigy!)  
A swarm of bees, that out the liquid sky,

(Unknown from whence they took their airy flight),  
Upon the topmost branch in clouds alight;  
There, with their clasping feet, together clung, 100  
And a long cluster from the laurel hung.

An ancient augur prophesied from hence:—

“Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince!  
From the same parts of heaven his navy stands,  
To the same parts on earth: his army lands; 105  
The town he conquers, and the tow’r commands.”

Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire  
Before the gods, and stood beside her sire,  
(Strange to relate!) the flames, involved in smoke  
Of incense, from the sacred altar broke, 110

Caught her dishevell’d hair, and rich attire:  
Her crown and jewels crackled in the fire:

From thence the fuming trail began to spread,  
And lambent glories danced about her head.

This new portent the seer with wonder views, 115  
Then pausing, thus his prophecy renews:

“The nymph, who scatters flaming fires around,  
Shall shine with honour, shall herself be crown’d;

But, caused by her irrevocable fate,  
War shall the country waste, and change the  
state.” 120

Latinus, frighted with this dire oment,  
For counsel to his father Faunus went,  
And sought the shades renown’d for prophecy,  
Which near Albunea’s sulph’rous fountain lie.

To those the Latian and the Sabine land 125  
Fly, when distress’d; and thence relief demand.

The priest on skins of off’rings takes his ease,  
And nightly visions in his slumber sees:

A swarm of thin ærial shapes appears,  
And, flutt’ring round his temples, deafs his ears. 130

These he consults, the future fates to know,  
From pow’rs above, and from the fiends below.

Here, for the god’s advice, Latinus flies,  
Off’ring a hundred sheep for sacrifice:

Their woolly fleeces, as the rites required, 135  
 He laid beneath him, and to rest retired.  
 No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,  
 When, from above, a more than mortal sound  
 Invades his ears; and thus the vision spoke:  
 "Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke 140  
 Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.  
 A foreign son upon the shore descends,  
 Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.  
 His race, in arms and arts of peace renown'd,  
 Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe bound: 145  
 'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys around."  
 These answers, in the silent night received,  
 The king himself divulged, the land believed:  
 The fame through all the neighb'ring nations  
 flew,  
 When now the Trojan navy was in view. 150  
 Beneath a shady tree the hero spread  
 His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;  
 And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.  
 They sat; and (not without the god's command)  
 Their homely fare despatch'd; the hungry band 155  
 Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,  
 To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flour.  
 Ascanius this observed, and, smiling, said,  
 "See! we devour the plates on which we fed."  
 The speech had omen, that the Trojan race 160  
 Should find repose, and this the time and place.  
 Æneas took the word, and thus replies  
 (Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes):  
 "All hail, O earth! all hail, my household gods!  
 Behold the destined place of your abodes! 165  
 For thus Anchises prophesied of old,  
 And this our fatal place of rest foretold:  
 'When, on a foreign shore, instead of meat,  
 By famine forced, your trenchers you shall eat,  
 Then ease your weary Trojans will attend, 170  
 And the long labour of your voyage end.



Remember on that happy coast to build ;  
 And with a trench enclose the fruitful field.  
 This was that famine, this the fatal place,  
 Which ends the wand'ring of our exiled race. 175  
 Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ,  
 To search the land, and where the cities lie,  
 And what the men ; but give this day to joy.  
 Now pour to Jove ; and, after Jove is bless'd,  
 Call great Anchises to the genial feast : 180  
 Crown high the goblets with a cheerful draught :  
 Enjoy the present hour ; adjourn the future thought."

Thus having said, the hero bound his brows  
 With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows ;  
 Adoring first the genius of the place, 185  
 Then Earth, the mother of the heav'nly race,  
 The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,  
 And Night, and all the stars that gild her sable  
 throne,

And ancient Cybele, and Idæan Jove,  
 And last his sire below, and mother queen above. 190  
 Then heaven's high monarch thunder'd thrice aloud :  
 And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.  
 Soon through the joyful camp a rumour flew,  
 The time was come their city to renew.

Then ev'ry brow with cheerful green is crown'd ; 195  
 The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.

When next the rosy morn disclosed the day,  
 The scouts to sev'ral parts divide their way,  
 To learn the natives' names, their towns explore,  
 The coasts, and trendings of the crooked shore : 200  
 Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus stands ;  
 Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.

The pious chief, who sought by peaceful ways  
 To found his empire, and his town to raise,  
 A hundred youths from all his train selects, 205  
 And to the Latian court their course directs,  
 (The spacious palace where their prince resides),  
 And all their heads with wreaths of olive hides.

They go commission'd to require a peace,  
 And carry presents to procure access. 210  
 Thus while they speed their pace, the prince de-  
 signs

The new-elected seat, and draws the lines.  
 The Trojans round the place a rampart cast,  
 And pallisades about the trenches placed.

Meantime the train, proceeding on their way, 215  
 From far the town and lofty tow'rs survey;  
 At length approach the walls. Without the gate  
 They see the boys and Latian youth debate  
 The martial prizes on the dusty plain:

Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein:  
 Some bend the stubborn bow for victory; 221  
 And some with darts their active sinews try.

A posting messenger, despatch'd from hence,  
 Of this fair troop advised their aged prince,  
 That foreign men, of mighty stature, came; 225  
 Uncouth their habit and unknown their name.

The king ordains their entrance, and ascends  
 His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.  
 The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,  
 Supported by a hundred pillars stood, 230  
 And round encompass'd with a rising wood.

The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,  
 Surprised at once with rev'rence and delight.  
 There kings received the marks of sov'reign pow'r:  
 In state the monarchs march'd; the lictors bore 235  
 Their awful axes and the rods before.

Here the tribunal stood, the house of pray'r;  
 And here the sacred senators repair;

All at large tables, in long order set,  
 • A ram their off'ring, and a ram their meat. 240  
 Above the portal, carved in cedar wood,  
 Placed in their ranks, their godlike grandsires  
 stood:

Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe on high;  
 And Italus, that led the colony;

And ancient Janus, with his double face, 245  
 And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.  
 There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines ;  
 On a short pruning-hook his head reclines,  
 And studiously surveys his gen'rous wines ;  
 Then warlike kings who for their country fought,  
 And honourable wounds from battle brought. 251  
 Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and spears,  
 And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,  
 And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their  
 wars.

Above the rest, as chief of all the band, 255  
 Was Picus placed ; a buckler in his hand ;  
 His other waved a long divining wand.  
 Girt in his Gabine gown the hero sate,  
 Yet could not with his art avoid his fate :  
 For Circe long had loved the youth in vain, 260  
 Till love, refused, converted to disdain :  
 Then, mixing pow'rful herbs, with magic art,  
 She changed his form, who could not change his  
 heart ;

Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,  
 With party-colour'd plumes, a chatt'ring pie. 265  
 In this high temple, on a chair of state,  
 The seat of audience, old Latinus sate ;  
 Then gave admission to the Trojan train ;  
 And thus, with pleasing accents, he began :  
 " Tell me, ye Trojans—for that name you own ; 270  
 Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown—  
 Say what you seek, and whither were you bound ?  
 Were you by stress of weather cast aground ?  
 (Such dangers of the sea are often seen,  
 And oft befall to miserable men.) 275  
 Or come your shipping in our ports to lay,  
 Spent and disabled in so long a way ?  
 Say what you want : the Latians you shall find  
 Not forced to goodness, but by will inclined ;  
 For since the time of Saturn's holy reign 280  
 His hospitable customs we retain.

I call to mind (but time the tale has worn)  
 Th' Aurunci told, that Dardanus, though born  
 On Latian plains, yet sought the Phrygian shore,  
 And Samothracia, Samos call'd before. 285  
 From Tuscan Corythum he claim'd his birth:  
 But after, when exempt from mortal earth,  
 From thence ascended to his kindred skies,  
 A god, and, as a god, augments their sacrifice."  
 He said.—Ilioneus made this reply: 290  
 "O king, of Faunus' royal family!  
 Nor wint'ry winds to Latium forced our way,  
 Nor did the stars our wand'ring course betray.  
 Willing we sought your shores; and, hither bound,  
 The port, so long desir'd, at length we found; 295  
 From our sweet homes and ancient realms ex-  
 pell'd;  
 Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.  
 The god began our line, who rules above:  
 And, as our race, our king descends from Jove:  
 And hither are we come, by his command, 300  
 To crave admission in your happy land.  
 How dire a tempest, from Mycenæ pour'd,  
 Our plains, our temples, and our town devour'd;  
 What was the waste of war, what fierce alarms;  
 Shook Asia's crown with European arms; 305  
 Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,  
 Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea;  
 And such as, born beneath the burning sky  
 And sultry sun, between the tropics lie.  
 From that dire deluge, through the wat'ry waste 310  
 (Such length of years, such various perils past),  
 At last escaped, to Latium we repair,  
 To beg what you without your want may spare—  
 The common water, and the common air;  
 Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes,  
 Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods. 315  
 Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,  
 Nor length of time our gratitude efface—

Besides what endless honour you shall gain,  
 To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train. 320  
 Now, by my sov'reign, and his fate, I swear—  
 Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war—  
 Oft our alliance other lands desired,  
 And, what we seek of you, of us required.  
 Despise not, then, that in our hands we bear 325  
 These holy boughs, and sue with words of pray'r.  
 Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,  
 Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian land.  
 To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends;  
 Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends; 330  
 Where Tuscan Tiber rolls with rapid force,  
 And where Numicus opes his holy source.  
 Besides, our prince presents, with his request,  
 Some small remains of what his sire possess'd.  
 This golden charger, snatch'd from burning Troy,  
 Anchises did in sacrifice employ: 336  
 This royal robe and this tiara wore  
 Old Priam, and this golden sceptre bore,  
 In full assemblies, and in solemn games:  
 These purple vests were weaved by Dardan dames."  
 Thus while he spoke, Latinus roll'd around 341  
 His eyes, and fix'd awhile upon the ground.  
 Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast;  
 Not by the sceptre moved, or kingly vest,  
 But pond'ring future things of wondrous weight—  
 Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate. 346  
 On these he mused within his thoughtful mind;  
 And then revolved what Faunus had divined.  
 This was the foreign prince by fate decreed  
 To share his sceptre, and Lavinia's bed: 350  
 This was the race that sure portents foreshow  
 To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.  
 At length he raised his cheerful head, and spoke:  
 "The pow'rs," said he, "the pow'rs we both in-  
 voke,  
 To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be, 355  
 And firm our purpose with their angury!

Have what you ask : your presents I receive :  
Land, where and when you please, with ample leave :  
Partake and use my kingdom as your own :  
All shall be yours, while I command the crown. 360  
And, if my wish'd alliance please your king,  
Tell him he should not send the peace, but bring :  
Then let him not a friend's embraces fear :  
The peace is made when I behold him here.  
Besides this answer, tell my royal guest, 365  
I add to his commands my own request :  
Only one daughter heirs my crown and state,  
Whom not our oracles, nor heav'n, nor fate,  
Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join  
With any native of th' Ausonian line. 370  
A foreign son-in-law shall come from far  
(Such is our doom), a chief renown'd in war,  
Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,  
And through the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.  
Himself to be the man the fates require, 375  
I firmly judge, and what I judge, desire."  
He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed.  
Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,  
Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd :  
Of these he chose the fairest and the best, 380  
To mount the Trojan troop. At his command,  
The steeds caparison'd with purple stand,  
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,  
And champ between their teeth the foaming gold.  
Then to his absent guest the king decreed 385  
A pair of coursers born of heav'nly breed,  
Who from their nostrils breath'd ethereal fire ;  
Whom Circe stole from her celestial sire,  
By substituting mares produced on earth,  
Whose wombs conceived a more than mortal  
birth. 390  
These draw the chariot which Latinus sends ;  
And the rich present to the prince commends.  
Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans borne,  
To their expecting lord with peace return.

But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height, 395  
 As she from Argos took her airy flight,  
 Beheld, with envious eyes, this hateful sight.  
 She saw the Trojan and his joyful train  
 Descend upon the shore, desert the main,  
 Design a town, and, with unhop'd success, 400  
 Th' ambassadors return with promised peace.  
 Then, pierced with pain, she shook her haughty  
 head,

Sigh'd from her inward soul, and thus she said:  
 "O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!  
 O fates of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose! 405  
 Could they not fall unpitied on the plain,  
 But, slain, revive, and, taken, 'scape again?  
 When execrable Troy in ashes lay,  
 Through fires and swords and seas they forced their  
 way.

Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend,— 410  
 Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end!  
 Breathless and tired, is all my fury spent?  
 Or does my glutt'd spleen at length relent?  
 As if 'twere little from their town to chase,  
 I through the seas pursued their exiled race; 415  
 Engaged the heav'ns, opposed the stormy main:  
 But billows roar'd, and tempests raged in vain.  
 What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done,  
 When these they overpass, and those they shun?  
 On Tiber's shores they land, secure of fate, 420  
 Triumphant o'er the storms and Juno's hate!  
 Mars could in mutual blood the centaurs bathe;  
 And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath,  
 Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon:  
 (What great offence had either people done?) 425  
 But I, the consort of the Thunderer,  
 Have waged a long and unsuccessful war,  
 With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,  
 And by a mortal man at length am foil'd!  
 If native pow'r prevail not, shall I doubt 430  
 To seek for needful succour from without?

If Jove and heav'n my just desires deny,  
 Hell shall the pow'r of heav'n and Jove supply.  
 Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by their decree,

The Trojan race to reign in Italy: 435

At least I can defer the nuptial day,  
 And, with protracted wars, the peace delay:  
 With blood the dear alliance shall be bought,  
 And both the people near destruction brought.  
 So shall the son-in-law and father join, 440  
 With ruin, war, and waste of either line.

O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd  
 With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulian blood!  
 Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand:  
 Another queen brings forth another brand, 445  
 To burn with foreign fires another land!

A second Paris, differing but in name,  
 Shall fire his country with a second flame."

Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground,  
 With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound,  
 To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat 451  
 Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.

This Fury, fit for her intent, she chose;  
 One who delights in wars and human woes.  
 Ev'n Pluto hates his own misshapen race; 455

Her sister Furies fly her hideous face;  
 So frightful are the forms the monster takes,  
 So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.  
 Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite:  
 "O virgin daughter of eternal Night, 460

Give me this once thy labour, to sustain  
 My right, and execute my just disdain.  
 Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence  
 Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince:  
 Expel from Italy that odious name, 465  
 And let not Juno suffer in her fame.

'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,  
 Between the dearest friends to raise debate,  
 And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.



Thy hand o'er towns the fun'ral torch displays, 470  
 And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.  
 Now shake, from out thy fruitful breast, the seeds  
 Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds :  
 Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare  
 Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war." 475  
 Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,  
 The Fury sprang above the Stygian flood :  
 And on her wicker wings, sublime through night,  
 She to the Latian palace took her flight ;  
 There sought the queen's apartment, stood be-  
 fore 480  
 The peaceful threshold, and besieged the door.  
 Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast  
 Fired with disdain for Turnus dispossess'd,  
 And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.  
 From her black bloody locks the Fury shakes 485  
 Her darling plague, the fav'rite of her snakes :  
 With her full force she threw the pois'nous dart,  
 And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart,  
 That, thus envenom'd, she might kindle rage,  
 And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.  
 Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims 491  
 Between her linen and her naked limbs,  
 His baneful breath inspiring as he glides.  
 Now like a chain around her neck he rides,  
 Now like a fillet to her head repairs, 495  
 And with his circling volumes folds her hairs.  
 At first the silent venom slid with ease,  
 And seized her cooler senses by degrees ;  
 Then, ere th' infected mass was fired too far,  
 In plaintive accents she began the war, 500  
 And thus bespoke her husband : " Shall," she said,  
 " A wand'ring prince enjoy Lavinia's bed ?  
 If nature plead not in a parent's heart,  
 Pity my tears, and pity her desert.  
 I know, my dearest lord, the time will come 505  
 You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom :

The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,  
 And bear the royal virgin far away !  
 A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,  
 In show of friendship sought the Spartan shore, 510  
 And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.  
 Think on a king's inviolable word ;  
 And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord.  
 To this false foreigner you give your throne,  
 And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son. 515  
 Resume your ancient care ; and, if the god  
 Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,  
 Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,  
 Not born your subjects, or derived from hence.  
 Then, if the line of Turnus you retrace, 520  
 He springs from Inachus of Argive race."  
 But when she saw her reasons idly spent,  
 And could not move him from his fix'd intent,  
 She flew to rage ; for now the snake possess'd  
 Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast. 525  
 She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,  
 And fills, with horrid howls, the public place.  
 And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,  
 On the smooth pavement of an empty court ;  
 The wooden engine flies and whirls about, 530  
 Admired, with clamours, of the beardless rout ;  
 They lash aloud ; each other they provoke,  
 And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke :  
 Thus fares the queen ; and thus her fury blows  
 Amid the crowd, and kindles as she goes. 535  
 Nor yet content, she strains her malice more,  
 And adds new ills to those contrived before :  
 She flies the town, and, mixing with the throng  
 Of madding matrons, bears the bride along,  
 Wand'ring through woods and wilds, and devious  
                     ways, 540  
 And with these arts the Trojan match delays.  
 She feign'd the rites of Bacchus ; cried aloud,  
 And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.

"Euoi! O Bacchus!" thus began the song;  
 And, "Euoi!" answer'd all the female throng. 545  
 "O virgin worthy thee alone!" she cried;  
 "O worthy thee alone!" the crew replied.  
 "For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,  
 And with thy winding ivy wreathes her lance."  
 Like fury seized the rest: the progress known, 550  
 All seek the mountains, and forsake the town:  
 All, clad in skins of beasts, the javelin bear,  
 Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair;  
 And shrieks and shoutings rend the suff'ring air.  
 The queen herself, inspired with rage divine, 555  
 Shook high above her head a flaming pine,  
 Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,  
 And sang, in Turnus' name, the nuptial song:  
 "Iō! ye Latian dames, if any here  
 Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear; 560  
 If there be here," she said, "who dare maintain  
 My right, nor think the name of mother vain;  
 Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,  
 And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare."  
 Amata's breast the Fury thus invades, 565  
 And fires with rage, amid the sylvan shades.  
 Then, when she found her venom spread so far,  
 The royal house embroil'd in civil war,  
 Raised on her dusky wings, she cleaves the  
     skies,  
 And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies. 57  
 His town, as fame reports, was built of old  
 By Danae, pregnant with almighty gold,  
 Who fled her father's rage, and, with a train  
 Of following Argives, through the stormy main,  
 Driven by the southern blasts, was fated here to  
     reign. 575  
 'Twas Ardua once: now Ardea's name it bears;  
 Once a fair city, now consumed with years.  
 Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus lay,  
 Between the confines of the night and day,

Secure in sleep.—The Fury laid aside 580  
 Her looks and limbs, and with new methods tried  
 The foulness of th' infernal form to hide.  
 Propp'd on a staff, she takes a trembling mien  
 Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene ;  
 Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws ; 585  
 Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws ;  
 Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,  
 Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.  
 Old Chalybe, who kept the sacred fane  
 Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began, 590  
 Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man :  
 " Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain  
 In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain ?  
 Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize,  
 Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories ? 595  
 The bride and sceptre, which thy blood has  
     bought,  
 The king transfers ; and foreign heirs are sought !  
 Go now, deluded man, and seek again  
 New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain !  
 Repel the Tuscan foes ; their city seize ; 600  
 Protect the Latians in luxurious ease !  
 This dream all-pow'rful Juno sends : I bear  
 Her mighty mandates ; and her words you hear.  
 Haste ! arm your Ardeans ; issue to the plain ;  
 With faith to friend, assault the Trojan train : 605  
 Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that lie  
 In Tiber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.  
 The Latian king, unless he shall submit,  
 Own his old promise, and his new forget—  
 Let him, in arms, the pow'r of Turnus prove, 610  
 And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.  
 For such is heav'n's command."—The youthful  
     prince  
 With scorn replied, and made this bold defence :  
 " You tell me, mother, what I knew before,  
 The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore. 615

I neither fear nor will provoke the war :  
 My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.  
 But time has made you dote, and vainly tell  
 Of arms imagined in your lonely cell.  
 Go ! be the temple and the gods your care : 620  
 Permit to men the thought of peace and war."

These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke ;  
 And frightened Turnus trembled as she spoke.  
 Her eyes grow stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn ;  
 Her hideous looks and hellish form return : 625  
 Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,  
 And open all the furies of her face :

Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,  
 She cast him backward as he strove to rise,  
 And, ling'ring, sought to frame some new replies. 630

High on her head she rears two twisted snakes :  
 Her chains she rattles, and her whip she shakes ;  
 And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks :  
 " Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell  
 Of arms, imagined in her lonely cell ; 635  
 Behold the Fates' infernal minister !

War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear."

Thus having said, her smould'ring torch, impress'd  
 With her full force, she plunged into his breast.  
 Aghast he waked ; and starting from his bed, 640  
 Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread.  
 " Arms ! arms !" he cries : " my sword and shield  
 prepare !"

He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.  
 So, when with crackling flames a caldron fries,  
 The bubbling waters from the bottom rise : 645  
 Above the brims they force their fiery way ;  
 Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.

The peace polluted thus, a chosen band  
 He first commissions to the Latian land,  
 In threat'ning embassy ; then raised the rest, 650  
 To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan guest,  
 To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,  
 And Italy's endanger'd peace restore.

Himself alone an equal match, he boasts,  
 To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts. 655  
 The gods invoked, the Rutuli prepare  
 Their arms, and warm each other to the war.  
 His beauty these, and those his blooming age,  
 The rest his house, and his own fame engage.

While Turnus urges thus his enterprise, 660  
 The Stygian Fury to the Trojans flies;  
 New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,  
 Which overlooks the vale with wide command;  
 Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train  
 With horns and hounds a hunting match ordain, 665  
 And pitch their toils around the shady plain.  
 The Fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,  
 And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.  
 'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise  
 High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies. 670  
 From this light cause, th' infernal maid prepares  
 The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.

The stately beast the two Tyrrhidæ bred,  
 Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling  
 fed.

Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring; 675  
 Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king:  
 Their sister Sylvia cherish'd with her care  
 The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare  
 To hang his budding horns, with ribands tied  
 His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide, 680  
 And bathed his body. Patient of command  
 In time he grew, and growing used to hand.  
 He waited at his master's board for food;  
 Then sought his savage kindred in the wood,  
 Where grazing all the day, at night he came 685  
 To his known lodgings, and his country dame.  
 This household beast, that used the woodland  
 grounds,

Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds,  
 As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat  
 In the cool waters, and to quench his heat. 690

Ascanius, young, and eager of his game,  
 Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim :  
 But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,  
 Which pierced his bowels through his panting sides.  
 The bleeding creature issues from the floods, 695  
 Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes,  
 His old familiar hearth, and household gods.  
 He falls ; he fills the house with heavy groans,  
 Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.  
 Young Sylvia beats her breast, and cries aloud 700  
 For succour from the clownish neighbourhood :  
 The churls assemble ; for the fiend, who lay  
 In the close woody covert, urged their way.  
 One with a brand yet burning from the flame,  
 Arm'd with a knotty club another came : 705  
 Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,  
 Their fury makes an instrument of war.  
 Tyrrheus, the foster-father of the beast,  
 Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist,  
 But held his hand from the descending stroke, 710  
 And left his wedge within the cloven oak,  
 To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.  
 And now the goddess, exercised in ill,  
 Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,  
 Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn, 715  
 Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,  
 Adds all her breath. The rocks and woods around,  
 And mountains, tremble at th' infernal sound.  
 The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,  
 The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar, 720  
 Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.  
 Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,  
 And strain their helpless infants to their breast.  
 The clowns, a boist'rous, rude, ungovern'd crew,  
 With furious haste to the loud summons flew. 725  
 The pow'rs of Troy, then issuing on the plain,  
 With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain :  
 Nor theirs a raw and unexperienced train,  
 But a firm body of embattled men.

At first, while fortune favour'd neither side, 730  
The fight with clubs and burning brands was tried :  
But now, both parties reinforced, the fields  
Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.  
A shining harvest either host displays,  
And shoots against the sun with equal rays. 735

Thus, when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,  
White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries ;  
Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies ;  
Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,  
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown. 740

First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,  
Pierced with an arrow from the distant war :  
Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,  
And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.  
Huge heaps of slain around the body rise : 745

Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies ;  
A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,  
Amid the madness of th' unruly train :  
Five herds, five bleating flocks his pastures fill'd ;  
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd. 750

Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood,  
The Fury bathed them in each other's blood ;  
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,  
And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies.

To Juno thus she speaks : " Behold ! 'tis done, 755  
The blood already drawn, the war begun ;  
The discord is complete ; nor can they cease  
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.

Now, since the Latian and the Trojan brood  
Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood, 760  
Speak, and my pow'r shall add this office more  
The neighb'ring nations of th' Ausonian shore  
Shall hear the dreadful rumour from afar,  
Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war."

Then Juno thus : " The grateful work is done, 765  
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun :  
Frauds, fears, and fury have possess'd the state,  
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate.



A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join  
 Between the Trojan and Ausonian line : 770  
 But thou with speed to night and hell repair ;  
 For not the gods, nor angry Jove, will bear  
 Thy lawless wand'ring walks in upper air.  
 Leave what remains to me." - Saturnia said :  
 The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd, 775  
 Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether  
 shade.

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,  
 There lies a lake, Amsanctus is the name.  
 Below the lofty mounts on either side  
 Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide. 780  
 Full in the centre of the sacred wood  
 An arm arises of the Stygian flood,  
 Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing sound,  
 Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.  
 Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell, 785  
 And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.  
 To this infernal lake the Fury flies ;  
 Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring  
 skies.

Saturnian Juno now, with double care,  
 Attends the fatal process of the war. 790  
 'The clowns, return'd from battle, bear the slain,  
 Implore the gods, and to their king complain.  
 The corpse of Almon, and the rest are shown :  
 Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frightened town.  
 Ambitious Turnus in the press appears, 795  
 And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears ;  
 Proclaims his private injuries aloud,  
 A solemn promise made, and disavow'd ;  
 A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd mongrel brood.  
 Then they, whose mothers, frantic with their  
 fear, 800

In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,  
 And lead his dancers with dishevell'd hair,  
 Increase the clamour, and the war demand  
 (Such was Amata's int'rest in the land),

Against the public sanctions of the peace, 805  
Against all omens of their ill success.  
With fates averse, the rout in arms resort,  
To force their monarch, and insult the court.  
But, like a rock unmoved, a rock that braves  
The raging tempest and the rising waves— 810  
Propp'd on himself he stands: his solid sides  
Wash off the seaweeds and the sounding tides—  
So stood the pious prince unmoved, and long  
Sustain'd the madness of the noisy throng.  
But, when he found that Juno's pow'r prevail'd, 815  
And all the methods of cool counsel fail'd,  
He calls the gods to witness their offence,  
Disclaims the war, asserts his innocence.  
"Hurried by fate," he cries, "and borne before  
A furious wind, we leave the faithful shore! 820  
O more than madmen! you yourselves shall bear  
The guilt of blood and sacrilegious war:  
Thou, Turnus, shalt atone it by thy fate,  
And pray to heav'n for peace, but pray too late.  
For me, my stormy voyage at an end, 825  
I to the port of death securely tend.  
The fun'ral pomp which to your kings you pay,  
Is all I want, and all you take away."  
He said no more, but, in his walls confined,  
Shut out the woes which he too well divined; 830  
Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,  
But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.  
A solemn custom was observed of old,  
Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold.  
Their standard, when in fighting fields they rear 835  
Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare  
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war—  
Or from the boasting Parthians would regain  
Their eagles, lost in Carræ's bloody plain.  
Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they bear  
And still are worshipp'd with religious fear) 841  
Before his temple stand: the dire abode,  
And the fear'd issues of the furious god,

Are fenced with brazen bolts; without the gates,  
The wary guardian Janus doubly waits. 845

Then, when the sacred senate votes the wars,  
The Roman consul their decree declares,  
And in his robes the sounding gates unbars.

The youth in military shouts arise,  
And the loud trumpets break the yielding skies. 850

These rites, of old by sov'reign princes used,  
Were the king's office: but the king refused:  
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar  
Of sacred peace, or loose th' imprison'd war;  
But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms, 855  
Abhor'd the wicked ministry of arms.

Then heav'n's imperious queen shot down from  
high:

At her approach the brazen hinges fly;  
The gates are forced, and ev'ry falling bar;  
And, like a tempest, issues out the war. 860

The peaceful cities of th' Ausonian shore,  
Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,  
Are all on fire; and some, with studious care,  
Their restive steeds in sandy plains prepare;  
Some their soft limbs in painful marches try, 865  
And war is all their wish, and arms the gen'ral  
cry.

Part scour their rusty shields with seam; and  
part

New grind the blunted axe, and point the dart;  
With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,  
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky. 870

Five cities forge their arms—th' Atinian pow'rs,  
Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty tow'rs.

Ardea the proud, the Crustumærian town:  
All these of old were places of renown.

Some hammer helmets for the fighting field; 875  
Some twine young sallows to support the shield;

The corselet some, and some the cuishes mould,  
With silver plaited, and with ductile gold.

The rustic honours of the scythe and share  
Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of  
war. 880

Old falchions are new temper'd in the fires :  
The sounding trumpet ev'ry soul inspires.  
The word is given ; with eager speed they lace  
The shining head-piece, and the shield embrace.  
The neighing steeds are to the chariots tied ; 885  
The trusty weapon sits on ev'ry side.

And, now the mighty labour is begun,  
Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.  
Sing you the chiefs that sway'd the Ausonian land,  
Their arms, and armies under their command ; 890  
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred ;  
What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.  
For well you know, and can record alone,  
What fame to future times conveys but darkly  
down.

Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain : 895  
Scorn sat upon his brows, and sour disdain,  
Defying earth and heav'n. Etruria lost,  
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.  
The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,  
Rode in the ranks, and next his sullen sire ; 900  
To Turnus only second in the grace  
Of manly mien, and features of the face.  
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,  
With fates averse a thousand men he led :  
His sire unworthy of so brave a son ; 905  
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.

Next Aventinus drives his chariot round  
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.  
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field ;  
His father's hydra fills his ample shield ; 910  
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims ;  
The son of Hercules he justly seems,  
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs—  
Of heav'nly, part, and, part, of earthly blood,  
A mortal woman mixing with a god. 915

For strong Alcides, after he had slain  
 The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain  
 His captive herds; and, thence in triumph led,  
 On Tuscan Tiber's flow'ry banks they fed.  
 Then, on Mount Aventine, the son of Jove 920  
 The priestess Rhea found, and forced to love.

For arms, his men long piles and jav'lins bore;  
 And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle  
 gore.

Like Hercules himself, his son appears  
 In savage pomp: a lion's hide he wears; 925  
 About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin;  
 The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.  
 Thus, like the god his father, homely dress'd,  
 He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.

Then two twin-brothers from fair Tibur came 930  
 (Which from their brother Tiburs took the name),  
 Fierce Coras and Catillus, void of fear,  
 Arm'd Argive horse they lead, and in the front  
 appear,  
 Like cloud-born centaurs, from the mountain's  
 height

With rapid course descending to the fight; 935  
 They rush along, the rattling woods give way;  
 The branches bend before their sweepy sway.

Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,  
 Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:  
 Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains, 940  
 A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,  
 And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.  
 His own Præneste sends a chosen band,  
 With those who plough Saturnia's Gabine land;  
 Besides the succour which cold Anien yields, 945  
 The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,  
 Anagnia fat, and father Amasene—

A num'rous rout, but all of naked men:  
 Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers  
 wield,

Nor drive the chariot through the dusty field, 950

But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead ;  
 And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head :  
 The left foot naked, when they march to fight ;  
 But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.

Messapus next (great Neptune was his sire), 955  
 Secure of steel, and fated from the fire,  
 In pomp appears, and with his ardour warms  
 A heartless train, unexercised in arms :  
 The just Faliscans he to battle brings,  
 And those who live where Lake Ciminus springs ;  
 And where Feronia's grove and temple stands, 961  
 Who till Fescennian or Flavianian lands :  
 All these in order march, and marching sing  
 The warlike actions of their sea-born king ;  
 Like a long team of snowy swans on high, 965  
 Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid  
 sky,

When, homeward from their wat'ry pastures borne,  
 They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.  
 Not one who heard their music from afar  
 Would think these troops an army train'd to  
 war, 970

But flocks of fowl, that when the tempests roar,  
 With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.  
 Then Clausus came, who led a num'rous band  
 Of troops imbodyed from the Sabine land,  
 And, in himself alone, an army brought. 975  
 'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot,  
 The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,  
 To share the greatness of imperial Rome.  
 He led the Cures forth of old renown,  
 Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town, 980  
 And all th' Eretrian pow'rs ; besides a band  
 That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land,  
 And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,  
 And mountaineers, that from Severus came,  
 And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica, 985  
 And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,  
 And where Himella's wanton waters play.

Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie  
 By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:  
 The warlike aids of Horta next appear, 990  
 And the cold Nursians come to close the rear,  
 Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,  
 Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.  
 Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,  
 When pale Orion sets in win'try rain, 995  
 Nor thicker harvests on rich Hermus rise,  
 Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the skies,  
 Than stand these troops: their bucklers ring  
 around;  
 Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the solid  
 ground.  
 High in his chariot then Halesus came, 1000  
 A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:  
 From Agamemnon born—to Turnus' aid  
 A thousand men the youthful hero led,  
 Who till the Massic soil, for wine renown'd,  
 And fierce Auruncans from their hilly ground, 1005  
 And those who live by Sidicinian shores,  
 And where with shoaly fords Vulturnus roars,  
 Cales' and Osca's old inhabitants,  
 And rough Saticulans, inured to wants.  
 Light demi-lances from afar they throw, 1010  
 Fasten'd with leathern thongs, to gall the foe.  
 Short crooked swords in closer fight they wear,  
 And on their warding arm light bucklers bear.  
 Nor, Œbalus, shalt thou be left unsung,  
 From nymph Sebethis and old Telon sprung, 1015  
 Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd;  
 But that short isle th' ambitious youth disdain'd,  
 And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample sway,  
 Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea—  
 O'er Batulum, and where Abella sees, 1020  
 From her high tow'rs, the harvest of her trees.  
 And these (as was the Teuton use of old)  
 Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold;

Sling weighty stones when from afar they fight;  
 Their casques are cork, a cov'ring thick and  
 light. 1025

Next these in rank, the warlike Ufens went,  
 And led the mountain troops that Nursia sent.  
 The rude *Æquiculæ* his rule obey'd;  
 Hunting their sport, and plund'ring was their trade.  
 In arms they plough'd, to battle still prepared: 1030  
 Their soil was barren, and their hearts were  
 hard.

Umbro the priest the proud Murrubians led,  
 By King Archippus sent to Turnus' aid;  
 And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.  
 His wand and holy words the viper's rage, 1035  
 And venom'd wounds of serpents, could assauge.  
 He, when he pleased with pow'ful juice to steep  
 Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.  
 But vain were Marsian herbs, and magic art,  
 To cure the wound given by the Dardan dart. 1040  
 Yet his untimely fate th' Angitian woods  
 In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.  
 The son of famed Hippolytus was there,  
 Famed as his sire, and, as his mother, fair;  
 Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore, 1045  
 And nursed his youth along the marshy shore;  
 Where great Diana's peaceful altare flame  
 In fruitful fields; and Virbius was his name.  
 Hippolytus, as old records have said,  
 Was by his stepdame sought to share her bed: 1050  
 But, when no female arts his mind could move,  
 She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.  
 Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,  
 Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore;  
 Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore. 1055  
 But chaste Diana, who his death deplored,  
 With *Æsculapian* herbs his life restored:  
 When Jove, who saw from high, with just disdain  
 The dead inspired with vital breath again,



Struck to the centre, with his flaming dart, 1060  
Th' unhappy founder of the godlike art.

But Trivia kept in secret shades alone,  
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown ;  
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove, 1064  
Where then he lived obscure, but safe from Jove.

For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood,  
Are coursers driven, who shed their master's blood,  
Affrighted by the monsters of the flood.

His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd  
His father's art, and warrior steeds he rein'd. 1070

Amid the troops, and like the leading god,  
High o'er the rest in arms the graceful Turnus rode ;  
A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd,  
On which with belching flames Chimæra burn'd ;  
The more the kindled combat rises high'r, 1075  
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.

Fair Iō graced his shield ; but Iō now  
With horns exalted stands, and seems to low—  
A noble charge ! Her keeper by her side,  
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes applied ; 1080  
And on the brims her sire, the wat'ry god,  
Roll'd from his silver urn his crystal flood :  
A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields  
With swords, and pointed spears, and clatt'ring  
shields ;

Of Argive, and of old Sicanian bands, 1085

And those who plough the rich Rutulian lands ;

Aurunca youth, and those Sacraa yields,

And the proud Labicans, with painted shields,

And those who near Numician streams reside,

And those whom Tiber's holy forest hide ; 1090

Or Circe's hills from the main land divide ;

Where Ufens glides along the lowly lands,

Or the black water of Pomptina stands.

Last from the Volscians fair Camilla came,

And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame : 1095

Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,

She chose the noble Pallas of the field.

Mix'd with the first, the fierce virago fought,  
Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought,  
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain, 1100  
Flew o'er the field, nor hurt the bearded grain:  
She swept the seas, and as she skimm'd along,  
Her flying feet unbathed on billows hung.  
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,  
Where'er she passes, fix their wond'ring eyes: 1105  
Longing they look, and, gaping at the sight,  
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight:  
Her purple habit sits with such a grace  
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face;  
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd 1110  
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.  
She shakes her myrtle jav'lin; and, behind,  
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

## BOOK VIII.

## ARGUMENT.

THE war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations—Turnus sends to Diomedes—Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander and the Tuscans—Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him—Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

WHEN Turnus had assembled all his pow'rs,  
His standard planted on Laurentum's tow'rs,  
When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,  
Had giv'n the signal of approaching war,  
Had roused the neighing steeds to scour the fields, 5  
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields,  
Trembling with rage the Latian youth prepare  
To join th' allies, and headlong rush to war.  
Fierce Ufens, and Messapus led the crowd,  
With bold Mezentius, who blasphemed aloud. 10  
These through the country took their wasteful  
course,

The fields to forage, and to gather force  
Then Venulus to Diomede they send,  
To beg his aid Ausonia to defend ;  
Declare the common danger, and inform 15  
The Grecian leader of the growing storm :  
“ Æneas, landed on the Latian coast,  
With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host,  
Yet now aspired to conquest of the state,  
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate ; 20  
What num'rous nations in his quarrel came,  
And how they spread his formidable name.

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What he design'd, what mischiefs might arise,  
 If fortune favour'd his first enterprise,  
 Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears, 25  
 And common int'rest was involved in theirs."  
 While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,  
 The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,  
 Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare.  
 This way and that he turns his anxious mind: 30  
 Thinks and rejects the counsels he design'd;  
 Explores himself in vain, in ev'ry part,  
 And gives no rest to his distracted heart.  
 So, when the sun by day, or moon by night,  
 Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light, 35  
 The glitt'ring species here and there divide,  
 And cast their dubious beams from side to side;  
 Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,  
 And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.  
 'Twas night; and weary nature lull'd asleep 40  
 The birds of air, and fishes of the deep,  
 And beasts and mortal men. The Trojan chief  
 Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppress'd with grief,  
 And found in silent slumber late relief.  
 Then, through the shadows of the poplar wood, 45  
 Arose the father of the Roman flood;  
 An azure robe was o'er his body spread,  
 A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:  
 Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,  
 And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd:  
 "Undoubted offspring of ethereal race, 50  
 O long expected in this promised place!  
 Who, through the foes, hast borne thy banish'd  
     gods,  
 Restored them to their hearths, and old abodes—  
 This is thy happy home, the clime where fate 55  
 Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.  
 Fear not! The war shall end in lasting peace,  
 And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.  
 And that this nightly vision may not seem  
 Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream, 60

A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,  
 All white herself, and white her thirty young.  
 When thirty rolling years have run their race,  
 Thy son Ascanius, on this empty space,  
 Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame, 65  
 Which from this omen shall receive the name.  
 Time shall approve the truth.—For what remains,  
 And how with sure success to crown thy pains,  
 With patience next attend. A banish'd band,  
 Driv'n with Evander from th' Arcadian land, 70  
 Have planted here, and placed on high their walls.  
 Their town the founder Pallanteum calls,  
 Derived from Pallas, his great grandsire's name:  
 But the fierce Latians old possession claim,  
 With war infesting the new colony. 75  
 These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.  
 To thy free passage I submit my streams.  
 Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams;  
 And, when the setting stars are lost in day,  
 To Juno's pow'r thy just devotion pay; 80  
 With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:  
 Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease.  
 When thou return'st victorious from the war,  
 Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.  
 The god am I, whose yellow water flows 85  
 Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:  
 Tiber my name—among the rolling floods,  
 Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.  
 This is my certain seat. In times to come,  
 My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome." 90  
 He said; and plunged below. While yet he spoke,  
 His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.  
 He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies  
 With purple blushing, and the day arise.  
 Then water in his hollow palm he took 95  
 From Tiber's flood, and thus the pow'rs bespoke:  
 "Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are  
 fed,  
 And father Tiber, in thy sacred bed

Receive Æneas, and from danger keep.  
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep, 100  
Conceals thy wat'ry stores—where'er they rise,  
And, bubbling from below, salute the skies—  
Thou, king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn  
Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,  
For this thy kind compassion of our woes, 105  
Shalt share my morning song, and ev'ning vows.  
But, oh! be present to thy people's aid,  
And firm the gracious promise thou hast made."  
Thus having said, two galleys, from his stores,  
With care he chooses, mans, and fits with oars. 110  
Now on the shore the fatal swine is found—  
Wondrous to tell!—She lay along the ground  
Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;  
She white herself, and white her thirty young.  
Æneas takes the mother and her brood; 115  
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.  
The following night, and the succeeding day  
Propitious Tiber smooth'd his wat'ry way:  
He roll'd his river back, and poised he stood,  
A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood. 120  
The Trojans mount their ships; they put from  
shore,  
Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.  
Shouts from the land give omen to their course  
And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.  
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam 125  
Of shields, and painted ships that stem the stream.  
One summer's night and one whole day they  
pass  
Between the green-wood shades, and cut the liquid  
glass.  
The fiery sun had finish'd half his race,  
Look'd back and doubted in the middle space, 130  
When they from far beheld the rising tow'rs,  
The tops of sheds, and shepherds' lowly bow'rs,  
Thin as they stood, which, then of homely clay,  
Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.

These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor) 135  
 The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships to shore.  
 'Twas on a solemn day: th' Arcadian states,  
 The king and prince, without the city gates,  
 Then paid their off'rings in a sacred grove  
 To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove. 140  
 Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies;  
 And fat of entrails on his altar fries.

But, when they saw the ships that stemm'd the  
 flood,  
 And glitter'd through the covert of the wood,  
 They rose with fear, and left th' unfinish'd feast, 145  
 Till dauntless Pallas reassured the rest  
 To pay the rites: Himself without delay  
 A jav'lin seized, and singly took his way,  
 Then gain'd a rising ground, and call'd from far:  
 "Resolve me, strangers, whence and what you  
 are; 150

Your bus'ness here, and bring you peace or war?"  
 High on the stern Æneas took his stand,  
 And held a branch of olive in his hand,  
 While thus he spoke: "The Phrygians' arms you  
 see,

Expell'd from Troy, provoked in Italy 155  
 By Latian foes, with war unjustly made—  
 At first affianced, and at last betray'd.

This message bear: The Trojans and their chief  
 Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief."  
 Struck with so great a name, and all on fire, 160  
 The youth replies: "Whatever you require  
 Your fame exacts. Upon our shores descend,  
 A welcome guest, and, what you wish, a friend."

He said, and, downward hastening to the strand,  
 Embraced the stranger prince, and join'd his hand.  
 Conducted to the grove, Æneas broke 166  
 The silence first, and thus the king bespoke:

"Best of the Greeks! to whom, by fate's command,  
 I bear these peaceful branches in my hand—

Undaunted I approach you, though I know 170  
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe ;  
From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,  
And both the brother kings your kindred claim ;  
Yet, my self-conscious worth, your high renown,  
Your virtue, through the neighb'ring nations blown,  
Our fathers' mingled blood, Apollo's voice, 176  
Have led me hither, less by need than choice.  
Our father Dardanus, as fame has sung,  
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra sprung ;  
Electra from the loins of Atlas came— 180  
Atlas, whose head sustains the starry frame.  
Your sire is Mercury, whom long before  
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maia bore.  
Maia the fair, on fame if we rely,  
Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky. 185  
Thus from one common source our streams divide :  
Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian side.  
Raised by these hopes, I sent no news before,  
Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith implore ;  
But come, without a pledge, my own ambassador.  
The same Rutulians, who with arms pursue 191  
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.  
Our host expell'd, what further force can stay  
The victor troops from universal sway ?  
Then will they stretch their pow'r athwart the  
land, 195  
And either sea from side to side command.  
Receive our offer'd faith, and give us thine :  
Ours is a gen'rous and experienced line :  
We want not hearts nor bodies for the war :  
In councils cautious, and in fields we dare." 200  
He said : and while he spoke, with piercing eyes  
Evander view'd the man with vast surprise—  
Pleased with his action, ravish'd with his face ;  
Then answer'd briefly, with a royal grace :  
" O valiant leader of the Trojan line, 205  
In whom the features of thy father shine !



How I recall Anchises ! how I see  
 His motions, mien, and all my friend, in thee !  
 Long though it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,  
 When Priam to his sister's court design'd 210  
 A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,  
 And through th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.  
 Then, pass'd a boy, the callow down began  
 To shade my chin, and call me first a man.  
 I saw the shining train with vast delight ; 215  
 And Priam's goodly person pleased my sight :  
 But great Anchises, far above the rest,  
 With awful wonder fired my youthful breast.  
 I long'd to join, in friendship's holy bands,  
 Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands. 220  
 I first accosted him : I sued, I sought,  
 And, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.  
 He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,  
 A Lycian quiver and a Gnosian bow,  
 A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold, 225  
 And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,  
 Which my son's coursers in obedience hold.  
 The league you ask, I offer, as your right ;  
 And, when to-morrow's sun reveals the light,  
 With swift supplies you shall be sent away. 230  
 Now celebrate, with us, this solemn day,  
 Whose holy rites admit no long delay.  
 Honour our annual feast ; and take your seat,  
 With friendly welcome, at a homely treat."  
 Thus having said, the bowls (removed for fear) 235  
 The youths replaced, and soon restored the cheer.  
 On sods of turf he set the soldiers round :  
 A maple throne, raised higher from the ground,  
 Received the Trojan chief ; and, o'er the bed,  
 A lion's shaggy hide, for ornament, they spread. 240  
 The loaves were served in canisters ; the wine  
 In bowls ; the priest renew'd the rites divine :  
 Broil'd entrails are their food, and beef's continued  
 chine.

But, when the rage of hunger was repress'd,  
Thus spoke Evander to his royal guest : 245  
" These rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,  
From no vain fears or superstition spring,  
Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance,  
Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance :  
But, saved from danger, with a grateful sense, 250  
The labours of a god we recompense.  
See, from afar, yon rock that mates the sky,  
About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie ;  
Such indigested ruin ; bleak and bare,  
How desert now it stands, exposed in air ! 255  
'Twas once a robber's den, enclosed around  
With living stone, and deep beneath the ground  
The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,  
This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd.  
The pavement ever foul with human gore ; 260  
Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door.  
Vulcan this plague begot : and, like his sire,  
Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.  
Time, long expected, eased us of our load,  
And brought the needful presence of a god. 265  
Th' avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,  
Arrived in triumph, from Geryon slain :—  
Thrice lived the giant, and thrice lived in vain.  
His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove  
Near Tiber's banks, to graze the shady grove. 270  
Allured with hope of plunder, and intent  
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,  
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,  
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine convey'd.  
And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen, 275  
He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den.  
The tracks averse a lying notice gave,  
And led the searcher backward from the cave.  
Meantime the herdsman hero shifts his place,  
To find fresh pasture, and untrodden grass. 280  
The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all around  
With bellowings ; and the rocks restored the sound.

One heifer, who had heard her love complain,  
 Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.  
 Alcides found the fraud: with rage he shook, 285  
 And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.

Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrow's flight,  
 He climb'd, with eager haste, th' aerial height.  
 Then first we saw the monster mend his pace:  
 Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face, 290  
 Confess'd the god's approach. Trembling he  
 springs,

As terror had increased his feet with wings;  
 Nor staid for stairs; but down the depth he threw  
 His body: on his back the door he drew  
 (The door, a rib of living rock; with pains 295  
 His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains):  
 He broke the heavy links, the mountain closed,  
 And bars and levers to his foe opposed.  
 The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast;  
 The fierce avenger came with bounding haste; 300  
 Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;  
 And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.  
 He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd  
 round

With winged speed the circuit of the ground.  
 Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain, 305  
 And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.  
 A pointed flinty rock, all bare and black,  
 Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:  
 Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,  
 Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their  
 flight. 310

The leaning head hung threat'ning o'er the flood,  
 And nodded to the left. The hero stood  
 Averse, with planted feet, and, from the right,  
 Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.  
 Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock 315  
 Gave way: heav'n echo'd at the rattling shock.  
 Tumbling, it choked the flood: on either side  
 The banks leap backward, and the streams divide:

The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread;  
And trembling Tiber dived beneath his bed. 320  
The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight;  
The cavern glares with new-admitted light.  
So the pent vapours, with a rumbling sound,  
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground;  
A sounding flaw succeeds; and, from on high, 325  
The gods with hate behold the nether sky:  
The ghosts repine at violated night,  
And curse th' invading sun, and sicken at the sight.  
The graceless monster, caught in open day,  
Enclosed, and in despair to fly away, 330  
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills  
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.  
The hero stands above, and from afar  
Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.  
He, from his nostrils and huge mouth, expires 335  
Black clouds of smoke, amid his father's fires,  
Gath'ring, with each repeated blast, the night,  
To make uncertain aim, and erring sight.  
The wrathful god then plunges from above,  
And, where in thickest waves the sparkles drove,  
There lights; and wades through fumes, and gropes  
his way, 341  
Half singed, half stifled, till he grasps his prey.  
The monster, spewing fruitless flames, he found;  
He squeezed his throat; he writhed his neck  
around,  
And in a knot his crippled members bound; 345  
Then, from their sockets, tore his burning eyes.  
Roll'd on a heap, the breathless robber lies.  
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day;  
And thorough lights disclose the ravish'd prey.  
The bulls, redeem'd, breathe open air again. 350  
Next, by the feet, they drag him from his den.  
The wond'ring neighbourhood, with glad surprise,  
Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size,  
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd  
eyes.

From that auspicious day, with rites divine, 355  
 We worship at the hero's holy shrine.  
 Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows :  
 As priests, were added the Pinarian house,  
 Who raised this altar in the sacred shade,  
 Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid. 360  
 For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,  
 Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands  
 crown :

Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood ;  
 And with deep draughts invoke our common god."  
 This said, a double wreath Evander twined ; 365  
 And poplars black and white his temples bind.  
 Then brims his ample bowl. With like design  
 The rest invoke the gods with sprinkled wine.  
 Meantime the sun descended from the skies,  
 And the bright ev'ning star began to rise. 370  
 And now the priests, Potitius at their head,  
 In skins of beasts involved, the long procession led :  
 Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,  
 As custom had prescribed their holy bands ;  
 Then with a second course the tables load, 375  
 And with full chargers offer to the god.  
 The Salii sing, and 'cense his altars round  
 With Saban smoke, their heads with poplar bound—  
 One choir of old, another of the young,  
 To dance, and bear the burden of the song. 380  
 The lay records the labours, and the praise,  
 And all th' immortal acts of Hercules :  
 First, how the mighty babe, when swathed in bands,  
 The serpents strangled with his infant hands ;  
 Then, as in years and matchless force he grew, 385  
 Th' Æchalian walls, and Trojan, overthrew.  
 Besides, a thousand hazards they relate,  
 Procured by Juno's and Eurystheus' hate.  
 " Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue  
 The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew :  
 Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood, 391  
 Nor he, the roaring terror of the wood.

The tripled porter of the Stygian seat,  
 With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,  
 And, seized with fear, forgot his mangled meat. 395  
 Th' infernal waters trembled at thy sight;  
 Thee, god! no face of danger could affright;  
 Not huge Typhœus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,  
 Increased with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.  
 Hail, Jove's undoubted son! an added grace 400  
 To heav'n and the great author of thy race!  
 Receive the grateful off'rings which we pay  
 And smile propitious on thy solemn day!"  
 In numbers thus they sung: above the rest,  
 The den and death of Cacus crown the feast. 405  
 The woods to hollow vales convey the sound;  
 The vales to hills; and hills the notes rebound,  
 The rites perform'd, the cheerful train retire.  
 Between young Pallas and his aged sire  
 The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey; 410  
 And pleasing talk beguiled the tedious way.  
 The stranger cast around his curious eyes,  
 New objects viewing still with new surprise;  
 With greedy joy inquires of various things,  
 And acts and monuments of ancient kings. 415  
 Then thus the founder of the Roman tow'rs:  
 "These woods were first the seat of sylvan pow'rs,  
 Of nymphs and fauns, and savage men who took  
 Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn  
 oak.  
 Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care 420  
 Of lab'ring oxen, nor the shining share,  
 Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.  
 Their exercise the chase: the running flood  
 Supplied their thirst; the trees supplied their food.  
 Then Saturn came, who fled the pow'r of Jove, 425  
 Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.  
 The men, dispersed on hills, to towns he brought,  
 And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught,  
 And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay  
 From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway. 430

With his mild empire, peace and plenty came ;  
 And hence the golden times derived their name.  
 A more degen'rate and discolour'd age  
 Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.  
 Th' Ausonians then, and bold Sicanians, came ; 435  
 And Saturn's empire often changed the name.  
 Then kings—gigantic Tybris, and the rest—  
 With arbitrary sway the land oppress'd :  
 For Tiber's flood was Albula before,  
 Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore. 440  
 I last arrived, driv'n from my native home  
 By fortune's pow'r, and fate's resistless doom.  
 Long toss'd on seas, I sought this happy land,  
 Warn'd by my mother-nymph, and call'd by heav'n's  
 command."

Thus, walking on, he spoke, and show'd the  
 gate 445

Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state ;  
 Where stood an altar, sacred to the name  
 Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame,  
 Who to her son foretold th' Ænean race,  
 Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place ;— 450  
 Then shows the forests, which, in after-times,  
 Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,  
 A sacred refuge made ;—with this the shrine  
 Where Pan below the rock had rites divine ;  
 Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest, 455  
 Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.  
 Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads—  
 Now roof'd with gold, then thatch'd with homely  
 reeds.

A rev'rent fear (such superstition reigns  
 Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains. 460  
 Some god, they knew—what god, they could not  
 tell—

Did there amid the sacred horror dwell.  
 Th' Arcadians thought him Jove : and said they  
 saw

The mighty thund'rer with majestic awe.

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Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around, 465  
 And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground,  
 Then saw two heaps of ruins (once they stood  
 Two stately towns, on either side the flood),  
 Saturnia's and Janiculum's remains;  
 And either place the founder's name retains, 470  
 Discoursing thus together, they resort  
 Where poor Evander kept his country court.  
 They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall  
 (Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl):  
 Then, stooping, through the narrow gate they  
 press'd, 475

When thus the king bespoke his Trojan guest:  
 "Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,  
 Received Alcides, then a conqueror.  
 Dare to be poor: accept our homely food,  
 Which feasted him; and emulate a god." 480  
 Then underneath a lowly roof he led  
 The weary prince, and laid him on a bed;  
 The stuffing leaves with hides of bears o'erspread.

Now night had shed her silver dew around,  
 And with her sable wings embraced the ground, 485  
 When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son  
 (New tumults rising, and new wars begun),  
 Couch'd with her husband in his golden bed,  
 With these alluring words invokes his aid—  
 And, that her pleasing speech his mind may  
 move, 490

Inspires each accent with the charms of love:  
 "While cruel fate conspired with Grecian pow'rs,  
 To level with the ground the Trojan tow'rs,  
 I ask'd not aid th' unhappy to restore,  
 Nor did the succour of thy skill implore; 495  
 Nor urged the labours of my lord in vain  
 A sinking empire longer to sustain,  
 Though much I owed to Priam's house, and more  
 The danger of Æneas did deplore.  
 But now, by Jove's command, and fate's decree, 500  
 His race is doom'd to reign in Italy;



With humble suit I beg thy needful art,  
 O still propitious pow'r, that rules my heart!  
 A mother kneels a suppliant for her son,  
 By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won 505  
 To forge impenetrable shields, and grace  
 With fated arms a less illustrious race.  
 Behold, what haughty nations are combined  
 Against the relics of the Phrygian kind,  
 With fire and sword my people to destroy, 510  
 And conquer Venus twice in conq'ring Troy."

She said; and strait her arms, of snowy hue,  
 About her unresolving husband threw.  
 Her soft embraces soon infuse desire:  
 His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire; 515  
 And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.  
 Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,  
 Or forked lightnings flash along the skies.  
 The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,  
 And conscious of her form, in secret smiles. 520  
 Then thus the pow'r, obnoxious to her charms,  
 Panting, and half dissolving in her arms:  
 "Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,  
 Or your own beauties or my love distrust?  
 Long since, had you required my helpful hand, 525  
 Th' artificer and art you might command  
 To labour arms for Troy: nor Jove, nor fate,  
 Confined their empire to so short a date.  
 And, if you now desire new wars to wage,  
 My skill I promise, and my pains engage. 530  
 Whatever melting metals can conspire,  
 Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,  
 Is freely yours: your anxious fears remove,  
 And think no task is difficult to love."  
 Trembling he spoke; and, eager of her charms, 535  
 He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms;  
 Till, in her lap infused, he lay possess'd  
 Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.  
 Now when the night her middle race had rode,  
 And his first slumber had refresh'd the god— 540

The time when early housewives leave the bed:  
When living embers on the hearth they spread,  
Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise;—  
With yawning mouths, and with half open'd eyes,  
They ply the distaff by the winking light, 545  
And to their daily labour add the night:  
Thus frugally they earn their children's bread,  
And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed—  
Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,  
Rose from his downy couch the forging pow'r. 550  
Sacred to Vulcan's name, an isle there lay,  
Between Sicilia's coasts and Lipare,  
Raised high on smoking rocks: and, deep below  
In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow.  
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal: 555  
Loud strokes, and hissings of tormented steel,  
Are heard around: the boiling waters roar;  
And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.  
Hither the father of the fire, by night,  
Through the brown air precipitates his flight. 560  
On their eternal anvils here he found  
The brethren beating, and the blows go round:  
A load of pointless thunder now there lies  
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:  
These darts, for angry Jove, they daily cast— 565  
Consumed on mortals with prodigious waste.  
Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,  
Of winged southern winds and cloudy store  
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;  
And fears are added, and avenging flame. 570  
Inferior ministers, for Mars, repair  
His broken axle-trees, and blunted war,  
And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,  
To wake the lazy war, with trumpets' loud alarms.  
The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold 575  
The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.  
Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,  
With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted  
face.

"My sons," said Vulcan, "set your tasks aside:  
 Your strength and master-skill must now be tried.  
 Arms for a hero forge—arms that require 581  
 Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire."  
 He said. They set their former work aside,  
 And their new toils with eager haste divide.  
 A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold, 585  
 And deadly steel, in the large furnace roll'd:  
 Of this, their artful hands a shield prepare,  
 Alone sufficient to sustain the war.  
 Sev'n orbs within a spacious round they close.  
 One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows. 590  
 The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;  
 The grot with beaten anvils groans around.  
 By turns, their arms advance in equal time;  
 By turns, their hands descend, and hammers chime.  
 They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs:  
 The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs. 596  
 While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge  
 Their labours thus, and ply th' Æolian forge,  
 The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes,  
 And songs of chirping birds invite to rise. 600  
 He leaves his lowly bed: his buskins meet  
 Above his ancles; sandals sheath his feet:  
 He sets his trusty sword upon his side,  
 And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide.  
 Two menial dogs before their master press'd. 605  
 Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly  
 guest.  
 Mindful of promised aid, he mends his pace,  
 But meets Æneas in the middle space.  
 Young Pallas did his father's steps attend;  
 And true Achates waited on his friend. 610  
 They join their hands: a secret seat they choose;  
 Th' Arcadian first their former talk renews:  
 "Undaunted prince! I never can believe  
 The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.  
 Command th' assistance of a faithful friend: 615  
 But feeble are the succours I can send.

Our narrow kingdom here the Tiber bounds :  
The other side the Latian state surrounds,  
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.  
But mighty nations I prepare to join 620  
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.  
You come, as by your better genius sent ;  
And fortune seems to favour your intent.  
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,  
Of ancient building, and of high renown, 625  
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,  
Who gave the name of Cære to the place,  
Once Agyllina call'd. It flourish'd long,  
In pride of wealth and warlike people strong,  
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour, 630  
Assumed the crown, with arbitrary pow'r.  
What words can paint those execrable times,  
The subjects' suff'rings, and the tyrant's crimes !  
That blood, those murders, O ye gods ! replace  
On his own head, and on his impious race ! 635  
The living and the dead, at his command,  
Were coupled face to face, and hand to hand,  
Till choked with stench, in loathed embraces tied,  
The ling'ring wretches pined away and died.  
Thus plunged in ills, and meditating more— 640  
The people's patience, tried, no longer bore  
The raging monster, but with arms beset  
His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.  
They fire his palace : while the flame ascends,  
They force his guards, and execute his friends. 645  
He cleaves the crowd, and, favour'd by the night,  
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.  
By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,  
With arms their king to punishment require :  
Their num'rous troops, now muster'd on the strand,  
My counsel shall submit to your command. 651  
Their navy swarms upon the coasts : they cry  
To hoist their anchors ; but the gods deny.  
An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,  
With these foreboding words restrains their hate : 655

'Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flow'r  
Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their pow'r,  
Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms,  
To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms;  
Know this: no native of our land may lead 660  
This pow'rful people: seek a foreign head.'

"Awed with these words, in camps they still  
abide,

And wait with longing looks their promised guide.  
Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent  
Their crown, and ev'ry regal ornament: 665

The people join their own with his desire;  
And all my conduct, as their king, require.  
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,  
And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,  
And a soul conscious of its own decay, 670  
Have forced me to refuse imperial sway.

My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne,  
And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son,  
And half a native: but, in you, combine 675  
A manly vigour and a foreign line.

Where Fate and smiling Fortune show the way,  
Pursue the ready path to sov'reign sway.  
The staff of my declining days, my son,  
Shall make your good or ill success his own;  
In fighting fields, from you shall learn to dare, 680

And serve the hard apprenticeship of war;  
Your matchless courage and your conduct view;  
And early shall begin t' admire and copy you.  
Besides, two hundred horse he shall command—  
Though few, a warlike and well-chosen band. 685

These in my name are listed; and my son  
As many more has added in his own."

Scarce had he said; Achates and his guest,  
With downcast eyes their silent grief express'd;  
Who, short of succours, and in deep despair, 690  
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.  
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,  
To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud:

Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky;  
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on  
high. 695

Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear;  
And, in a heav'n serene, refulgent arms appear:  
Redd'ning the skies, and glitt'ring all around,  
The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver  
sound.

The rest stood trembling: struck with awe divine,  
Æneas only, conscious to the sign, 701  
Presaged th' event, and joyful view'd, above,  
Th' accomplish'd promise of the queen of love.

Then, to th' Arcadian king: "This prodigy  
(Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me. 705

Heav'n calls me to the war: th' expected sign  
Is giv'n of promised aid, and arms divine.

My goddess-mother, whose indulgent care  
Foresaw the dangers of the growing war,  
This omen gave, when bright Vulcanian arms, 710

Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,  
Suspended, shone on high: she then foreshow'd  
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.

Turnus shall dearly pay for faith foresworn:  
And corpse, and swords, and shields, on Tiber  
borne, 715

Shall choke his flood: now sound the loud alarms:  
And, Latian troops, prepare your perjured arms."

He said, and, rising from his homely throne,  
The solemn rites of Hercules begun,  
And on his altars waked the sleeping fires; 720

Then cheerful to his household gods retires;  
There offers chosen sheep. Th' Arcadian king  
And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.

Next, of his men and ships he makes review;  
Draws out the best and ablest of the crew. 725

Down with the falling stream the refuse run,  
To raise with joyful news his drooping son.

Steeds are prepared to mount the Trojan band,  
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.

A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest, 730  
 The king himself presents his royal guest.  
 A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,  
 Precious with studded work, and paws of gold.  
 Fame through the little city spreads aloud  
 Th' intended march: amid the fearful crowd 735  
 The matrons beat their breasts, dissolve in tears,  
 And double their devotion in their fears.  
 The war at hand appears with more affright,  
 And rises ev'ry moment to the sight.  
 Then old Evander, with a close embrace, 740  
 Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow his  
 face:  
 "Would heav'n," said he, "my strength and youth  
 recall;  
 Such as I was beneath Præneste's wall—  
 Then when I made the foremost foes retire,  
 And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on  
 fire; 745  
 When Herilus in single fight I slew,  
 Whom with three lives Feronia did endue;  
 And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore,  
 Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more—  
 Such, if I stood renew'd, not these alarms, 750  
 Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' arms;  
 Nor proud Mezentius thus, unpunish'd, boast  
 His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.  
 Ye gods! and mighty Jove! in pity bring  
 Relief, and hear a father and a king! 755  
 If fate and you reserve these eyes to see  
 My son return'd with peace and victory:  
 If the loved boy shall bless his father's sight;  
 If we shall meet again with more delight;  
 Then draw my life in length; let me sustain, 760  
 In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.  
 But, if your hard decrees—which, O! I dread—  
 Have doom'd to death his undeserving head;  
 This, O! this very moment let me die,  
 While hopes and fears in equal balance lie; 765

While, yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,  
 I strain him close within these aged arms—  
 Before that fatal news my soul shall wound !”  
 He said, and, swooning, sunk upon the ground.  
 His servants bore him off, and softly laid 770  
 His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.

The horsemen march ; the gates are open'd wide :  
 Æneas at their head, Achates by his side.

Next these the Trojan leaders rode along :  
 Last, follows in the rear th' Arcadian throng. 775

Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest ;  
 Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.

So, from the seas, exerts his radiant head  
 The star by whom the lights of heav'n are led ;  
 Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dews, 780  
 Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.

The trembling wives the walls and turrets crowd,  
 And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud,

Which winds disperse by fits, and show from far  
 The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war. 785

The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,  
 O'er heathy plains pursue the ready way.

Repeated peals of shouts are heard around ;  
 The neighing coursers answer to the sound,

And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground. 790

A greenwood shade, for long religion known,  
 Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town,

Encompass'd round with gloomy hills above,  
 Which add a holy horror to the grove.

The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood, 795  
 That sacred forest to Sylvanus vow'd,

The guardian of their flocks and fields—and pay  
 Their due devotions on his annual day.

Not far from hence, along the river's side,  
 In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide, 800

By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,  
 Æneas cast his wond'ring eyes around,

And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,  
 Stretch'd on the spacious plain from left to right.



Thither his warlike train the Trojan led, 805  
Refresh'd his men, and wearied horses fed.

Meantime the mother goddess, crown'd with  
charms,  
Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated  
arms.

Within a winding vale she finds her son,  
On the cool river's banks, retired alone. 810

She shows her heav'nly form without disguise,  
And gives herself to his desiring eyes.

"Behold," she said, "perform'd, in ev'ry part,  
My promise made, and Vulcan's labour'd art.  
Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy, 815  
And haughty Turnus to the field defy."

She said: and, having first her son embraced,  
The radiant arms beneath an oak she placed.  
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight  
Around the work, and gazed with vast delight 820

He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires  
The crested helm that vomits radiant fires:  
His hands the fatal sword and corselet hold,  
One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold;  
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright. 825

So shines a cloud, when edged with adverse light.  
He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try  
The plaited cuirasses on his manly thigh;  
But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,  
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold: 830  
For there, emboss'd, the heav'nly smith had wrought  
(Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)

The wars in order, and the race divine  
Of warriors issuing from the Julian line.  
The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens;  
There, by the wolf, were laid the martial twins; 836  
Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung:

The foster-dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:  
They suck'd secure, while bending back her head,  
She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as  
they fed. 840

Not far from thence new Rome appears, with  
games

Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.

The pit resounds with shrieks: a war succeeds,  
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.

Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend: 845

The Romans there with arms the prey defend.

Wearied with tedious war, at length they cease;

And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.

The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,

Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand: 850

A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,

With imprecations on the perjured head.

Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between

Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green.

By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood; 855

And his torn limbs are left, the vultures' food.

There Porsena to Rome proud Tarquin brings,

And would by force restore the banish'd kings.

One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights:

The Roman youth assert their native rights. 860

Before the town the Tuscan army lies,

To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.

Their king, half threat'ning, half disdaining, stood,

While Cocles broke the bridge, and stemm'd the  
flood.

The captive maids there tempt the raging tide, 865

'Scaped from their chains, with Clœlia for their  
guide.

High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,

To guard the temple, and the temple's god.

Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold

The palace, thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with  
gold. 870

The silver goose before the shining gate

There flew, and, by her cackle, saved the state.

She told the Gauls' approach; th' approaching  
Gauls,

Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.

The gold dissembled well their yellow hair ; 875  
 And golden chains on their white necks they wear.  
 Gold are their vests : long Alpine spears they wield ;  
 And their left arm sustains a length of shield.  
 Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance :  
 And naked through the streets the mad Luperci  
 dance : 880

In caps of wool : the targets dropp'd from heav'n.  
 Here modest matrons, in soft litters driv'n,  
 To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear :  
 And od'rous gums in their chaste hands they bear.  
 Far hence removed, the Stygian seats are seen ; 885  
 Pains of the damn'd ; and punish'd Catiline,  
 Hung on a rock—the traitor ; and, around,  
 The Furies hissing from the nether ground.  
 Apart from these the happy souls he draws,  
 And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws. 890  
 Between the quarters flows a golden sea :  
 But foaming surges there in silver play.  
 The dancing dolphins with their tails divide  
 The glitt'ring waves, and cut the precious tide.  
 Amid the main two mighty fleets engage— 895  
 Their brazen beaks opposed with equal rage.

Actium surveys the well-disputed prize :  
 Leucate's wat'ry plain with foamy billows fries.  
 Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armour bright,  
 Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight ; 900  
 His beamy temples shoot their flames afar ;  
 And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.  
 Agrippa seconds him with prosp'rous gales,  
 And with propitious gods his foes assails :  
 A naval crown, that binds his manly brows, 905  
 The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.

Ranged on the line opposed, Antonius brings  
 Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings,  
 Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,  
 Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war : 910  
 And, rich in gaudy robes, amid the strife,  
 His ill fate follows him—th' Egyptian wife.

Moving they fight: with oars and forky prows,  
 The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.  
 It seems as if the Cyclades again 915  
 Were rooted up, and justled in the main;  
 Or floating mountains floating mountains meet;  
 Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.  
 Fire-balls are thrown, and pointed jav'lines fly;  
 The fields of Neptune take a purple die. 920  
 The queen herself, amid the loud alarms,  
 With cymbals toss'd, her fainting soldiers warms—  
 Fool as she was! who had not yet divined  
 Her cruel fate; nor saw the snakes behind.  
 Her country gods, the monsters of the sky, 925  
 Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen defy.  
 The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,  
 Nor longer dares oppose th' ethereal train.  
 Mars, in the middle of the shining shield,  
 Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field. 930  
 The Diræ souse from heav'n with swift descent;  
 And Discord, died in blood, with garments rent,  
 Divides the prease: her steps Bellona treads,  
 And shakes her iron rod above their heads.  
 This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height, 935  
 Pours down his arrows; at whose winged flight  
 The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,  
 And soft Sabæans quit the wat'ry field.  
 The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,  
 And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales. 940  
 Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath,  
 Panting, and pale with fear of future death.  
 The god had figur'd her, as driv'n along  
 By winds and waves, and scudding through the  
 throng.  
 Just opposit'e, sad Nilus opens wide 945  
 His arms and ample bosom to the tide,  
 And spread: his mantle o'er the winding coast,  
 In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.  
 The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,  
 And Rome triumphant with his presence bless'd. 950

Three hundred temples in the town he placed;  
 With spoils and altars ev'ry temple graced.  
 Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,  
 The fields resound with shouts, the streets with  
 praise,

The domes with songs, the theatres with plays. 955

All altars flame: before each altar lies,  
 Drench'd in his gore, the destined sacrifice.

Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne

Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone;

Accepts the presents vow'd for victory, 960

And hangs the monumental crowns on high.

Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along

Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.

Here Mulciber assigns the proper place

For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race; 965

Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,

With Scythians, expert in the dart and bow:

And here the tamed Euphrates humbly glides;

And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides,

And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind. 970

The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march behind;

And Morini, the last of humankind.

These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,

By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,

With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought. 975

Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,

And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

## BOOK IX

## ARGUMENT.

TURNUS takes advantage of Æneas's absence, fires some of his ships (which are transformed into sea-nymphs), and assaults his camp—The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recall Æneas; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and the conclusion of their adventures.

WHILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,  
 The various Iris Juno sends with haste  
 To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,  
 The secret shade of his great grandsire sought.  
 Retired alone she found the daring man, 5  
 And oped her rosy lips, and thus began :  
 " What none of all the gods could grant thy vows—  
 That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows.  
 Æneas, gone to seek th' Arcadian prince, 10  
 Has left the Trojan camp without defence ;  
 And, short of succours there, employs his pains  
 In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains.  
 Now snatch an hour that favours thy designs ;  
 Unite thy forces, and attack their lines."  
 This said, on equal wings she poised her weight, 15  
 And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight,  
 The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,  
 And thus invokes the goddess as she flies :  
 " Iris, the grace of heav'n ! what pow'r divine  
 Has sent thee down, through dusky clouds to 20  
 shine ?  
 See, they divide : immortal day appears,  
 And glitt'ring planets dancing in their spheres !

With joy, these happy omens I obey,  
And follow to the war the god that leads the way."

Thus having said, as by the brook he stood, 25  
He scoop'd the water from the crystal flood;  
Then with his hands the drops to heav'n he throws,  
And loads the pow'rs above with offer'd vows.

Now march the bold confed'rates through the  
plain,

Well hors'd, well clad—a rich and shining train. 30  
Messapus leads the van; and, in the rear,  
The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.

In the main battle, with his flaming crest,  
The mighty Turnus tow'rs above the rest.  
Silent they move, majestically slow, 35

Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.  
The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far,  
And the dark menace of the distant war.  
Cæcus from the rampart saw it rise,  
Black'ning the fields, and thick'ning through the  
skies. 40

Then to his fellows thus aloud he calls:  
"What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the  
walls?

Arm! arm! and man the works! prepare your  
spears,

And pointed darts! the Latian host appears."

Thus warn'd, they shut their gates; with shouts  
ascend 45

The bulwarks, and, secure, their foes attend:  
For their wise gen'ral, with foreseeing care,  
Had charged them not to tempt the doubtful war,  
Nor, though provoked, in open fields advance,  
But close within their lines attend their chance. 50  
Unwilling, yet they keep the strict command,  
And sourly wait in arms the hostile band.

The fiery Turnus flew before the rest:  
A piebald steed of Thracian strain he press'd;  
His helm of massy gold; and crimson was his  
crest. 55

With twenty horse to second his designs,  
 An unexpected foe, he faced the lines.  
 "Is there," he said, "in arms who bravely dare  
 His leader's honour and his danger share?"  
 Then spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw, 80  
 In sign of war:—applauding shouts ensue.

Amazed to find a dastard race that run  
 Behind the ramparts, and the battle shun,  
 He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,  
 And stops at ev'ry port, and ev'ry passage tries. 65  
 So roams the nightly wolf about the fold:

Wet with descending show'rs, and stiff with cold,  
 He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain  
 (His gnashing teeth are exercised in vain),  
 And, impotent of anger, finds no way 70  
 In his distended paws to grasp the prey.

The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs  
 Securely swig the dug beneath the dams.  
 Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain,  
 Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain; 75  
 Surveys each passage with a piercing sight,  
 To force his foes in equal field to fight.  
 Thus while he gazes round, at length he spies,  
 Where, fenced with strong redoubts, their navy  
 lies

Close underneath the walls: the washing tide 80  
 Secures from all approach this weaker side.

He takes the wish'd occasion, fills his hand  
 With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand.  
 Urged by his presence, ev'ry soul is warm'd,  
 And ev'ry hand with kindled fires is arm'd. 85

From the fired pines the scatt'ring sparkles fly:  
 Fat vapours, mix'd with flames, involve the sky.  
 What pow'r, O Muses! could avert the flame,  
 Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name?  
 Tell: for the fact, through length of time obscure,  
 Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure. 91

'Tis said that, when the chief prepared his flight,  
 And fell'd his timber from mount-Ida's height,



The grandame goddess then approach'd her son,  
 And with a mother's majesty begun : 95  
 "Grant me," she said, "the sole request I bring,  
 Since conquer'd heav'n has own'd you for its king.  
 On Ida's brows, for ages past there stood,  
 With firs and maples fill'd, a shady wood ;  
 And on the summit rose a sacred grove, 100  
 Where I was worshipp'd with religious love.  
 These woods, that holy grove, my long delight,  
 I gave the Trojan prince, to speed his flight.  
 Now, fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come ;  
 Let neither winds o'erset, nor waves intomb, 105  
 The floating forests of the sacred pine :  
 But let it be their safety to be mine."  
 Then thus replied her awful son, who rolls  
 The radiant stars, and heav'n and earth controls :  
 "How dare you, mother, endless date demand 110  
 For vessels moulded by a mortal hand ?  
 What then is fate ? Shall bold Æneas ride,  
 Of safety certain, on th' uncertain tide ?  
 Yet, what I can, I grant : when, wafted o'er,  
 The chief is landed on the Latian shore, 115  
 Whatever ships escape the raging storms,  
 At my command shall change their fading forms  
 To nymphs divine, and plough the wat'ry way,  
 Like Doto and the daughters of the sea."  
 To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore, 120  
 The lake of liquid pitch, the dreary shore,  
 And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,  
 And the black regions of his brother god.  
 He said ; and shook the skies with his imperial  
 nod.  
 And now at length the number'd hours were 125  
 come,  
 Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,  
 When the great mother of the gods was free  
 To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.  
 First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung  
 A light that sign'd the heav'ns, and shot along : 130

Then from a cloud, fringed round with golden  
fires,

Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs ;  
And, last, a voice, with more than mortal sounds,  
Both hosts, in arms opposed, with equal horror  
wounds :

“ O Trojan race ! your needless aid forbear ;      135  
And know my ships are my peculiar care.

With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,  
With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,  
Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,  
Loosed from your crooked anchors, launch at  
large,      140

Exalted each a nymph : forsake the sand,  
And swim the seas, at Cybele's command.”  
No sooner had the goddess ceased to speak,  
When, lo ! th' obedient ships their halsers break ;  
And, strange to tell, like dolphins, in the main      145  
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring  
again :

As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,  
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.

The foes, surprised with wonder, stood aghast :  
Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste,      150  
Old Tiber roar'd, and, raising up his head,  
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.

Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock,  
And with these words his trembling troops bespoke :  
“ These monsters for the Trojans' fate are meant,  
And are by Jove for black presages sent.      156

He takes the cowards' last relief away ;  
For fly they cannot, and constrain'd to stay,  
Must yield unfought, a base inglorious prey.  
The liquid half of all the globe is lost :      160

Heav'n shuts the seas ; and we secure the coast.  
There is no more than that small spot of ground,  
Which myriads of our martial men surround.

Their fates I fear not, or vain oracles.

’Twas giv'n to Venus, they should cross the seas,

And land secure upon the Latian plains : 166

Their promised hour is pass'd, and mine remains.

'Tis in the fate of Turnus to destroy,

With sword and fire the faithless race of Troy.

Shall such affronts as these, alone, inflame 170

The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name ?

My cause and theirs is one ; a fatal strife,

And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.

Was't not enough, that, punish'd for the crime,

They fell—but will they fall a second time ? 175

One would have thought they paid enough before,

To curse the costly sex, and durst offend no more.

Can they securely trust their feeble wall,

A slight partition, a thin interval,

Between their fate and them ; when Troy, though  
built 180

By hands divine, yet perish'd by their guilt ?

Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,

To force from out their lines these dastard bands.

Less than a thousand ships will end this war :

Not Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare. 185

Let all the Tuscans, all th' Arcadians, join !

Nor these, nor those, shall frustrate my design.

Let them not fear the treasons of the night,

The robb'd Palladium, the pretended flight :

Our onset shall be made in open light. 190

No wooden engine shall their town betray :

Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.

No Grecian babes before their camp appear,

Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy  
year.

Now, since the sun is rolling to the west, 195

Give we the silent night to needful rest :

Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare ;

'The morn shall end the small remains of war.'

The post of honour to Messapus falls,

To keep the nightly guard ; to watch the walls ; 200

To pitch the fires at distances around,

And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.

Twice sev'n Rutulian captains ready stand ;  
 And twice sev'n hundred horse these chiefs command ;

All clad in shining arms the works invest ;      205  
 Each with a radiant helm and waving crest.  
 Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy  
 ground ;

They laugh ; they sing (the jolly bowls go round) :  
 With lights and cheerful fires renew the day,  
 And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play.      210

The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld,  
 And with arm'd legions all the ramparts fill'd.  
 Seized with affright, their gates they first explore ;  
 Join works to works with bridges, tow'r to tow'r :  
 Thus all things needful for defence abound :      215

Mnestheus and brave Serestus walk the round,  
 Commission'd by their absent prince to share  
 The common danger, and divide the care.  
 The soldiers draw their lots, and, as they fall,  
 By turns relieve each other on the wall.      220

Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advance,

To watch the gate was warlike Nisus' chance.  
 His father Hyrtacus of noble blood ;  
 His mother was a huntress of the wood,  
 And sent him to the wars. Well could he bear      225  
 His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear ;  
 But better skill'd unerring shafts to send,  
 Beside him stood Euryalus, his friend—  
 Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host  
 No fairer face, or sweeter air, could boast.      230

Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun,  
 One was their care, and their delight was one.  
 One common hazard in the war they shared ;  
 And now were both by choice upon the guard.

Then Nisus thus : " Or do the gods inspire      235  
 This warmth, or make we gods of our desire ?  
 A gen'rous ardour boils within my breast,  
 Eager of action, enemy to rest :

This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,  
 To leave a memorable name behind. 240  
 Thou seest the foe secure ; how faintly shine  
 Their scatter'd fires : the most, in sleep supine  
 Along the ground, an easy conquest lie :  
 The wakeful few the fuming flagon ply :  
 All hush'd around. Now hear what I revolve— 245  
 A thought unripe—and scarcely yet resolve.  
 Our absent prince both camp and council mourn ;  
 By message both would hasten his return :  
 If they confer what I demand, on thee  
 (For fame is recompense enough for me) ; 250  
 Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espied  
 A way that safely will my passage guide."  
 Euryalus stood list'ning while he spoke ;  
 With love of praise, and noble envy struck ;  
 Then to his ardent friend exposed his mind : 255  
 " All this, alone, and leaving me behind !  
 Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd ?  
 Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,  
 Or send thee unassisted to the field ?  
 Not so my father taught my childhood arms— 260  
 Born in a siege, and bred among alarmis.  
 Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,  
 Nor of the heav'n-born hero I attend.  
 The thing call'd life with ease I can disclaim,  
 And think it over-sold to purchase fame." 265  
 Then Nisus thus : " Alas ! thy tender years  
 Would minister new matter to my fears.  
 So may the gods, who view his friendly strife,  
 Restore me to thy loved embrace with life,  
 Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust), 270  
 This thy request is cruel and unjust.  
 But if some chance—as many chances are,  
 And doubtful hazards, in the deeds of war—  
 If one should reach my head, there let it fall,  
 And spare thy life : I would not perish all. 275  
 Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date :  
 Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate,

To bear my mangled body from the foe,  
 Or buy it back, and fun'ral rites bestow.  
 Or, if hard fortune shall those dues deny, 280  
 Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.  
 O! let not me the widow's tears renew;  
 Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue—  
 Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,  
 Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily, 285  
 Her age committing to the seas and wind  
 When ev'ry weary matron staid behind."  
 To this, Euryalus: "You plead in vain,  
 And but protract the cause you cannot gain.  
 No more delays; but haste!" With that, he 290  
     wakes  
 The nodding watch: each to his office takes.  
 The guard relieved, the gen'rous couple went  
 To find the council at the royal tent.  
 All creatures else forgot their daily care,  
 And sleep, the common gift of nature, share; 295  
 Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sate  
 In nightly council for th' endanger'd state.  
 They vote a message to their absent chief,  
 Show their distress, and beg a swift relief.  
 Amid the camp a silent seat they chose, 300  
 Remote from clamour, and secure from foes,  
 On their left arms their ample shields they bear,  
 Their right reclined upon the bending spear.  
 Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,  
 And beg admission, eager to be heard— 305  
 Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.  
 Ascanius bids them be conducted in,  
 Ord'ring the more experienced to begin.  
 Then Nisus thus: "Ye fathers, lend your ears;  
 Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years. 310  
 The foe, securely drench'd in sleep and wine,  
 Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine;  
 And, where the smoke in cloudy vapours flies,  
 Cov'ring the plain, and curling to the skies,

Between two paths which at the gate divide, 315  
 Close by the sea, a passage we have spied,  
 Which will our way to great Æneas guide.  
 Expect each hour to see him safe again,  
 Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.  
 Snatch we the lucky minute while we may: 320  
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way;  
 For, hunting in the vales, we both have seen  
 The rising turrets, and the stream between;  
 And know the winding course, with ev'ry ford."  
 He ceased: and old Aletes took the word. 325  
 "Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,  
 Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race,  
 While we behold such dauntless worth appear  
 In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear."  
 Then into tears of joy the father broke: 330  
 Each in his longing arms by turns he took:  
 Panted and paused; and thus again he spoke:  
 "Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,  
 In recompense of such desert, decree!  
 The greatest, sure, and best you can receive, 335  
 The gods and your own conscious worth will give.  
 The rest our grateful gen'ral will bestow,  
 And young Ascanius, till his manhood, owe."  
 "And I, whose welfare in my father lies,"  
 Ascanius adds, "by the great deities, 340  
 By my dear country, by my household gods,  
 By hoary Vesta's rites and dark abodes,  
 Adjure you both—(on you my fortune stands:  
 That, and my faith I plight into your hands)—  
 Make me but happy in his safe return, 345  
 Whose wanted presence I can only mourn;  
 Your common gift shall two large goblets be  
 Of silver, wrought with curious imagery,  
 And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,  
 My conqu'ring sire at sack'd Arisba gain'd; 350  
 And, more, two tripods cast in antique mould,  
 With two great talents of the finest gold:

Besides a costly bowl, engraved with art,  
 Which Dido gave, when first she gave her heart.  
 But, if in conquer'd Italy we reign, 355  
 When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain—  
 Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd,  
 That, Nisus, and his arms, and nodding crest,  
 And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share;  
 Twelve lab'ring slaves, twelve handmaids young and  
 fair, 360

All clad in rich attire, and train'd with care,  
 And, last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,  
 And a large portion of the king's domains.  
 But thou, whose years are more to mine allied,  
 No fate my vow'd affection shall divide 365  
 From thee, heroic youth! Be wholly mine:  
 Take full possession: all my soul is thine.  
 One faith, one fame, one fate, shall both attend:  
 My life's companion, and my bosom friend—  
 My peace shall be committed to thy care; 370  
 And, to thy conduct, my concerns in war."

Then thus the young Euryalus replied:  
 "Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,  
 The same shall be my age, as now my youth:  
 No time shall find me wanting to my truth. 375  
 This only from your goodness let me gain—  
 (And this ungranted, all rewards are vain)—  
 Of Priam's royal race my mother came—  
 And sure the best that ever bore the name,  
 Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could hold. 380  
 From me departing, but, o'erspent and old,  
 My fate she follow'd. Ignorant of this  
 Whatever danger, neither parting kiss,  
 Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave,  
 And in this only act of all my life deceive. 385  
 By this right hand, and conscious night, I swear,  
 My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.  
 Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place  
 (Permit me to presume so great a grace);



Support her age, forsaken and distress'd. 390  
That hope alone will fortify my breast  
Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears."  
He said. The moved assistants melt in tears.

Then thus Ascanius, wonder-struck to see  
That image of his filial piety: 395

"So great beginnings, in so green an age,  
Exact the faith which I again engage.  
Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim,  
Crœusa had, and only want the name.  
Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have, 400  
'Tis merit to have borne a son so brave.

Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear  
(My father used it), what, returning here  
Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,  
That, if thou fail, shall thy loved mother share." 405

He said, and, weeping while he spoke the word,  
From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,  
Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,  
And in an iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the blade.  
This was his gift. Great Mnestheus gave his  
friend 410

A lion's hide, his body to defend;  
And good Aletes furnish'd him beside  
With his own trusty helm, of temper tried.

Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait  
Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate 415  
With pray'rs and vows. Above the rest appears  
Ascanius, manly far beyond his years,  
And messages committed to their care,  
Which all in winds were lost, and fitting air.

The trenches first they pass'd; then took their  
way 420

Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;  
To many fatal ere themselves were slain.  
They found the careless host dispersed upon the  
plain,

Who, gorged, and drunk with wine, supinely snore.  
Unharness'd chariots stand along the shore: 425

Amid the wheels and reins, the goblet by,  
 A medley of debauch and war they lie.  
 Observing Nisus show'd his friend the sight:  
 "Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight!  
 Occasion offers; and I stand prepared: 430  
 There lies our way: be thou upon the guard,  
 And look around, while I securely go,  
 And hew a passage through the sleeping foe."  
 Softly he spoke: then, striding, took his way,  
 With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes  
 lay; 435

His head raised high on tapestry beneath,  
 And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath—  
 A king and prophet, by King Turnus loved:  
 But fate by prescience cannot be removed.  
 Him and his sleeping slaves he slew; then spies 440  
 Where Remus, with his rich retinue, lies.  
 His armour-bearer first, and next he kills  
 His charioteer intrench'd between the wheels  
 And his loved horses; last invades their lord;  
 Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword: 445  
 The gasping head flies off; a purple flood  
 Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood,  
 Which, by the spurning heels dispersed around,  
 The bed besprinkles, and bedews the ground.  
 Lamus the bold, and Lamyus the strong, 450  
 He slew, and then Serranus, fair and young.  
 From dice and wine the youth retired to rest,  
 And puff'd the sunny god from out his breast:  
 Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play,  
 More lucky, had it lasted till the day. 455

The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,  
 O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold,  
 And tears the peaceful flocks: with silent awe  
 Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.

Nor with less rage Euryalus employs 460  
 The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys:  
 But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew:  
 He Fadus, Hebesus, and Rhoetus slew.

Oppress'd with heavy sleep, the former fall,  
 But Rhœtus wakeful, and observing all: 465  
 Behind a spacious jar he slink'd for fear:  
 The fatal iron found and reach'd him there;  
 For, as he rose, it pierced his naked side,  
 And, reeking, thence return'd in crimson died.  
 The wound pours out a stream of wine and 470  
 blood:

The purple soul comes floating in the flood.

Now, where Messapus quarter'd, they arrive.

The fires were fainting there, and just alive:

The warrior horses, tied in order, fed:

Nisus observed the discipline, and said: 475

"Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;  
 And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,  
 Foe to nocturnal thefts. No more, my friend:  
 Here let our glutt'd execution end.

A lane through slaughter'd bodies we have made."

The bold Euryalus, though loth, obey'd. 481

Of arms, and arras, and of plate, they find  
 A precious load; but these they leave behind.

Yet fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay  
 To make the rich caparison his prey, 485

Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.

Nor did his eyes less longingly behold  
 The girdle-belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.

This present Cædicus the rich bestow'd

On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd, 490

And, absent, join'd in hospitable ties:

He, dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize;

Till, by the conqu'ring Ardean troops oppress'd,

He fell; and they the glorious gift possess'd.

These glitt'ring spoils (now made the victor's  
 gain) 495

He to his body suits, but suits in vain.

Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,

And laces on, and wears the waving crest.

Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,

They leave the camp, and take the ready way. 500

But far they had not pass'd before they spied  
 Three hundred horse, with Volscens for their guide.  
 The queen a legion to King Turnus sent :  
 But the swift horse the slower foot prevent,  
 And now, advancing, sought the leader's tent. 505  
 They saw the pair ; for, through the doubtful shade,  
 His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,  
 On which the moon with full reflection play'd.  
 " 'Tis not for naught," cried Volscens, from the  
 crowd,  
 " These men go there : " then raised his voice  
 aloud : 510  
 " Stand ! stand ! why thus in arms ! and whither  
 bent ?  
 From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent ? "  
 Silent they scud away, and haste their flight  
 To neighb'ring woods, and trust themselves to  
 night.  
 The speedy horse all passages belay, 515  
 And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way ;  
 And watch each entrance of the winding wood.  
 Black was the forest : thick with beech it stood,  
 Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn :  
 Few paths of human feet or tracks of beasts were  
 worn. 520  
 The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,  
 And fear, misled the younger from his way.  
 But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,  
 And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd,  
 And Alban plains (from Alba's name so call'd) 525  
 Where King Latinus then his oxen stall'd ;  
 Till, turning at the length, he stood his ground,  
 And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around.  
 " Ah, wretch ! " he cried— " where have I left behind  
 Th' unhappy youth ! where shall I hope to find ! 530  
 Or what way take ! " Again he ventures back,  
 And treads the mazes of his former track.  
 He winds the wood, and, list'ning, hears the noise  
 Of trampling coursers and the riders' voice.

The sound approach'd ; and suddenly he view'd 535  
 The foes enclosing, and his friend pursued,  
 Forelaid and taken, while he strove in vain  
 The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.  
 What should he next attempt ? what arms employ ?  
 What fruitless force, to free the captive boy ? 540  
 Or desp'rate should he rush and lose his life,  
 With odds oppress'd, in such unequal strife !  
 Resolved at length, his pointed spear he shook ;  
 And, casting on the moon a mournful look,  
 " Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night ! 545  
 Fair queen !" he said, " direct my dart aright.  
 If e'er my pious father, for my sake,  
 Did grateful offerings on thy altars make,  
 Or I increased them with my sylvan toils,  
 And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils, 550  
 Give me to scatter these." Then from his ear  
 He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling  
 spear.

The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,  
 Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove ;  
 Pierced his thin armour, drank his vital blood, 555  
 And in his body left the broken wood.  
 He staggers round : his eyeballs roll in death ;  
 And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.  
 All stand amazed :—a second jav'lin flies  
 With equal strength, and quivers through the 560  
 skies.

This through thy temples, Tagus, forced the way,  
 And in the brain-pan warmly buried lay.  
 Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and, gazing  
 round,

Descried not him who gave the fatal wound,  
 Nor knew to fix revenge : " But thou," he cries, 565  
 " Shalt pay for both !" and at the pris'ner flies  
 With his drawn sword. Then, struck with deep  
 despair,

That cruel sight the lover could not bear ;

But from his covert rush'd in open view;  
 And sent his voice before him as he flew : 570  
 "Me! me!" he cried—"turn all your swords alone  
 On me—the fact confess'd, the fault my own.  
 He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth—  
 Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth!  
 His only crime (if friendship can offend) 575  
 Is too much love to his unhappy friend."  
 Too late he speaks :—the sword, which fury guides,  
 Driv'n with full force, had pierced his tender sides.  
 Down fell the beauteous youth: the yawning  
 wound

Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.  
 His snowy neck reclines upon his breast, 581  
 Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd—  
 Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,  
 Whose heavy head is overcharged with rain.  
 Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd, 585  
 Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd.  
 Volscens he seeks; on him alone he bends:  
 Borne back and bored by his surrounding friends,  
 Onward he press'd, and kept him still in sight,  
 Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might: 590  
 Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke,  
 Pierced his wide mouth, and through his weazon  
 broke.

Dying, he slew; and, stagg'ring on the plain,  
 With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain;  
 Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell, 595  
 Content, in death, to be revenged so well.

O happy friends! for, if my verse can give  
 Immortal life, your fame shall ever live,  
 Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies,  
 And spread where'er the Roman eagle flies! 600

The conqu'ring party first divide the prey,  
 Then their slain leader to the camp convey.  
 With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,  
 To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.

Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest, they found : 605  
 Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround ;  
 And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.  
 All knew the helmet which Messapus lost, :  
 But mourn'd a purchase that so dear had cost.  
 Now rose the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed, 610  
 And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread ;  
 Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,  
 But added colours to the world reveal'd ;  
 When early Turnus wak'ning with the light,  
 All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight. 615  
 His martial men with fierce harangues he fired,  
 And his own ardour in their souls inspired.  
 This done—to give new terror to his foes,  
 The heads of Nisus and his friends he shows,  
 Raised high on pointed spears—a ghastly sight ! 620  
 Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.  
 Meantime the Trojans run where danger calls :  
 They hie their trenches, and they man their  
     walls.  
 In front extended to the left they stood :  
 Safe was the right, surrounded by the flood. 625  
 But, casting from their tow'rs a frightful view,  
 They saw the faces, which too well they knew,  
 Though then disguised in death, and smear'd all  
     o'er  
 With filth, obscene, and dropping putrid gore.  
 Soon hasty fame through the sad city bears 630  
 The mournful message to the mother's ears.  
 An icy cold benumbs her limbs : she shakes :  
 Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.  
 She runs the ramparts round amid the war,  
 Nor fears the flying darts : she rends her hair, 635  
 And fills with loud laments the liquid air.  
 " Thus, then, my loved Euryalus appears !  
 Thus looks the prop of my declining years !  
 Was 't on this face my famish'd eyes I fed !  
 Ah ! how unlike the living is the dead ! 640

And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone!  
 Not one kind kiss from a departing son!  
 No look, no last adieu before he went,  
 In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!  
 Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay, 645  
 To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!  
 Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,  
 To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies,  
 To call about his corpse his crying friends,  
 Or spread the mantle (made for other ends) 654  
 On his dear body, which I wove with care.  
 Nor did my daily pains or nightly labour spare.  
 Where shall I find his corpse? what earth sustains  
 His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains?  
 For this, alas! I left my needful ease, 655  
 Exposed my life to winds, and winter seas!  
 If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,  
 Here empty all your quivers, all your darts:  
 Or, if they fail, thou, Jove, conclude my wo,  
 And send me thunderstruck to shades below!" 660  
 Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans' ears,  
 Unman their courage, and augment their fears:  
 Nor young Ascanius could the sight sustain,  
 Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain,  
 But Actor and Idæus jointly sent 665  
 To bear the madding mother to her tent.  
 And now the trumpets terribly, from far,  
 With rattling clangour, rouse the sleepy war.  
 The soldiers' shouts succeed the brazen sounds;  
 And heav'n, from pole to pole, the noise rebounds;  
 The Volscians bear their shields upon their head, 671  
 And, rushing forward, form a moving shed.  
 These fill the ditch; those pull the bulwarks down:  
 Some raise the ladders; others scale the town.  
 But, where void spaces on the walls appear, 675  
 Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.



With poles and missive weapons, from afar,  
The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.  
Taught, by their ten years' siege, defensive fight,  
They roll down ribs of rocks, an unresisted  
weight, 680

To break the penthouse with the pond'rous blow,  
Which yet the patient Volscians undergo—  
But could not bear th' unequal combat long;  
For, where the Trojans find the thickest throng,  
The ruin falls : their shatter'd shields give way, 685 .  
And their crush'd heads become an easy prey.  
They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,  
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage—  
Contented now to gall them from below  
With darts and slings, and with the distant bow. 690

Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,  
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.  
But brave Messapus, Neptune's warlike son,  
Broke down the palisades, the trenches won,  
And loud for ladders calls, to scale the town. 695

Calliope, begin ! Ye sacred Nine,  
Inspire your poet in his high design,  
To sing what slaughter manly Turnus made,  
What souls he sent below the Stygian shade ;  
What fame the soldiers with their captain share, 700  
And the vast circuit of the fatal war :  
For you, in singing martial facts, excel ;  
You best remember, and alone can tell.

There stood a tow'r, amazing to the sight,  
Built up of beams, and of stupendous height : 705  
Art, and the nature of the place conspired  
To furnish all the strength that war required.  
To level this, the bold Italians join :

The wary Trojans obviate their design :  
With weighty stones o'eryhelm their troops be-  
low, 710

Shoot through the loop-holes, and sharp jav'lines  
throw.

Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thund'ring hand,  
 Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand.  
 It stuck, the fiery plague : the winds were high ;  
 The planks were season'd, and the timber dry. 715  
 Contagion caught the posts ; it spread along,  
 Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd  
 throng ;

The Trojans fled ; the fire pursued amain,  
 Still gath'ring fast upon the trembling train :  
 Till, crowding to the corners of the wall, 720  
 Down the defence and the defenders fall.  
 The mighty flaw makes heav'n itself resound :  
 The dead and dying Trojans strew the ground.  
 The tow'r, that follow'd on the fallen crew,  
 Whelm'd o'er their heads, and buried whom it  
 slew : 725

Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent ;  
 All the same equal ruin underwent.  
 Young Lycus and Helenor only 'scape ;  
 Saved—how, they know not—from the steepy  
 leap.

Helenor, elder of the two ; by birth, 730  
 On one side royal, one a son of earth,  
 Whom to the Lydian king Lycymnia bare,  
 And sent her boasted bastard to the war :  
 (A privilege which none but freemen share.)  
 Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield : 735  
 No marks of honour charged its empty field.  
 Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,  
 And, rising, found himself amid his foes ;  
 Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way.  
 Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay ; 740  
 And, like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds  
 Of eager huntsmen, and invading hounds—  
 Resolved on death, he dissipates his fears,  
 And bounds aloft against the pointed spears :  
 So dares the youth, secure of death ; and throws 745  
 His dying body on his thickest foes.

But Lycus, swifter of his feet by far,  
Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amid the war :  
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,  
And snatches at the beam he first can find ; 750  
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,  
In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to  
reach.

But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey,  
(His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,  
Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind), 755  
" Fool," said the chief, " though fleetier than the  
wind,

Could'st thou presume to 'scape, when I pursue !"  
He said, and downward by the feet he drew  
The trembling dastard : at the tug he falls :  
Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoking  
walls. 760

Thus on some silver swan, or tim'rous hare,  
Jove's bird comes sousing down from upper air ;  
Her crooked talons truss the fearful prey :  
Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.  
So seizes the grim wolf the tender lamb, 765  
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.  
Then rushing onward with a barbarous cry,  
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.  
The ditch with fagots fill'd, the daring foe  
Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets throw. 770

Ilioneus, as bold Lucetius came  
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,  
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so right,  
It crush'd him double underneath the weight.  
Two more young Liger and Asylas slew : 775  
To bend the bow young Liger better knew ;  
Asylas best the pointed jav'lin threw.  
Brave Cæneus laid Ortygius on the plain ;  
The victor Cæneus was by Turnus slain.  
By the same hand Clonius and Itys fall, 780  
Sagar, and Idas standing on the wall.

VIR. VOL. II.—S

From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found :  
 Hurt by Temilla first—but slight the wound—  
 His shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,  
 He clapped his hand upon the wounded part; 785  
 The second shaft came swift and unespied,  
 And pierced his hand, and nail'd it to his side :  
 Transfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart ;  
 The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the  
 dart.

The son of Arcens shone amid the rest, 790  
 In glitt'ring armour and a purple vest.  
 (Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love)  
 Bred by his father in the Martian grove,  
 Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,  
 And sent in arms to purchase early fame. 795  
 Him when he spied from far, the Tuscan king  
 Laid by the lance, and took him to the sling :  
 Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and  
 threw

The heated lead half melted as it flew :  
 It pierced his hollow temples and his brain ; 800  
 The youth came tumbling down, and spurn'd the  
 plain.

Then young Ascanius, who, before this day,  
 Was wont in woods to shoot the savage prey,  
 First bent in martial strife the twanging bow,  
 And exercised against a human foe— 805  
 With this bereft Numanus of his life,  
 Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.  
 Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,  
 Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with a  
 stride,

In these insulting terms the Trojans he defied : 810  
 "Twice conquer'd cowards ! now your shame is  
 shown—

Coop'd up a second time within your town !  
 Who dare not issue forth in open field,  
 But hold your walls before you for a shield.

Thus threat you war! thus our alliance force! 815  
What gods, what madness, hither steer'd your  
course!

You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,  
Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.  
Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,  
We bear our new-born infants to the flood; 820

There, bathed amid the stream our boys we hold,  
With winter harden'd, and inured to cold.

They wake before the day to range the wood,  
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.

No sports, but what belong to war, they know— 825  
To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.

Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;  
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.

From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,  
They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town. 830

No part of life from toils of war is free,  
No change in age, or difference in degree.

We plough and till in arms: our oxen feel,  
Instead of goads, the spur and pointed steel:

Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain. 835  
Ev'n time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain—

The body, not the mind—nor can control  
Th' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.

Our helms defend the young, disguise the gray;  
We live by plunder, and delight in prey. 840

Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine;  
In sloth you glory, and in dances join.

Your vests have sweeping sleeves: with female  
pride,

Your turbans underneath your chins are tied.  
Go, Phrygians, to your Dindymus again! 845

Go, less than women, in the shapes of men!

Go! mix'd with eunuchs in the mother's rites

(Where with unequal sound the flute invites);

Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's shade:

Resign the war to men, who know the martial  
trade." 850

This foul reproach Ascanius could not hear  
 With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.  
 At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,  
 And almost join'd, the horns of the tough yew.  
 But, first, before the throne of Jove he stood, 855  
 And thus with lifted hands invoked the god:  
 "My first attempt, great Jupiter, succeed!  
 An annual off'ring in thy grove shall bleed;  
 A snow-white steer, before thy altar led,  
 Who, like his mother, bears aloft his head, 860  
 Butts with his threat'ning brows, and bellowing  
 stands,  
 And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands."  
 Jove bow'd the heav'ns, and lent a gracious ear,  
 And thunder'd on the left, amid the clear.  
 Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly flies 865  
 The feather'd death, and hisses through the skies.  
 The steel through both his temples forced the  
 way:  
 Extended on the ground, Numanus lay.  
 "Go now, vain boaster! and true valour scorn!  
 The Phrygians, twice subdued, yet make this third  
 return." 870  
 Ascanius said no more. The Trojans shake  
 The heav'ns with shouting, and new vigour take.  
 Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,  
 To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;  
 And thus the beardless victor he bespoke aloud: 875  
 "Advance, illustrious youth! increase in fame,  
 And wide from east to west extend thy name—  
 Offspring of gods thyself; and Rome shall owe  
 To thee a race of demigods below.  
 This is the way to heav'n: the pow'rs divine 880  
 From this beginning date the Julian line.  
 To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,  
 The conquer'd war is due; and the vast world is  
 theirs.  
 Troy is too narrow for thy name." He said,  
 And plunging downward shot his radiant head; 885

Dispell'd the breathing air, that broke his flight :  
 Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal sight,  
 Old Butes' form he took, Anchises' squire,  
 Now left, to rule Ascanius, by his sire :  
 His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs, 890  
 His mien, his habit, and his arms, he wears,  
 And thus salutes the boy, too forward for his years :  
 " Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,  
 The warlike prize thou hast already won.  
 The god of archers gives thy youth a part 895  
 Of his own praise, nor envies equal art.  
 Now tempt the war no more." He said, and flew  
 Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their view.  
 The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know,  
 And hear the twanging of his heav'nly bow. 900  
 Their duteous force they use, and Phœbus' name,  
 To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.  
 Undaunted, they themselves no danger shun :  
 From wall to wall the shouts and clamours run :  
 They bend their bows ; they whirl their slings  
 around : 905  
 Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the ground ;  
 And helms, and shields, and rattling arms, resound.  
 The combat thickens, like the storm that flies  
 From westward when the show'ry Kids arise :  
 Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main, 910  
 When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain,  
 Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound  
 And with an armed winter strew the ground.  
 Pand'rus and Bitias, thunderbolts of war,  
 Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare 915  
 On Ida's top two youths of height and size  
 Like firs that on their mother mountain rise—  
 Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,  
 And of their own accord invite the war,  
 With fates averse, against their king's command. 920  
 Arm'd on the right and on the left they stand,  
 And flank the passage : shining steel they wear,  
 And waving crests above their heads appear.

Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,  
 Lift up to heav'n their leafy heads unshorn, 925  
 And, overpress'd with nature's heavy load,  
 Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other  
 nod.

In flows a tide of Latians, when they see  
 The gate set open, and the passage free ;  
 Bold Quercens, with rash Tmarus, rushing on, 930  
 Equicolus, that in bright armour shone,  
 And Hæmon first : but soon repulsed they fly,  
 Or in the well-defended pass they die.  
 These with success are fired, and those with  
 rage ;

And each on equal terms at length engage. 935  
 Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,  
 The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.

Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,  
 When suddenly th' unhop'd-for news was brought,  
 The foes had left the fastness of their place, 940  
 Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chase.  
 He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,  
 Runs, where the giant brothers guard the gate.  
 The first he met, Antiphates the brave  
 (But base-begotten on a Theban slave— 945  
 Sarpedon's son) he slew : the deadly dart  
 Found passage through his breast, and pierced his  
 heart.

Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel stood,  
 Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.  
 Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies, 950  
 And Meropes, and the gigantic size.  
 Of Bitias, threat'ning with his ardent eyes.  
 Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd  
 (A dart were lost within that roomy breast),  
 But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong, 955  
 Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along :  
 Not two bull-hides th' impetuous force withhold,  
 Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.



Down sunk the monster-bulk, and press'd the  
ground  
(His arms and clatt'ring shield on the vast body  
sound). 960

Not with less ruin than the Baian mole,  
Raised on the seas the surges to control—  
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall;  
Prone to the deep, the stones disjointed fall  
Of the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies; 965  
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud,  
arise:

The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores;  
Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars:  
Typhœus, thrown beneath by Jove's command,  
Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land, 970  
Soon shifts his weary side, and, scarce awake,  
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his  
back.

The warrior god the Latian troops inspired,  
New strung their sinews, and their courage fired,  
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright: 975  
Then black despair precipitates their flight.

When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,  
The town with fear and wild confusion fill'd;  
He turns the hinges of the heavy gate  
With both his hands, and adds his shoulders to the  
weight. 980

Some happier friends within the walls enclosed;  
The rest shut out, to certain death exposed.  
Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,  
T' admit young Turnus, and include the war.  
He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold, 985  
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.  
Too late his blazing buckler they descry,  
And sparkling fires that shot from either eye;  
His mighty members, and his ample breast,  
His rattling armour, and his crimson crest. 990  
Far from that hated face the Trojans fly,  
All but the fool who sought his destiny.

Mad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance vow'd  
For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:  
"These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town 995  
Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:  
'Tis hostile earth you tread. Of hope bereft,  
No means of safe return by flight are left."  
To whom, with count'nance calm, and soul sedate,  
Thus Turnus: "Then begin and try thy fate: 1000  
My message to the ghost of Priam bear;  
Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there."

A lance of tough ground-ash the Trojan threw,  
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew;  
With his full force he whirl'd it first around; 1005  
But the soft yielding air received the wound:  
Imperial Juno turn'd the course before,  
And fix'd the wand'ring weapon in the door.

"But hope not thou," said Turnus, "when I strike,  
To shun thy fate: our force is not alike: 1010  
Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian god."  
Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood,  
And aim'd from high: the full descending blow  
Cleaves the broad front and beardless cheeks in  
two.

Down sinks the giant with a thund'ring sound: 1015  
His pond'rous limbs oppress the trembling ground;  
Blood, brains, and foam, gush from the gaping  
wound.

Scalp, face, and shoulders, the keen steel divides;  
And the shared visage hangs on equal sides.  
The Trojans fly from their approaching fate: 1020  
And, had the victor then secured the gate,  
And to his troops without unclosed the bars,  
One lucky day had ended all his wars.  
But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,  
Push on his fury, to pursue the crowd. 1025  
Hamstring'd behind, unhappy Gyges died;  
Then Phalaris is added to his side.  
The pointed jaw'lips from the dead he drew,  
And their friends' arms against their fellows threw

Strong Halys stands in vain: weak Phegeus flies:  
Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire supplies. 1031

Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall—

Engaged against the foes who scaled the wall:

But, whom they fear'd without, they found within.

At last, though late, by Lynceus he was seen. 1035

He calls new succours, and assaults the prince:

But weak his force, and vain is their defence.

Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew,

And at one blow the bold aggressor slew.

He 'sjoins the neck; and, with a stroke so strong,

The helm flies off, and bears the head along. 1041

Next him, the huntsman Amycus he kill'd,

In darts envenom'd and in poison skill'd.

Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,

And Cretheus, whom the Muses held so dear: 1045

He fought with courage, and he sung the fight:

Arms were his bus'ness, verses his delight.

The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,

Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.

Bold Mnestheus rallies first the broken train, 1050

Whom brave Serestus and his troop sustain.

To save the living, and revenge the dead,

Against one warrior's arms all Troy they led.

"O void of sense and courage!" Mnestheus cried,

"Where can you hope your coward heads to hide? 1055

Ah! where beyond these ramparts can you run?

One man, and in your camp enclosed, you shun!

Shall then a single sword such slaughter boast,

And pass unpunish'd from a num'rous host?

Forsaking honour, and renouncing fame, 1060

Your gods, your country, and your king, you shame!"

This just reproach their virtue does excite:

They stand, they join, they thicken to the fight.

Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to yield;

But with slow paces measures back the field, 1065

And inches to the walls, where Tiber's tide  
 Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.  
 The more he loses, they advance the more,  
 And tread in ev'ry step he trod before.

They shout; they bear him back; and, whom by  
 might 1070

They cannot conquer, they oppress with weight.

As, compass'd with a wood of spears around,  
 The lordly lion still maintains his ground;  
 Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;  
 Threats his distended paws, and shakes his  
 mane; 1075

He loses while in vain he presses on,  
 Nor will his courage let him dare to run:  
 So Turnus fares, and, unresolved of flight,  
 Moves tardy back, and just recedes from fight.  
 Yet twice, enraged, the combat he renews, 1080  
 Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes pursues.  
 But now they swarm, and, with fresh troops sup-  
 plied,

Come rolling on, and rush from ev'ry side:  
 Nor Juno, who sustain'd his arms before,  
 Dares with new strength suffice th' exhausted  
 store; 1085

For Jove, with sour commands, sent Iris down,  
 To force th' invader from the affrighted town.

With labour spent, no longer can he wield  
 The heavy falchion, or sustain the shield,  
 O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they  
 fling: 1090

The weapons round his hollow temples ring:  
 His golden helm gives way, with stony blows  
 Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows.  
 His crest is rash'd away; his ample shield  
 Is falsified, and round with jav'lins fill'd. 1095

The foe, now faint, the Trojans overwhelm  
 And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his helm  
 Sick sweat succeeds; he drops at ev'ry pore,  
 With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er:

Shorter and shorter ev'ry gasp he takes ;      1100  
 And vain efforts and hurtless blows he makes.  
 Arm'd as he was, at length he leap'd from high,  
 Plunged in the flood, and made the waters fly.  
 The yellow god the welcome burden bore,  
 And wiped the sweat, and wash'd away the gore ;  
 Then gently wafts him to the farther coast,      1106  
 And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.

## BOOK X.

### ARGUMENT.

**JUPITER**, calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party—At *Æneas's* return there is a bloody battle: *Turnus* killing *Pallas*; *Æneas*, *Lausus* and *Mezentius*—*Mezentius* is described as an atheist; *Lausus* as a pious and virtuous youth—The different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

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THE gates of heav'n unfold: Jove summons all  
 The gods to council in the common hall.  
 Sublimely seated, he surveys from far  
 The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war,  
 And all th' inferior world. From first to last, 5  
 The sov'reign senate in degrees are placed.  
 Then thus th' almighty sire began: "Ye gods,  
 Natives or denizens of bless'd abodes!  
 From whence these murmurs, and this change of  
 mind,  
 This backward fate from what was first design'd! 10  
 Why this protracted war, when my commands  
 Pronounced a peace, and gave the Latian lands?  
 What fear or hope on either part divides  
 Our heav'ns, and arms our pow'rs on diff'rent sides?  
 A lawful time of war at length will come 15  
 (Nor need your haste anticipate the doom),  
 When Carthage shall contend the world with Rome;  
 Shall force the rigid rocks and Alpine chains,  
 And, like a flood, come pouring on the plains.  
 Then is your time for faction and debate, 20  
 For partial favour, and permitted hate.

Let now your immature dissension cease :  
 Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace."  
 Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge :  
 But lovely Venus thus replies at large : 25  
 " O pow'r immense ! eternal energy !  
 (For to what else protection can we fly ?)  
 Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare  
 In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care ?  
 How lofty Turnus vaunts amid his train, 30  
 In shining arms triumphant on the plain !  
 Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend :  
 And scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend :  
 The town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'erfloats,  
 With a red deluge, their increasing moats. 35  
 Æneas, ignorant, and far from thence,  
 Has left a camp exposed, without defence.  
 This endless outrage shall they still sustain ?  
 Shall Troy renew'd be forced and fired again ?  
 A second siege my banish'd issue fears : 40  
 And a new Diomede in arms appears.  
 One more audacious mortal will be found :  
 And I, thy daughter, wait another wound.  
 Yet if, with fates averse, without thy leave,  
 The Latian lands my progeny receive, 45  
 Bear they the pains of violated law,  
 And thy protection from their aid withdraw.  
 But, if the gods their sure success foretell—  
 If those of heav'n consent with those of hell,  
 To promise Italy : who dare debate 50  
 The pow'r of Jove, or fix another fate !  
 What should I tell of tempests on the main,  
 Of Æolus usurping Neptune's reign ?  
 Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat  
 To inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet ? 55  
 Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,  
 Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.  
 That new example wanted yet above—  
 An act that well became the wife of Jove !

Alecto, raised by her, with rage inflames 60  
 The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.  
 Imperial sway no more exalts my mind  
 (Such hopes I had indeed, while heav'n was kind):  
 Now let my happier foes possess my place,  
 Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race: 65  
 And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.  
 Since you can spare, from all your wide command,  
 No spot of earth, no hospitable land,  
 Which may my wand'ring fugitives receive  
 (Since haughty Juno will not give you leave); 70  
 Then, father (if I still may use that name),  
 By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,  
 I beg you, let Ascanius, by my care,  
 Be freed from danger and dismiss'd the war:  
 Inglorious let him live, without a crown: 75  
 The father may be cast on coasts unknown,  
 Struggling with fate; but let me save the son.  
 Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian tow'rs:  
 In those recesses, and those sacred bow'rs,  
 Obscurely let him rest; his right resign 80  
 To promised empire, and his Julian line.  
 Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns destroy,  
 Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.  
 What profits it my son to 'scape the fire,  
 Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his sire; 85  
 To pass the perils of the seas and wind;  
 Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind;  
 To reach th' Italian shores; if, after all,  
 Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall?  
 Much better had he curb'd his high desires, 90  
 And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.  
 To Simois banks the fugitives restore,  
 And give them back to war, and all the woes be-  
 fore."

Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart:  
 "And must I own," she said, "my secret smart—  
 What with more decency were in silence kept, 96  
 And, but for this unjust reproach, had slept?



Did god or man your fav'rite son advise,  
 With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise ?  
 By fate, you boast, and by the gods' decree, 100  
 He left his native land for Italy ;  
 Confess the truth ; by mad Cassandra, more  
 Than heav'n, inspired, he sought a foreign shore.  
 Did I persuade to trust his second Troy  
 To the raw conduct of a beardless boy, 105  
 With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,  
 And through the waves a wand'ring voyage takes ?  
 When have I urg'd him meanly to demand  
 The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land ?  
 Did I or Iris give this mad advice ? 110  
 Or made the fool himself the fatal choice ?  
 You think it hard, the Latians should destroy  
 With swords your Trojans, and with fires your  
 Troy !

Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw  
 Their native air, nor take a foreign law ! 115  
 That Turnus is permitted still to live,  
 To whom his birth a god and goddess give !  
 But yet 'tis just and lawful for your line  
 To drive their fields, and force with fraud to  
 join ;  
 Realms, not your own, among your clans divide, 120  
 And from the bridegroom tear the promised bride ;  
 Petition, while you public arms prepare ;  
 Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war !  
 'Twas given to you your darling son to shroud,  
 To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd, 125  
 And, for a man, obtend an empty cloud.  
 From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,  
 And changed the ships to daughters of the sea.  
 But 'tis my crime—the queen of heav'n offends,  
 If she presume to save her suff'ring friends ! 130  
 Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,  
 You say, is absent : absent let him be.  
 Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian tow'rs,  
 The soft recesses and the sacred bow'rs.

Why do you then these needless arms prepare, 135  
 And thus provoke a people prone to war?  
 Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,  
 Or hinder from return your exiled race?  
 Was I the cause of mischief, or the man,  
 Whose lawless lust the fatal war began? 140  
 Think on whose faith th' adult'rous youth relied;  
 Who promised, who procured the Spartan bride?  
 When all th' united states of Greece combined  
 To purge the world of the perfidious kind;  
 Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate:— 145  
 Your quarrels and complaints are now too late."

Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause,  
 Just as they favour or dislike the cause.  
 So winds, when yet unfledged in woods they lie,  
 In whispers first their tender voices try, 150  
 Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,  
 And storms to trembling mariners presage.

Then thus to both replied th' imperial god,  
 Who shakes heaven's axles with his awful nod.  
 (When he begins, the silent senate stand, 155  
 With rev'rence list'ning to the dread command:  
 The clouds dispel: the winds their breath restrain;  
 And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main.)

"Celestials! your attentive ears incline!  
 Since," said the god, "the Trojans must not join 160  
 In wish'd alliance with the Latian line—  
 Since endless jarrings and immortal hate  
 Tend but to discompose our happy state—  
 The war henceforward be resign'd to fate:  
 Each to his proper fortune stand or fall: 165  
 Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.

Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;  
 And both shall draw the lots their fates decree.  
 Let these assault, if Fortune be their friend;  
 And, if she favours those, let those defend:— 170  
 The Fates will find their way." The thund'rer  
 said;

And shook the sacred honours of his head,

Attesting Styx, th' inviolable flood,  
And the black regions of his brother god.  
Trembled the poles of heav'n; and earth confess'd  
the nod. 175

This end the sessions had: the senate rise,  
And to his palace wait their sov'reign through the  
skies.

Meantime, intent upon their siege, the foes  
Within their walls the Trojan host enclose:  
They wound, they kill, they watch at ev'ry gate; 180  
Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.

Th' Æneans wish in vain their wonted chief,  
Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief.  
Thin on the tow'rs they stand; and ev'n those few,  
A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew. 185

Yet in the face of danger some there stood:  
The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,  
Asius, and Acmon: both th' Assaraci;  
Young Hæmon, and, though young, resolved to die.  
With these were Clarus and Thymætēs join'd; 190  
Thymbris and Castor, both of Lycian kind.  
From Acmon's hands a rolling stone there came,  
So large, it half deserved a mountain's name!  
Strong-sinew'd was the youth, and big of bone:  
His brother Mnestheus could not more have done,  
Or the great father of th' intrepid son. 196  
Some firebrands throw, some flights of arrows  
send;

And some with darts, and some with stones, defend.  
Amid the press appears the beauteous boy,  
The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy. 200  
His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare;  
In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his hair.  
His forehead circled with a diadem;  
Distinguish'd from the crowd, he shines a gem,  
Enchased in gold, or polish'd ivory set, 205  
Amid the meaner foil of sable jet.

Nor Ismarus was wanting to the war,  
Directing pointed arrows from afar,

And death with poison arm'd—in Lydia born,  
 Where plenteous harvests the fat fields adorn; 210  
 Where proud Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,  
 And leaves a rich manure of golden sands.  
 There Capys, author of the Capuan name,  
 And there was Mnestheus, too, increased in fame  
 Since Turnus from the camp he cast with shame.

Thus mortal war was waged on either side. 216  
 Meantime the hero cuts the nightly tide;  
 For, anxious, from Evander when he went,  
 He sought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's  
 tent;

Exposed the cause of coming to the chief; 220  
 His name and country told, and ask'd relief;  
 Proposed the terms; his own small strength declared:

What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepared;  
 What Turnus, bold and violent, design'd;  
 Then show'd the slipp'ry state of human kind, 225  
 And fickle fortune; warn'd him to beware,  
 And to his wholesome counsel added pray'r.  
 Tarchon, without delay, the treaty signs,  
 And to the Trojan troops the Tuscan joins.

They soon set sail: nor now the Fates with-  
 stand; 230

Their forces trusted with a foreign hand.

Æneas leads; upon his stern appear  
 Two lions carved, which rising Ida bear—  
 Ida, to wand'ring Trojans ever dear.

Under their grateful shade Æneas sate, 235

Revolving war's events, and various fate.  
 His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,  
 And oft of winds inquired, and of the tide:  
 Oft of the stars, and of their wat'ry way;  
 And what he suffer'd both by land and sea. 240

Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring!  
 The Tuscan leaders, and their army, sing,  
 Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:  
 Their arms, their numbers, and their names, declare.

A thousand youths brave Massicus obey, 245  
 Borne in the Tiger through the foaming sea;  
 From Clusium brought, and Cosa, by his care;  
 For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts, they bear.  
 Fierce Abas next: his men bright armour wore:  
 His stern Apollo's golden statue bore. 250  
 Six hundred Populonia sent along,  
 All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.  
 Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,  
 An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted mines.  
 Asylas on his prow the third appears, 255  
 Who heav'n interprets, and the wand'ring stars;  
 From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,  
 And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.  
 A thousand spears in warlike order stand,  
 Sent by the Pisans under his command. 260  
 Fair Astur follows in the wat'ry field,  
 Proud of his managed horse, and painted shield.  
 Gravisca, noisome from the neighb'ring fen,  
 And his own Cære, sent three hundred men,  
 With those which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave;  
 All bred in arms, unanimous, and brave. 266  
 Thou, muse, the name of Cinyras renew;  
 And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few;  
 Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the man,  
 And bore, with wings display'd, a silver swan. 270  
 Love was the fault of his famed ancestry,  
 Whose forms and fortunes in his ensign fly.  
 For Cynus loved unhappy Phaëthon,  
 And sung his loss in poplar groves, alone,  
 Beneath the sister shades, to sooth his grief. 275  
 Heav'n heard his song, and hasten'd his relief,  
 And changed to snowy plumes his hoary hair,  
 And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.  
 His son Cupavo brush'd the briny flood:  
 Upon his stern a brawny centaur stood, 280  
 Who heaved a rock, and, threat'ning still to throw,  
 With lifted hands alarm'd the seas below:

They seem'd to fear the formidable sight,  
And roll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.

Ocnus was next, who led his native train 285

Of hardy warriors through the wat'ry plain—  
The son of Manto, by the Tuscan stream,  
From whence the Mantuan town derives the name—  
An ancient city, but of mix'd descent :

Three sev'ral tribes compose the government; 290

Four towns are under each ; but all obey  
The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.

Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,  
Whom Mincius from his sire Benacus bore—  
Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd  
o'er, 295

These grave Aulestes leads : a hundred sweep  
With stretching oars at once the glassy deep.  
Him and his martial train the Triton bears :  
High on his poop the sea-green god appears :  
Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound ; 300  
And at the blast the billows dance around.

A hairy man above the waist he shows ;  
A porpoise tail beneath his belly grows ;  
And ends a fish : his breast the waves divides ;  
And froth and foam augment the murm'ring tides.

Full thirty ships transport the chosen train, 306  
For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.

Now was the world forsaken by the sun,  
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.  
The careful chief, who never closed his eyes, 310  
Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.

A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,  
Once his own galleys, hewn from Ida's wood ;  
But now, as many nymphs, the sea they sweep,  
As rode before tall vessels on the deep. 315

They know him from afar ; and in a ring  
Enclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.  
Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,  
Above the waves advanced her snowy breast ;

Her right hand stops the stern ; her left divides 320  
 The curling ocean, and corrects the tides.  
 She spoke for all the choir, and thus began  
 With pleasing words to warn th' unknowing man :  
 "Sleeps our loved lord ! O goddess-born ! awake !  
 Spread ev'ry sail, pursue your wat'ry track, 325  
 And haste your course. Your navy once were we,  
 From Ida's height descending to the sea ;  
 Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,  
 Presumed to violate our holy wood.  
 Then, loosed from shore, we fled his fires profane  
 (Unwillingly we broke our master's chain), 331  
 And since have sought you through the Tuscan  
 main.

The mighty mother changed our forms to these,  
 And gave us life immortal in the seas.  
 But young Ascanius, in his camp distress'd, 335  
 By your insulting foes is hardly press'd.  
 Th' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian host,  
 Advance in order on the Latian coast :  
 To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,  
 Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines. 340  
 Thou, when the rosy morn restores the light,  
 First arm thy soldiers for th' ensuing fight :  
 Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,  
 And bear aloft the impenetrable shield.  
 To-morrow's sun, unless my skill be vain, 345  
 Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain."  
 Parting, she spoke ; and with immortal force  
 Push'd on the vessel in her wat'ry course ;  
 For well she knew the way. Impell'd behind,  
 The ship flew forward, and outstripp'd the wind. 350  
 The rest make up. Unknowing of the cause,  
 The chief admires their speed, and happy omens  
 draws.

Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heav'n his eyes :  
 "Hear thou, great Mother of the deities,  
 With turrets crown'd ! (on Ida's holy hill, 355  
 Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.)

Firm thy own omens; lead us on to fight;  
And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right."

He said no more. And now renewing day  
Had chased the shadows of the night away. 360  
He charged the soldiers, with preventing care,  
Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;  
Warn'd of th' ensuing fight, and bade them hope the  
war.

Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below  
His camp encompass'd, and th' enclosing foe. 365  
His blazing shield, embraced, he held on high:  
The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts  
reply.

Hope arms their courage: from their tow'rs they  
throw

Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.  
Thus, at the signal given, the cranes arise 370  
Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.

King Turnus wonder'd at the sight renew'd,  
Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd:  
The seas with swelling canvass cover'd o'er,  
And the swift ships descending on the shore. 375  
The Latians saw from far, with dazzled eyes,  
The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,  
And dart diffusive fires around the field;  
And the keen glitt'ring of the golden shield.

Thus threat'ning comets, when by night they  
rise, 380

Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies:  
So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights,  
Pale human kind with plagues and with dry famine  
frights.

Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind is bent  
To man the shores, and hinder their descent, 385  
And thus awakes the courage of his friends:

"What you so long have wish'd, kind Fortune  
sends—

In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe;  
You find, and find him at advantage now,



Yours is the day ; you need but only dare : 390  
 Your swords will make you masters of the war.  
 Your sires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,  
 And dearest wives, are all within your hands :  
 Be mindful of the race from whence you came,  
 And emulate in arms your fathers' fame. 395  
 Now take the time, while stagg'ring yet they stand  
 With feet unfirm ; and prepossess the strand :  
 Fortune befriends the bold." No more he said,  
 But balanced, whom to leave, and whom to lead ;  
 Then these elects the landing to prevent, 400  
 And those he leaves, to keep the city pent.

Meantime the Trojan sends his troops ashore :  
 Some are by boats exposed, by bridges more.  
 With lab'ring oars they bear along the strand,  
 Where the tide languishes, and leap a-land. 405  
 Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,  
 And, where no ford he finds, no water fries,  
 Nor billows with unequal murmurs roar,  
 But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore :  
 That course he steer'd, and thus he gave com-  
 mand : 410

"Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land :  
 Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound  
 This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.  
 Let me securely land—I ask no more ;  
 Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore." 415

This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends :  
 They tug at ev'ry oar ; and ev'ry stretcher bends :  
 They run their ships aground : the vessels knock  
 (Thus forced ashore), and tremble with the shock.  
 Tarchon's alone was lost, and stranded stood. 420  
 Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood,  
 She breaks her back ; the loosen'd sides give way,  
 And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.  
 Their broken oars and floating planks withstand  
 Their passage while they labour to the land ; 425  
 And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain  
 sand.

Now Turnus leads his troops without delay,  
 Advancing to the margin of the sea.  
 The trumpets sound: Æneas first assail'd  
 The clowns new-raised and raw; and soon pre-  
 vail'd. 430

Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight—  
 Great Theron, large of limbs, of giant height.  
 He first in open fields defied the prince:  
 But armour scaled with gold was no defence  
 Against the fated sword, which open'd wide 435  
 His plated shield, and pierced his naked side.

Next Lichas fell, who, not like others born,  
 Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn;  
 Sacred, O Phœbus! from his birth to thee;  
 For his beginning life from biting steel was free. 440  
 Not far from him was Gyas laid along,  
 Of monstrous bulk; with Cisseus fierce and strong.  
 Vain bulk and strength! for, when the chief assail'd,  
 Nor valour nor Herculean arms avail'd,  
 Nor their famed father, wont in war to go 445  
 With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.  
 The noisy Pharos next received his death:  
 Æneas writhed his dart, and stopp'd his bawling  
 breath.

Then wretched Cydon had received his doom,  
 Who courted Clytius in his beardless bloom, 450  
 And sought with lust obscene polluted joys—  
 The Trojan sword had cured his love of boys,  
 Had not his sev'n bold brethren stopp'd the course  
 Of the fierce champion, with united force.  
 Sev'n darts were thrown at once; and some re-  
 bound 455

From his bright shield, some on his helmet sound:  
 The rest had reach'd him, but his mother's care  
 Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.

The prince then call'd Achates, to supply  
 The spears, that knew the way to victory: 460  
 "Those fatal weapons, which, inured to blood,  
 In Grecian bodies under Ilium stood:

Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain  
 Against our foes on this contended plain."  
 He said; then seized a mighty spear, and threw; 465  
 Which, wing'd with fate, through Mæon's buckler  
 flew;

Pierced all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart:  
 He stagger'd with intolerable smart.

Alcanor saw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,  
 His helping hand, his brother to sustain. 470

A second spear, which kept the former course,  
 From the same hand, and sent with equal force,  
 His right arm pierced, and holding on, bereft  
 His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.

Then Numitor from his dead brother drew 475  
 Th' ill-omen'd spear, and at the Trojan threw:

Preventing fate directs the lance awry,  
 Which, glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.

In pride of youth the Sabine Clausus came,  
 And, from afar, at Dryops took his aim. 480

The spear flew hissing through the middle space,  
 And pierced his throat, directed at his face.

It stopp'd at once the passage of his wind,  
 And the free soul to flitting air resign'd.

His forehead was the first that struck the ground; 485  
 Life-blood and life rush'd mingled through the  
 wound.

He slew three brothers of the Borean race,  
 And three, whom Ismarus, their native place,  
 Had sent to war, but all the sons of Thrace,  
 Halesus, next, the bold Aurunci leads: 490

The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,  
 Conspicuous on his horse. On either hand,  
 These fight to keep, and those to win, the land.  
 With mutual blood th' Ausonian soil is died,  
 While on its borders each their claim decide. 495

As wintry winds, contending in the sky,  
 With equal force of lungs their titles try.  
 They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of heav'n  
 Stands without motion, and the tide undriven.

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Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield,      500  
 They long suspend the fortune of the field.  
 Both armies thus perform what courage can;  
 Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.

But, in another part, th' Arcadian horse  
 With ill success engage the Latin force :      505  
 For, where th' impetuous torrent, rushing down,  
 Huge craggy stones and rooted trees had thrown,  
 They left their coursers, and unused to fight  
 On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.  
 Pallas, who, with disdain and grief, had view'd      510  
 His foes pursuing and his friends pursued,  
 Used threat'nings mix'd with pray'rs, his last re-  
 source, .

With these to move their minds, with those to fire  
 their force.

" Which way, companions ! whither would you  
 run !

By you yourselves, and mighty battles won,      515  
 By my great sire, by his establish'd name,  
 And early promise of my future fame :  
 By my youth, emulous of equal right  
 To share his honours—shun ignoble flight !  
 Trust not your feet: your hands must hew your  
 way      520

Through yon black body, and that thick array :  
 'Tis through that forward path that we must come :  
 There lies our way, and that our passage home.  
 Nor pow'rs above, nor destinies below,  
 Oppress our arms: with equal strength we go,      525  
 With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.  
 See on what foot we stand ! a scanty shore—  
 The sea behind, our enemies before :  
 No passage left, unless we swim the main ;  
 Or, forcing these, the Trojan trenches gain."      530  
 This said, he strode with eager haste along,  
 And bore amid the thickest of the throng.  
 Lagus, the first he met, with fate to foe,  
 Had heaved a stone of mighty weight, to throw :

Stooping, the spear descended on his chine, 535  
Just where the bone distinguish'd either loin.  
It stuck so fast, so deeply buried lay,  
That scarce the victor forced the steel away.

Hisbo came on ; but, while he moved too slow  
To wish'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow ;  
For, warding his at once, at once he press'd, 541  
And plunged the fatal weapon in his breast.

Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in dust,  
Who stain'd his stèpdame's bed with impious lust.  
And, after him, the Daunian twins were slain, 545  
Laris and Thymbus, on the Latian plain :

So wondrous like in feature, shape, and size,  
As caused an error in their parents' eyes—  
Grateful mistake ! but soon the sword decides  
The nice distinction, and their fate divides : 550  
For Thymbus' head was lopp'd ; and Laris' hand,  
Dismember'd, sought its owner on the strand :  
The trembling fingers yet the falchion strain,  
And threaten still th' extended stroke in vain.

Now, to renew the charge, th' Arcadians came :  
Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame, 556  
And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame,  
Then, with a casual blow was Rhœteus slain,  
Who chanced, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain :  
The flying spear was after Ilus sent : 560  
But Rhœteus happen'd on a death unmeant :  
From Teuthras and from Tyres while he fled,  
The lance athwart his body, laid him dead :  
Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,  
And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground. 565

As when, in summer, welcome winds arise,  
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,  
And fires the midmost plants ; contagion spreads,  
And catching flames infect the neighb'ring heads ;  
Around the forest flies the furious blast, 570  
And all the leafy nation sinks at last ;  
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste ;

The pastor, pleased with his dire victory,  
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the  
sky :—

So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite, 575  
And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.  
Halesus came, fierce with desire of blood :  
But first collected in his arms he stood :

Advancing then, he plied the spear so well,  
Ladon, Demodocus and Pheres fell. 580

Around his head he toss'd his glitt'ring brand,  
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand.  
Held up to guard his throat ; then hurl'd a stone  
At Thoas' ample front, and pierced the bone.

It struck beneath the space of either eye ; 585  
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly  
Deep skill'd in future fates, Halesus' sire

Did with the youth to lonely groves retire :  
But, when the father's mortal race was run,  
Dire destiny laid hold upon the son, 590

And haul'd him to the war, to find, beneath  
Th' Evandrian spear, a memorable death.  
Pallas th' encounter seeks, but, ere he throws,  
To Tuscan Tiber thus address'd his vows :

" O sacred stream ! direct my flying dart, 595  
And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart :

His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear."  
Pleased with the bribe, the god received his pray'r :  
For, while his shield protects a friend distress'd,  
The dart came driving on, and pierced his breast.

But Lausus, no small portion of the war, 601

Permits not panic fear to reign too far,  
Caused by the death of so renown'd a knight ;  
But by his own example cheers the fight.

Fierce Abas first he slew—Abas, the stay 605  
Of Trojan hopes, and hinderance of the day.

The Phrygian troops escaped the Greeks in vain :  
They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain :

To the rude shock of war both armies came ;  
Their leaders equal, and their strength the same. 610

The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield  
 Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.  
 Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there :  
 Of equal youth and beauty both appear ;  
 But both by fate forbid to breathe their native  
 air. 615

Their congress in the field great Jove withstands—  
 Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.

Meantime Juturna warns the Daunian chief  
 Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.  
 With his driv'n chariot he divides the crowd, 620  
 And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud :  
 " Let none presume his needless aid to join :  
 Retire, and clear the field : the fight is mine :  
 To this right hand is Pallas only due :  
 Oh ! were his father here, my just revenge to  
 view !" 625

From the forbidden space his men retired.  
 Pallas their awe, and his stern words, admired ;  
 Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wond'ring sight,  
 Struck with his haughty mien and tow'ring height :  
 Then to the king : " Your empty vaunts forbear : 630  
 Success I hope ; and fate I cannot fear.

Alive, or dead, I shall deserve a name :  
 Jove is impartial, and to both the same."  
 He said, and to the void advanced his pace.  
 Pale horror sat on each Arcadian face. 635

Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,  
 Address'd himself on foot to single fight ;  
 And, as a lion—when he spies from far  
 A bull that seems to meditate the war,  
 Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand— 640  
 Runs roaring downward from his hilly stand :  
 Imagine eager Turnus not more slow  
 To rush from high on his unequal foe.

Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advance  
 Within due distance of his flying lance, 645  
 Prepares to charge him first—resolved to try  
 If fortune would his want of force supply ;

And thus to heav'n and Hercules address'd:  
 "Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest!  
 His son adjures thee by those holy rites,                    650  
 That hospitable board, those genial nights;  
 Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,  
 And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,  
 His ravish'd spoils." 'Twas heard, the vain request  
 Alcides mourn'd, and stifled sighs within his breast.  
 Then Jove, to sooth his sorrow, thus began:                    656  
 "Short bounds of life are set to mortal man,  
 'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span.  
 So many sons of gods, in bloody fight  
 Around the walls of Troy have lost the light:                    660  
 My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe;  
 Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the blow.  
 Ev'n Turnus shortly shall resign his breath,  
 And stands already on the verge of death."  
 This said, the god permits the fatal fight,                    665  
 But from the Latian fields averts his sight.

Now with full force his spear young Pallas  
     threw;  
 And, having thrown, his shining falchion drew.  
 The steel just grazed along the shoulder joint,  
 And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point.                    670  
 Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,  
 And poised his pointed spear before he threw:  
 Then, as the wing'd weapon whizz'd along,  
 "See now," said he, "whose arm is better strung."  
 The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd                    675  
 By plates of ir'n, which o'er the shield were laid:  
 Through folded brass, and tough bull-hides it pass'd,  
 His corselet pierced, and reach'd his heart at last.  
 In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood:  
 The soul comes issuing with the vital blood.                    680  
 He falls: his arms upon his body sound;  
 And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.  
 Turnus bestrode the corse: "Arcadians, hear,"  
 Said he: "my message to your master bear:



Such as the sire deserved, the son I send : 685  
 It costs him dear to be the Phrygian's friend.  
 The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow  
 Unask'd, to rest his wand'ring ghost below."  
 He said, and trampled down, with all the force  
 Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corse ; 690  
 Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid—  
 The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made,  
 Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to sight,  
 All, in the compass of one mournful night,  
 Deprived their bridegrooms of returning light." 695

In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore  
 Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.  
 Oh mortals ! blind of fate, who never know  
 To bear high fortune, or endure the low !  
 The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain, 700  
 Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain—  
 Shall wish the fatal belt were far away,  
 And curse the dire remembrance of the day.

The sad Arcadians, from th' unhappy field,  
 Bear back the breathless body on a shield. 705  
 O grace and grief of war ! at once restored,  
 With praises, to thy sire, at once deplored.  
 One day first sent thee to the fighting field,  
 Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd ;  
 One day beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy  
 shield. 710

This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,  
 But sad spectators, to the hero came :  
 His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,  
 Unless relieved by his victorious hand.  
 He whirls his sword around, without delay, 715  
 And hews through adverse foes an ample way,  
 To find fierce Turnus, of his conquest proud.  
 Evander, Pallas, all that friendship ow'd  
 To large deserts, are present to his eyes—  
 His plighted hand, and hospitable ties. 720

Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,  
 He took in fight, and living victims led,

To please the ghost of Pallas, and expire,  
 In sacrifice, before his fun'ral fire.  
 At Magus next he threw : he stoop'd below      725  
 The flying spear, and shunn'd the promised blow,  
 Then, creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd :  
 "By young Iulus, by thy father's shade,  
 O! spare my life, and send me back to see  
 My longing sire, and tender progeny.      730  
 A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,  
 In silver ingots, and in bars of gold :  
 All these, and sums besides, which see no day,  
 The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.  
 If I survive, will Troy the less prevail ?      735  
 A single soul's too light to turn the scale."  
 He said. The hero sternly thus replied :  
 "Thy bars and ingots, and the sums beside,  
 Leave for thy children's lot. Thy Turnus broke  
 All rules of war by one relentless stroke,      740  
 When Pallas fell : so deems, nor deems alone,  
 My father's shadow, but my living son."  
 Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,  
 He seiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left ;  
 Then with his right hand, while his neck he  
     wreath'd,      745  
 Up to the hilts his shining falchion sheath'd.  
 Apollo's priest, Hæmonides, was near :  
 His holy filets on his front appear ;  
 Glitt'ring in arms, he shone amid the crowd,  
 Much of his god, more of his purple, proud.      750  
 Him the fierce Trojan follow'd through the field :  
 The holy coward fell ; and, forced to yield,  
 The prince stood o'er the priest, and, at one blow,  
 Sent him an offering to the shades below.  
 His arms Serestus on his shoulders bears,      755  
 Design'd a trophy to the god of wars.  
 Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight,  
 And Umbro, born upon the mountain's height.  
 The champion cheers his troops t' encounter those,  
 And seeks revenge himself on other foes.      760

At Anxur's shield he drove ; and, at the blow,  
 Both shield and arm to ground together go.  
 Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,  
 And thought he wore impenetrable arms ;  
 So made by mutter'd spells ; and, from the spheres,  
 Had life secured, in vain, for length of years. 766  
 Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod ;  
 A nymph his mother, and his sire a god.  
 Exulting in bright arms, he braves the prince :  
 With his protended lance he makes defence ; 770  
 Bears back his feeble foe ; then, pressing on,  
 Arrests his better hand, and drags him down ;  
 Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and (as he lay,  
 Vain tales inventing, and prepared to pray),  
 Mows off his head : the trunk a moment stood, 775  
 Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.

The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain :  
 " Lie there, proud man, unpitied on the plain :  
 Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,  
 Far from thy mother, and thy native home, 780  
 Exposed to savage beasts, and birds of prey,  
 Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea."

On Lucas and Antæus next he ran,  
 Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.  
 They fled for fear ; with these, he chased along 785  
 Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa strong,  
 Both great in arms, and both were fair and young.  
 Camers was son to Volscens, lately slain,  
 In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,  
 And in Amyclæ fix'd his silent easy reign. 790

And, as Ægeon, when with heav'n he strove,  
 Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove ;  
 Moved all his hundred hands, provoked the war,  
 Defied the forky lightning from afar ;  
 At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires, 795  
 And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires ;  
 In his right hand as many swords he wields,  
 And takes the thunder on as many shields :

With strength like his, the Trojan hero stood;  
 And soon the fields with falling corpse were  
     strow'd, 800

When once his falchion found the taste of blood.

With fury scarce to be conceived, he flew  
 Against Niphæus, whom four coursers drew.  
 They, when they see the fiery chief advance,  
 And pushing at their chests his pointed lance, 805  
 Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with fear,  
 They threw their master headlong from the chair.  
 They stare, they start, nor stop their course, before  
 They bear the bounding chariot to the shore.

Now Lucagus and Liger scour the plains, 810  
 With two white steeds; but Liger holds the reins,  
 And Lucagus the lofty seat maintains—  
 Bold brethren both. The former waved in air  
 His flaming sword: Æneas couch'd his spear,  
 Unused to threats, and more unused to fear. 815

Then Liger thus: "Thy confidence is vain  
 To 'scape from hence, as from the Trojan plain;  
 Nor these the steeds which Diomede bestrode,  
 Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode:  
 Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's shield: 820  
 Thy fatal hour is come; and this the field."  
 Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer  
 Return'd his answer with his flying spear.

As Lucagus, to lash his horses, bends,  
 Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends, 825  
 Prepared for fight—the fatal dart arrives,  
 And through the border of his buckler drives;  
 Pass'd through, and pierced his groin. The deadly  
     wound,

Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground:  
 Whom thus the chief upbraids with scornful spite:  
 "Blame not the slowness of your steeds in  
     flight: 831

Vain shadows did not force their swift retreat;  
 But you yourself forsake your empty seat."

He said, and seized at once the loosen'd rein ;  
 For Liger lay already on the plain 835  
 By the same shock : then, stretching out his hands,  
 The recreant thus his wretched life demands :  
 " Now by thyself, O more than mortal man !  
 By her and him from whom thy breath began,  
 Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee, spare 840  
 This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's pray'r."  
 Thus much he spoke, and more he would have  
 said ;

But the stern hero turn'd aside his head,  
 And cut him short : " I hear another man :  
 You talk'd not thus before the fight began. 845  
 Now take your turn ; and, as a brother should,  
 Attend your brother to the Stygian flood."  
 Then through his breast his fatal sword he sent ;  
 And the soul issued at the gaping vent. 849  
 As storms the skies, and torrents shake the ground,  
 Thus raged the prince, and scatter'd deaths around.  
 At length Ascanius, and the Trojan train,  
 Broke from the camp, so long besieged in vain.  
 Meantime the king of gods and mortal man  
 Held conference with his queen, and thus began : 855  
 " My sister goddess, and well-pleasing wife,  
 Still think you Venus' aid supports the strife—  
 Sustains her Trojans—or themselves, alone,  
 With inborn valour force their fortune on ?  
 How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd ! 860  
 Judge if such warriors want immortal aid."  
 To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,  
 Soft in her tone, submissively replies :  
 " Why, O my sov'reign lord, whose frown I fear,  
 And cannot, unconcern'd your anger bear— 865  
 Why urge you thus my grief ? when, if I still  
 (As once I was) were mistress of your will,  
 From your almighty pow'r your pleasing wife  
 Might gain the grace of length'ning Turnus' life,  
 Securely snatch him from the fatal fight, 870  
 And give him to his aged father's sight.

Now let him perish, since you hold it good,  
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.  
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,  
And, in the fourth degree, from god Pilumnus  
came! 875

Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,  
And offers daily incense at your shrine."

Then shortly thus the sov'reign god replied:  
"Since in my pow'r and goodness you confide,  
If, for a little space, a lengthen'd span, 880  
You beg reprieve for this expiring man,  
I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence,  
From instant fate, and can so far dispense.  
But, if some secret meaning lies beneath,  
To save the short-lived youth from destined death,  
Or, if a further thought you entertain, 886  
To change the fates; you feed your hopes in  
vain."

To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes:  
"And what if that request your tongue denies,  
Your heart should grant—and not a short reprieve,  
But length of certain life, to Turnus give? 891  
Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,  
If my presaging soul divines with truth;  
Which, O! I wish, might err through causeless  
fears,

And you (for you have pow'r) prolong his years!"

Thus having said, involv'd in clouds, she flies, 896  
And drives a storm before her through the skies.  
Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,  
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.  
Of air condensed, a spectre soon she made; 900  
And, what Æneas was, such seem'd the shade.  
Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore  
His head aloft; a plummy crest he wore:  
This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,  
And that sustain'd an imitated shield. 905  
With manly mien he stalk'd along the ground,  
Nor wanted voice belied, nor vaunting sound.

(Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking sight,  
 Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night).  
 The spectre seems the Daunian chief to dare, 910  
 And flourishes his empty sword in air.  
 At this, advancing, Turnus hurl'd his spear:  
 The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for fear.  
 Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,  
 And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed. 915  
 "Whither, O coward!" (thus he calls aloud,  
 Nor found he spoke to wind, and chased a cloud)  
 "Why thus forsake your bride? Receive from me  
 The fated land you sought so long by sea."  
 He said; and, brandishing at once his blade, 920  
 With eager pace pursued the flying shade.  
 By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,  
 Which from old Clusium King Osinius bore:  
 The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;  
 For shelter there the trembling shadow bent, 925  
 And skipp'd and skulk'd, and under hatches went.  
 Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste,  
 Ascends the plank, and to the galley pass'd.  
 Scarce had he reach'd the prow; Saturnia's hand  
 The hawsers cuts, and shoots the ship from land.  
 With wind in poop, the vessel ploughs the sea, 931  
 And measures back with speed her former way.  
 Meantime Æneas seeks his absent foe,  
 And sends his slaughter'd troops to shades below.  
 The guileful phantom now forsook the shroud, 935  
 And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a cloud.  
 Too late young Turnus the delusion found,  
 Far on the sea, still making from the ground.  
 Then, thankless for a life redeem'd by shame,  
 With sense of honour stung, and forfeit fame, 940  
 Fearful besides of what in fight had pass'd,  
 His hands and haggard eyes to heav'n he cast  
 "O Jove!" he cried—"for what offence have I  
 Deserved to bear this endless infamy?  
 Whence am I forced, and whither am I borne? 945  
 How, and with what reproach shall I return?

Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,  
 Or see Laurentum's lofty tow'rs again?  
 What will they say of their deserting chief?  
 The war was mine: I fly from their relief! 950  
 I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave;  
 And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.  
 Here, overmatch'd in fight, in heaps they lie,  
 There, scatter'd o'er the fields, ignobly fly.  
 Gape wide, O earth, and draw me down alive! 955  
 Or, oh! ye pitying winds, a wretch relieve!  
 On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive;  
 Or set nie shipwreck'd on some desert shore,  
 Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more—  
 Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious fame, 960  
 Lest she should follow, and my flight proclaim."

Thus Turnus raved, and various fates revolved:  
 The choice was doubtful, but the death resolved.  
 And now the sword, and now the sea, took place—  
 That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace. 965  
 Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,  
 By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain.  
 Thrice he the sword essay'd, and thrice the flood:  
 But Juno, moved with pity, both withstood,  
 And thrice repress'd his rage; strong gales sup-  
 plied, 970

And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide.  
 At length she lands him on his native shores,  
 And to his father's longing arms restores.

Meantime, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius arm'd,  
 Succeeding Turnus, with his ardour warm'd, 975  
 His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful  
 flight,

Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.  
 Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire:  
 Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire  
 Of wish'd revenge—on him, and him alone, 980  
 All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.  
 He, like a solid rock by seas enclosed,  
 To raging winds and roaring waves opposed;



From his proud summit looking down, disdains  
Their empty menace, and unmoved remains. 985

Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,  
Then Latagus, and Palmus as he fled.  
At Latagus a weighty stone he flung:

His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.  
But Palmus from behind receives his wound: 990

Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground:

His crest and armour, from his body torn,  
Thy shoulders, Lausus, and thy head adorn.

Evas and Mimas, both of Troy, he slew,  
Mimas his birth from fair Theano drew— 995

Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,

The queen produced young Paris to his sire.

But Paris in the Phrygian fields was slain,

Unthinking Mimas on the Latian plain.

And, as a savage boar, on mountains bred, 1000

With forest mast and fatt'ning mashes fed,

When once he sees himself in toils enclosed,

By huntsmen and their eager hounds opposed,

He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war:

Th' invaders dart their jav'lines from afar: 1005

All keep aloof, and safely shout around:

But none presumes to give a nearer wound.

He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,

And shakes a grove of lances from his side:

Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspired, 1010

And just revenge against the tyrant fired,

Their darts with clamour at a distance drive,

And only keep the languish'd war alive.

From Corythus came Acron to the fight,  
Who left his spouse betroth'd, and unconsummated  
night. 1015

Mezentius sees him through the squadron ride,

Proud of the purple favours of his bride:

Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds

A gamesome goat who frisks about the folds,

Or beamy stag that grazes on the plain— 1020

He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane;

He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws :  
 The prey lies panting underneath his paws :  
 He fills his famish'd maw ; his mouth runs o'er  
 With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the  
 gore : 1025

So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes,  
 And first unhappy Acron overthrows :  
 Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy  
 ground :

The lance, besmear'd with blood, lies broken in the  
 wound.

Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd 1030  
 Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursued ;  
 Nor thought the dastard's back deserved a wound,  
 But, running, gain'd th' advantage of the ground :  
 Then turning short, he met him face to face,  
 To give his victory the better grace. 1035

Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd :  
 Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast,  
 And rested lance ; and thus aloud he cries :  
 " Lo ! here the champion of my rebels lies !"  
 The fields around with Iō Pæan ring ; 1040  
 And peals of shouts applaud the conqu'ring king.

At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,  
 Thus faintly spoke, and prophesied in death :  
 " Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain,  
 Like death attends thee on this fatal plain." 1045

Then, sourly smiling, thus the king replied :  
 " For what belongs to me, let Jove provide :  
 But die thou first, whatever chance ensue."  
 He said, and from the wound the weapon drew.  
 A hov'ring mist came swimming o'er his sight, 1050  
 And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.

By Cædicus, Alcathous was slain :  
 Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain :  
 Orses the strong to greater strength must yield :  
 He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd. 1055  
 Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,  
 Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew.

But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,  
 Who threw his master, as he made a bound :  
 The chief, alighting, stuck him to the ground ; 1060  
 Then Clonius, hand to hand, on foot assails :  
 The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails.

Agis the Lycian, stepping forth with pride,  
 To single fight the boldest foe defied ;  
 Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame, 1065  
 And not belied his mighty father's fame.  
 Salius to death the great Authronius sent :  
 But the same fate the victor underwent ;  
 Slain by Nealces' hand, well skill'd to throw  
 The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving  
 bow. 1070

Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance :  
 By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance,

Victors and vanquish'd in the various field,  
 Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.  
 The gods from heav'n survey the fatal strife, 1075  
 And mourn the miseries of human life.  
 Above the rest, two goddesses appear  
 Concern'd for each : here Venus, Juno there.  
 Amid the crowd, infernal Ate shakes  
 Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes. 1080

Once more the proud Mezentius, with disdain,  
 Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain,  
 Where tow'ring in the midmost ranks he stood,  
 Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood  
 (When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves,  
 His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves), 1086  
 Or like a mountain-ash, whose roots are spread.  
 Deep fix'd in earth—in clouds he hides his head.

The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,  
 And dauntless undertook the doubtful war. 1090  
 Collected in his strength, and like a rock  
 Poised on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.  
 He stood, and meas'ring first with careful eyes  
 The space his spear could reach, aloud he cries :

"My strong right hand, and sword, assist my  
stroke! 1095

(Those only gods Mezentius will invoke ;)  
His armour from the Trojan pirate torn,  
By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn."  
He said ; and with his utmost force he threw  
The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew, 1100  
Reach'd the celestial shield : that stopp'd the  
course ;

But, glancing thence, the yet unbroken force  
Took a new bent obliquely, and, betwixt  
The side and bowels, famed Antiores fix'd.  
Antiores had from Argos travell'd far, 1105  
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war ;  
Till, tired with toils, fair Italy he chose,  
And in Evander's palace sought repose.  
Now falling by another's wound, his eyes  
He cast to heav'n, on Argos thinks, and dies. 1110

The pious Trojan then his jav'lin sent :  
The shield gave way : through triple plates it went  
Of solid brass, of linen triply roll'd,  
And three bull-hides which round the buckler  
roll'd.

All these it pass'd, resistless in the course, 1115  
Transpierced his thigh, and spent its dying force.  
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood.  
The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,  
His falchion drew, to closer fight address'd,  
And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd. 1120

His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief :  
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.  
And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I must  
To thy immortal memory be just,  
And sing an act so noble and so new, 1125  
Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.  
Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,  
The father sought to save himself by flight ;  
Encumber'd, slow he dragg'd the spear along,  
Which pierced his thigh, and in his buckler hung.

The pious youth, resolved on death, below 1131  
 The lifted sword, springs forth to face the foe ;  
 Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.  
 Shouts of applause ran ringing through the field,  
 To see the son the vanquish'd father shield. 1135  
 All fired with gen'rous indignation, strive,  
 And with a storm of darts, to distance drive  
 The Trojan chief, who, held at bay from far,  
 On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.

As, when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,  
 The ploughman, passenger, and lab'ring hind, 1141  
 For shelter to the neigh'ring covert fly,  
 Or housed, or safe in hollow caverns, lie ;  
 But that o'erblown, when heav'n above them smiles,  
 Return to travail, and renew their toils : 1145  
 Æneas thus, o'erwhelm'd on ev'ry side,  
 The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide ;  
 And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threat'ning  
 cried :

" Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage  
 In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age, 1150  
 Betray'd by pious love ?"—Nor, thus forborne,  
 The youth desists, but with insulting scorn  
 Provokes the ling'ring prince, whose patience  
 tired,

Gave place ; and all his breast with fury fired.  
 For now the Fates prepared their sharpen'd  
 shears ; 1155

And lifted high the flaming sword appears,  
 Which, full descending with a frightful sway,  
 Through shield and corselet forced th' impetuous  
 way,

And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.  
 The purple streams through the thin armour  
 strove, 1160

And drench'd the embroider'd coat his mother  
 wove ;

And life at length forsook his heaving heart,  
 Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But when, with blood and paleness all-o'erspread,  
 The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead, 1165  
 He grieved; he wept (the sight an image brought  
 Of his own filial love—a sadly pleasing thought),  
 Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said:  
 "Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid  
 To love so great, to such transcendent store 1170  
 Of early worth, and sure presage of more!  
 Accept whate'er Æneas can afford:  
 Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword;  
 And all that pleased thee living, still remain  
 Inviolatè, and sacred to the slain. 1175  
 Thy body on thy parents I bestow,  
 To rest thy soul, at least, if shadows know,  
 Or have a sense of human things below.  
 There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell  
 'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell." 1180  
 With this, his distant friends he beckons near;  
 Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:  
 Himself assists to lift him from the ground,  
 With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out  
 the wound.

Meantime his father, now no father, stood, 1185  
 And wash'd his wounds, by Tiber's yellow flood:  
 Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,  
 His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.  
 A bough his brazen helmet did sustain;  
 His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain: 1190  
 A chosen train of youth around him stand;  
 His drooping head was rested on his hand:  
 His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought;  
 And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.  
 Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent, 1195  
 He much inquired, and many a message sent  
 To warn him from the field—alas! in vain!  
 Behold! his mournful followers bear him slain:  
 O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning  
 wound,  
 And drew a bloody trail along the ground. 1200

Far off he heard their cries, far off divined  
 The dire event with a foreboding mind.  
 With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head;  
 Then both his lifted hands to heav'n he spread;  
 Last, the dear corpse embracing, thus he said: 1205  
 "What joys, alas! could this frail being give,  
 That I have been so covetous to live!  
 To see my son, and such a son, resign  
 His life a ransom for preserving mine!  
 And am I then preserved, and art thou lost! 1210  
 How much too dear has that redemption cost!  
 'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel:  
 This is a wound too deep for time to heal.  
 My guilt thy growing virtues did defame:  
 My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name. 1215  
 Chased from a throne, abandon'd, and exiled  
 For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild.  
 I owed my people these, and, from their hate,  
 With less resentment could have borne my fate.  
 And yet I live, and yet sustain the sight 1220  
 Of hated men, and of more hated light—  
 But will not long." With that he raised from  
 ground  
 His fainting limbs, that stagger'd with his wound;  
 Yet, with a mind resolved, and unappall'd  
 With pains or perils, for his courser call'd— 1225  
 Well-mouth'd, well-managed, whom himself did  
 dress  
 With daily care, and mounted with success—  
 His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.  
 Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,  
 The steed seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke: 1230  
 "O Rhæbus! we have lived too long for me—  
 If life and long were terms that could agree.  
 This day thou either shalt bring back the head  
 And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead—  
 This day thou either shalt revenge my wo, 1235  
 For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel foe;

Or, if inexorable Fate deny  
Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die :  
For, after such a lord, I rest secure,  
Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan lord, en-  
dure." 1240

He said ; and straight th' officious courser kneels,  
To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills  
With pointed jav'lins : on his head he laced  
His glitt'ring helm, which terribly was graced  
With waving horse-hair, nodding from afar ; 1245  
Then spurr'd his thund'ring steed amid the war.  
Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness  
wrought,

Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought  
Of inborn worth, his lab'ring soul oppress'd,  
Roll'd in his eyes, and raged within his breast. 1250  
Then loud he call'd Æneas thrice by name :  
The loud repeated voice to glad Æneas came.  
"Great Jove," he said, "and the far-shooting  
god,

Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good !"  
He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of fear, 1255  
And threaten'd with his long protended spear.

To whom Mezentius thus : "Thy vaunts are  
vain.

My Lausus lies extended on the plain :  
He's lost ! thy conquest is already won :  
The wretched sire is murder'd in the son. 1260  
Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy.

Forbear thy threats : my bus'ness is to die ;  
But first receive this parting legacy."  
He said ; and straight a whirling dart he sent :  
Another after, and another, went. 1265

Round in a spacious ring he rides the field,  
And vainly plies th' impenetrable shield.  
Thrice rode he round ; and thrice Æneas wheel'd,  
Turn'd as he turn'd : the golden orb withstood  
The strokes, and bore about an iron wood. 1270



Impatient of delay, and weary grown,  
Still to defend, and to defend alone,  
To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,  
Urged, and o'erlabour'd in unequal fight—  
At length resolved, he throws, with all his force,  
Full at the temples of the warrior horse. 1276  
Just where the stroke was aim'd th' unerring  
spear

Made way, and stood transfix'd through either ear.  
Seized with unwonted pain, surprised with fright,  
The wounded steed curvets, and, raised upright,  
Lights on his feet before: his hoofs behind 1281  
Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.  
Down comes the rider headlong from his height:  
His horse came after with unwieldy weight,  
And flound'ring forward, pitching on his head, 1285  
His lord's encumber'd shoulder overlaid.

From either host, the mingled shouts and cries  
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies:  
Æneas, hast'ning, waved his fatal sword  
High o'er his head, with this reproachful word: 1290  
"Now! where are now the vaunts, the fierce dis-  
dain

Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain?"

Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies  
With scarce recover'd sight, he thus replies:  
"Why these insulting words, this waste of breath,  
To souls undaunted, and secure of death? 1296  
'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die:  
Nor came I here with hope of victory;  
Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design.  
As I had used my fortune, use thou thine. 1300  
My dying son contracted no such band;  
The gift is hateful from his murd'rer's hand.  
For this, this only favour let me sue,  
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due,  
Refuse it not: but let my body have 1305  
The last retreat of humankind, a grave.

Too well I know th' insulting people's hate :  
Protect me from their vengeance after fate.  
This refuge for my poor remains provide ;  
And lay my much-loved Lausus by my side." 1310  
He said, and to the sword his throat applied.  
The crimson stream distain'd his arms around,  
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the  
wound.

## BOOK XI.

## ARGUMENT.

**ÆNEAS** erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius; grants a truce for burying the dead, and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity—Latinus calls a council, to propose offers of peace to Æneas; which occasions great animosity between Turnus and Drances—In the mean time there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalises herself; is killed; and the Latine troops are entirely defeated.

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**SCARCE** had the rosy morning raised her head  
 Above the waves, and left her wat'ry bed;  
 The pious chief, whom double cares attend  
 For his unburied soldiers and his friend,  
 Yet first to heav'n perform'd a victor's vows:      5  
 He bared an ancient oak of all her boughs;  
 Then on a rising ground the trunk he placed,  
 Which with the spoils of his dead foe he graced.  
 The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,  
 Now on a naked snag in triumph borne,      10  
 Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar,  
 A trophy sacred to the god of war.  
 Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,  
 Appear'd his plummy crest, besmear'd with blood.  
 His brazen buckler on the left was seen:      15  
 Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between;  
 And on the right was placed his corselet, bored;  
 And to the neck was tied his unavailing sword.  
 A crowd of chiefs enclose the godlike man,  
 Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began:      20  
 "Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success:  
 The greater part perform'd, achieve the less.  
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Now follow cheerful to the trembling town :  
Press but an entrance, and presume it won.  
Fear is no more ; for fierce Mezentius lies, 25  
As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.  
Turnus shall fall extended on the plain,  
And, in this omen, is already slain.  
Prepared in arms, pursue your happy chance ;  
That none unwarn'd may plead his ignorance, 30  
And I, at heaven's appointed hour, may find  
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.  
Meantime the rites and fun'ral pomps prepare,  
Due to your dead companions of the war—  
The last respect the living can bestow, 35  
To shield their shadows from contempt below.  
That conquer'd earth be theirs, for which they  
fought,  
And which for us with their own blood they bought.  
But first the corpse of our unhappy friend  
To the sad city of Evander send ; 40  
Who, not inglorious, in his age's bloom  
Was hurried hence by too severe a doom.”  
Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way, ..  
Where, new in death, lamented Pallas lay.  
Acœtes watch'd the corpse ; whose youth deserved  
The father's trust ; and now the son he served 45  
With equal faith, but less auspicious care.  
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.  
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,  
And mourning matrons with dishevell'd hair. 50  
Soon as the prince appears they raise a cry ;  
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.  
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground :  
But, when Æneas view'd the grisly wound  
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore, 55  
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore ;  
First, melting into tears, the pious man  
Deplored so sad a sight, then thus began :  
“ Unhappy youth ! when Fortune gave the rest  
Of my full wishes, she refused the best ! 60

She came; but brought not thee along, to bless  
 My longing eyes, and share in my success:  
 She grudged thy safe return, the triumphs due  
 To prosperous valour, in the public view.  
 Not thus I promised, when thy father lent 65  
 Thy needless succour with a sad consent;  
 Embraced me, parting for th' Etrurian land,  
 And sent me to possess a large command.  
 He warn'd, and from his own experience told,  
 Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold. 70  
 And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,  
 Rich odours on his loaded altars burn;  
 While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare  
 To send him back his portion of the war,  
 A bloody, breathless body, which can owe 75  
 No further debt but to the pow'rs below.  
 The wretched father, ere his race is run,  
 Shall view the fun'ral honours of his son:  
 These are my triumphs of the Latian war,  
 Fruits of my plighted faith and boasted care: 80  
 And yet, unhappy sire, thou shalt not see  
 A son, whose death disgraced his ancestry:  
 Thou shalt not blush, old man, however grieved:  
 Thy Pallas no dishonest wound received.  
 He died no death to make thee wish, too late, 85  
 Thou hadst not lived to see his shameful fate.  
 But what a champion has th' Ausonian coast,  
 And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!"  
 Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around  
 To raise the breathless body from the ground; 90  
 And chose a thousand horse, the flow'r of all  
 His warlike troops, to wait the funeral;  
 To bear him back, and share Evander's grief—  
 A well-becoming, but a weak relief.  
 Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier, 95  
 Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear.  
 The body on this rural hearse is borne:  
 Strew'd leaves and fun'ral greens the bier adorn.

All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flow'r,  
 New cropt by virgin hands, to dress the bow'r: 100  
 Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,  
 No more to mother earth or the green stem shall  
 owe.

Then two fair vests, of wondrous work and cost,  
 Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,  
 For ornament the Trojan hero brought, 105  
 Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.  
 One vest array'd the corpse; and one they spread  
 O'er his closed eyes, and wrapp'd around his head,  
 That, when the yellow hair in flame should fall,  
 The catching fire might burn the golden caul. 110  
 Besides, the spoils of foes in battle slain,  
 When he descended on the Latian plain—  
 Arms, trappings, horses—by the hearse are led  
 In long array—th' achievements of the dead:  
 Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear 115  
 Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear;  
 Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,  
 To sprinkle with their blood the fun'ral flame.  
 Inferior trophies by the chiefs are borne:  
 Gauntlets and helms their loaded hands adorn; 120  
 And fair inscriptions fix'd, and titles read  
 Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.

Accetes on his pupil's corpse attends,  
 With feeble steps, supported by his friends.  
 Pausing at every pace, in sorrow drown'd, 125  
 Between their arms he sinks upon the ground;  
 Where grov'ling while he lies in deep despair,  
 He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.  
 The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,  
 Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably  
 foul. 130

To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state,  
 Is led, the fun'ral of his lord to wait.  
 Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace  
 He walks; and the big tears run rolling down his  
 face.

The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest 135  
 Are borne behind:—the victor seized the rest.  
 The march begins: the trumpets hoarsely sound:  
 The pikes and lances trail along the ground.  
 Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horse  
 To Pallantean tow'rs direct their course, 140  
 In long procession rank'd; the pious chief  
 Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.  
 "The public care," he said, "which war attends,  
 Diverts our present woes, at least suspends.  
 Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell! 145  
 Hail, holy relics! and a last farewell!"  
 He said no more, but, inly though he mourn'd,  
 Restrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.

Now suppliants, from Laurentum sent, demand  
 A truce, with olive-branches in their hand; 150  
 Obtest his clemency, and from the plain  
 Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.  
 They plead, that none those common rites deny  
 To conquer'd foes, that in fair battle die.  
 All cause of hate was ended in their death; 155  
 Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.  
 A king, they hoped, would hear a king's re-  
 quest,

Whose son he once was call'd, and once his guest.

Their suit, which was too just to be denied,  
 The hero grants, and farther thus replied: 160  
 "O Latian princes! how severe a fate  
 In causeless quarrels has involved your state,  
 And arm'd against an unoffending man,  
 Who sought your friendship ere the war began!  
 You beg a truce, which I would gladly give, 165  
 Not only for the slain, but those who live.  
 I came not hither but by heaven's command,  
 And sent by fate to share the Latian land.  
 Nor wage I wars unjust: your king denied  
 My proffer'd friendship and my promised bride; 170  
 Left me for Turnus. Turnus then should try  
 His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.

My right and his are in dispute : the slain  
Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.  
In equal arms let us alone contend ; 175  
And let him vanquish, whom his fates befriend.  
This is the way (so tell him) to possess  
The royal virgin and restore the peace.  
Bear this my message back—with ample leave  
That your slain friends may fun'ral rites receive."

Thus having said, th' ambassadors, amazed, 181  
Stood mute awhile, and on each other gazed.  
Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breast  
Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profess'd,  
Broke silence first, and to the godlike man, 185  
With graceful action bowing, thus began :

"Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty name,  
But yet whose actions far transcend your fame !  
Would I your justice or your force express,  
Thought can but equal ; and all words are less. 190  
Your answer we shall thankfully relate,  
And favours granted to the Latian state.  
If wish'd success our labour shall attend,  
Think peace concluded, and the king your friend.  
Let Turnus leave the realm to your command ; 195  
And seek alliance in some other land :  
Build you the city which your fates assign ;  
We shall be proud in the great work to join."  
Thus Drances ; and his words so well persuade  
The rest empow'r'd, that soon a truce is made. 200  
Twelve days the term allow'd : and during those,  
Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,  
Mix'd in the woods, for fun'ral piles prepare  
To fell the timber, and forget the war. 204  
Loud axes through the groaning groves resound :  
Oak, mountain-ash, and poplar, spread the ground :  
Firs fall from high ; and some the trunks receive  
In loaded wains ; with wedges some they cleave.

And now the fatal news by Fame is blown  
Through the short circuit of th' Arcadian town. 210



Of Pallas slain—by Fame, which just before  
 His triumphs on distended pinions bore.  
 Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,  
 Each with a sun'ral flambeau in his hand.  
 Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze; 215  
 The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,  
 That casts a sullen splendour on their friends—  
 The marching troop which their dead prince attends.  
 Both parties meet: they raise a doleful cry:  
 The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply; 220  
 And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted sky.  
 The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,  
 Till the loud clamours reach Evander's ears:  
 Forgetful of his state, he runs along,  
 With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng; 225  
 Falls on the corpse: and groaning there he lies,  
 With silent grief, that speaks but at his eyes.  
 Short sighs and sobs succeed; till sorrow breaks  
 A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks:  
 “O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word!  
 To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword, 231  
 I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew  
 What perils youthful ardour would pursue—  
 That boiling blood would carry thee too far,  
 Young as thou wert to dangers, raw to war! 235  
 O curs'd essay of arms! disastrous doom!  
 Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!  
 Hard elements of inauspicious war!  
 Vain vows to heav'n, and unavailing care!  
 Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed, 240  
 Whose holy soul the stroke of Fortune fled—  
 Precious of ills, and leaving me behind,  
 To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd.  
 Beyond the goal of nature I have gone:  
 My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too soon. 245  
 If, for my league against th' Ausonian state,  
 Amid their weapons I had found my fate  
 (Deserved from them), then had I been return'd  
 A breathless victor, and my son had mourn'd.

Yet will I not my Trojan friend upbraid, 250  
 Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly made.  
 'Twas not his fault my Pallas fell so young,  
 But my own crime for having lived too long.  
 Yet, since the gods had destined him to die,  
 At least, he led the way to victory : 255  
 First for his friends he won the fatal shore,  
 And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes before—  
 A death too great, too glorious to deplore.  
 Nor will I add new honours to thy grave,  
 Content with those the Trojan hero gave— 260  
 That fun'ral pomp thy Phrygian friends design'd,  
 In which the Tuscan chiefs and army join'd.  
 Great spoils and trophies, gain'd by thee, they bear :  
 Then let thy own achievements be thy share.  
 Ev'n thou, O Turnus ! hadst a trophy stood, 265  
 Whose mighty trunk had better graced the wood,  
 If Pallas had arrived, with equal length  
 Of years, to match thy bulk with equal strength.  
 But why, unhappy man ! dost thou detain  
 These troops to view the tears thou shedd'st in  
 vain ? 270  
 Go, friends ! this message to your lord relate :  
 Tell him, that if I bear my bitter fate,  
 And, after Pallas' death, live ling'ring on,  
 'Tis to behold his vengeance for my son.  
 I stay for Turnus, whose devoted head 275  
 Is owing to the living and the dead.  
 My son and I expect it from his hand ;  
 'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.  
 Joy is no more ; but I would gladly go  
 To greet my Pallas with such news below." 280  
 The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night,  
 Restoring toils, when she restored the light.  
 The Trojan king, and Tuscan chief, command  
 To raise the piles along the winding strand.  
 Their friends convey the dead to fun'ral fires ; 285  
 Black smould'ring smoke from the green wood  
 expires ;

The light of heav'n is choked, and the new day  
retires.

Then thrice around the kindled piles they go  
(For ancient custom had ordain'd it so):  
Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led; 290  
And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.  
Tears, trickling down their breasts, bedew the  
ground;

And drums and trumpets mix the mournful sound.  
Amid the blaze their pious brethren throw  
The spoils in battle taken from the foe— 295  
Helms, bits emboss'd, and swords of shining steel:  
One casts a target, one a chariot-wheel;  
Some to their fellows their own arms restore—  
The falchions which in luckless fight they bore,  
Their bucklers pierced, their darts bestow'd in  
vain, 300

And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain.  
Whole herds of offer'd bulls, about the fire,  
And bristled boars, and woolly sheep, expire.  
Around the piles a careful troop attends  
To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burn-  
ing friends. 305

Ling'ring along the shore, till dewy night  
New decks the face of heav'n with starry light.  
The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,  
Piles without number for their dead prepare.  
Part, in the places where they fell, are laid; 310  
And part are, to the neighb'ring fields convey'd.  
The corpse of kings, and captains of renown,  
Borne off in state, are buried in the town;  
The rest, unhonour'd, and without a name,  
Are cast a common heap to feed the flame. 315  
Trojans and Latians vie with like desires  
To make the field of battle shine with fires;  
And the promiscuous blaze to heaven aspires.

Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,  
And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night, 320

When those who round the wasted fires remain,  
 Perform the last sad office to the slain.  
 They rake the yet warm ashes from below :  
 These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow :  
 These relics with their country rites they grace, 325  
 And raise a mound of turf to mark the place.

But, in the palace of the king, appears  
 A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.  
 Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans :  
 Orphans their sires, and sires lament their sons. 330  
 All in that universal sorrow share,  
 And curse the cause of this unhappy war—  
 A broken league, a bride unjustly sought,  
 A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought !  
 These are the crimes with which they load the  
 name 335

Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim :  
 " Let him, who lords it o'er th' Ausonian land,  
 Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand :  
 His is the gain : our lot is but to serve :  
 'Tis just the sway he seeks he should deserve." 340  
 This Drances aggravates ; and adds, with spite,  
 His foe expects, and dares him to the fight.  
 Nor Turnus wants a party, to support  
 His cause and credit in the Latian court.  
 His former acts secure his present fame ; 345  
 And the queen shades him with her mighty name.

While thus their factious minds with fury burn,  
 The legates from th' Ætolian prince return :  
 Sad news they bring, that, after all the cost  
 And care employ'd, their embassy is lost ; 350  
 That Diomedes refused his aid in war,  
 Unmoved with presents, and as deaf to pray'r.  
 Some new alliance must elsewhere be sought,  
 Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.

Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late 355  
 A foreign son is pointed out by fate ;  
 And, till Æneas shall Lavinia wed,  
 The wrath of heav'n is hov'ring o'er his head.

The gods, he saw, espoused the juster side,  
When late their titles in the field were tried: 360  
Witness the fresh laments, and fun'ral tears undried.

Thus full of anxious thought, he summons all  
The Latian senate to the council-hall.  
The princes come, commanded by their head,  
And crowd the paths that to the palace lead. 365  
Supreme in pow'r, and rev'renced for his years,  
He takes the throne, and in the midst appears.  
Majestically sad, he sits in state,  
And bids his envoys their success relate.

When Venulus began, the murmur'ing sound 370  
Was hush'd, and sacred silence reign'd around.  
"We have," said he, "perform'd your high command,

And pass'd with peril a long tract of land:  
We reach'd the place desired; with wonder fill'd,  
The Grecian tents and rising tow'rs beheld. 375  
Great Diomede has compass'd round with walls  
The city, which Argyripa he calls,  
From his own Argos named. We touch'd, with joy,  
The royal hand that razed unhappy Troy.  
When introduced, our presents first we bring, 380  
Then crave an instant audience from the king.  
His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name,  
And tell th' important cause for which we came.  
Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;  
Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look, 385  
Made this return: 'Ausonian race, of old  
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,  
What madness has your alter'd minds possess'd,  
To change for war hereditary rest,  
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword— 390  
A needless ill, your ancestors abhorr'd!  
We—for myself I speak, and all the name  
Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction came—  
(Omitting those who were in battle slain,  
Or borne by rolling Simois to the main), 395

Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought  
The prize of honour which in arms he sought.  
Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driv'n—  
Outcasts, abandon'd by the care of heav'n—  
So worn, so wretched, so despised a crew, 400  
As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.  
Witness the vessels by Minerva toss'd  
In storms—the vengeful Capharean coast—  
Th' Æubœan rocks,—the prince, whose brother led  
Our armies to revenge his injured bed, 405  
In Egypt lost. Ulysses, with his men,  
Have seen Charybdis, and the Cyclops' den.  
Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain  
Restored to sceptres, and expell'd again?  
Or young Achilles, by his rival slain? 410  
Ev'n he, the king of men, the foremost name  
Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by fame.  
The proud revenger of another's wife,  
Yet by his own adult'ress lost his life—  
Fell at his threshold: and the spoils of Troy 415  
The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.  
The gods have envied me the sweets of life,  
My much loved country, and my more loved wife:  
Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in the sky,  
Transform'd to birds, my lost companions fly: 420  
Hov'ring about the coasts they make their moan,  
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.  
What squalid spectres in the dead of night  
Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight!  
I might have promised to myself those harms, 425  
Mad as I was, when I, with mortal arms,  
Presumed against immortal pow'rs to move,  
And violate with wounds the queen of love.  
Such arms this hand shall never more employ.  
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy. 430  
I war not with its dust, nor am I glad  
To think of past events, or good or bad.  
Your presents I return: whate'er you bring  
To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king.

We met in fight: I know him, to my cost: 435  
 With what a whirling force his lance he toss'd!  
 Heav'ns! what a spring was in his arm, to throw!  
 How high he held his shield, and rose at ev'ry blow!  
 Had Troy produced two more his match in might,  
 They would have changed the fortune of the fight:  
 Th' invasion of the Greeks had been return'd, 441  
 Our empire wasted, and our cities burned.  
 The long defence the Trojan people made,  
 The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,  
 Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand: 445  
 Both brave alike, and equal in command;  
 Æneas, not inferior in the field,  
 In pious rev'rence to the gods excell'd.  
 Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care  
 Th' impending dangers of a fatal war.' 450  
 He said no more; but, with this cold excuse,  
 Refused th' alliance, and advised a truce."

Thus Venulus concluded his report.

A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court;  
 As, when a torrent rolls with rapid force, 455  
 And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course  
 The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,  
 Roars horrible along th' uneasy race;  
 White foam in gath'ring eddies floats around;  
 The rocky shores rebellow to the sound. 460

The murmur ceased: then from his lofty throne  
 The king invoked the gods, and thus began:  
 "I wish, ye Latians, what we now debate  
 Had been resolved before it was too late.  
 Much better had it been for you and me, 465  
 Unforced by this our last necessity,  
 To have been earlier wise, than now to call  
 A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.  
 O citizens! we wage unequal war,  
 With men, not only heaven's peculiar care, 470  
 But heaven's own race—unconquer'd in the field,  
 Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.

What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down :  
 Our hopes must centre on ourselves alone.  
 Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain, 475  
 You see too well ; nor need my words explain—  
 Vanquish'd without resource—laid flat by fate—  
 Factions within, a foe without the gate !  
 Not but I grant that all perform'd their parts  
 With manly force, and with undaunted hearts : 480  
 With our united strength the war we waged ;  
 With equal numbers, equal arms, engaged ;  
 You see th' event.—Now hear what I propose,  
 To save our friends, and satisfy our foes.  
 A tract of land the Latians have possess'd 485  
 Along the Tiber, stretching to the west,  
 Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till ;  
 And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill.  
 Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,  
 If you consent, the Trojans shall command, 490  
 Call'd into part of what is ours ; and there,  
 On terms agreed, the common country share.  
 There let them build and settle, if they please ;  
 Unless they choose once more to cross the seas,  
 In search of seats remote from Italy, 495  
 And from unwelcome inmates set us free.  
 Then twice ten galleys let us build with speed,  
 Or twice as many more, if more they need.  
 Materials are at hand : a well-grown wood  
 Runs equal with the margin of the flood : 500  
 Let them the number and the form assign :  
 The care and cost of all the stores be mine.  
 To treat the peace a hundred senators  
 Shall be commission'd hence with ample pow'rs,  
 With olive crown'd : the presents they shall bear,  
 A purple robe, a royal iv'ry chair, 506  
 And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs  
 wear,  
 And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate  
 This great affair, and save the sinking state."



Then Drances took the word, who grudged, long  
since, 510

The rising glories of the Daunian prince.  
Factionous and rich, bold at the council-board,  
But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword—  
A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord,  
Noble his mother was, and near the throne : 515  
But, what his father's parentage, unknown.  
He rose, and took th' advantage of the times  
To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.  
"Such truths, O king!" said he, "your words contain,  
As strike the sense, and all replies are vain; 520  
Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek  
What common needs require; but fear to speak.  
Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,  
Whose pride this inauspicious war began;  
For whose ambition (let me dare to say, 525  
Fear set apart, though death is in my way)  
The plains of Latium run with blood around;  
So many valiant heroes bite the ground;  
Dejected grief in ev'ry face appears;  
A town in mourning, and a land in tears; 530  
While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,  
The man who menaces the gods with arms,  
Yet, after all his boasts, forsook the fight,  
And sought his safety in ignoble flight.  
Now, best of kings, since you propose to send 535  
Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend,  
Add yet a greater at our joint request,  
One which he values more than all the rest;  
Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride:  
With that alliance let the league be tied, 540  
And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide.  
Let insolence no longer awe the throne;  
But, with a father's right, bestow your own.  
For this maligner of the gen'ral good,  
If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd: 545  
His haughty godhead we with pray'rs implore  
Your sceptre to release, and our just rights restore.

O cursed cause of all our ills ! must we  
 Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight, for thee ?  
 What right hast thou to rule the Latian state, 550  
 And send us out to meet our certain fate ?  
 'Tis a destructive war : from Turnus' hand  
 Our peace and public safety we demand.  
 Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain ;  
 If not, the peace, without the pledge, is vain. 555  
 Turnus, I know you think me not your friend,  
 Nor will I much with your belief contend :  
 I beg your greatness not to give the law  
 In other realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.  
 Pity your own, or pity our estate ; 560  
 Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.  
 Your int'rest is, the war should never cease ;  
 But we have felt enough, to wish the peace—  
 A land exhausted to the last remains,  
 Depopulated towns, and driven plains. 565  
 Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of pow'r,  
 A beauteous princess, with a crown in dow'r.  
 So fire your mind, in arms assert your right,  
 And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.  
 Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone ! 570  
 We, but the slaves who mount you to the throne—  
 A base ignoble crowd, without a name,  
 Unwept, unworthy of the fun'ral flame,  
 By duty bound to forfeit each his life,  
 That Turnus may possess a royal wife ! 575  
 Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew  
 Should share such triumphs, and detain from you  
 The post of honour, your undoubted due.  
 Rather alone your matchless force employ  
 To merit what alone you must enjoy." 580  
 These words, so full of malice mix'd with art,  
 Inflamed with rage the youthful hero's heart.  
 Then groaning from the bottom of his breast,  
 He heaved for wind, and thus his wrath express'd :  
 " You, Drances, never want a stream of words, 585  
 Then, when the public need requires our swords,

First in the council-hall to steer the state,  
 And ever foremost in a tongue debate,  
 While our strong walls secure us from the foe,  
 Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow : 590  
 But let the potent orator declaim,  
 And with the brand of coward blot my name ;  
 Free leave is giv'n him, when his fatal hand  
 Has cover'd with more corpse the sanguine strand,  
 And high as mine his tow'ring trophies stand. 595  
 If any doubt remains who dares the most,  
 Let us decide it at the Trojans' cost,  
 And issue both abreast, where honour calls—  
 (Foes are not far to seek without the walls)  
 Unless his noisy tongue can only fight, 600  
 And feet were giv'n him but to speed his flight.  
 I beaten from the field ! I forced away !  
 Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say ?  
 Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes  
 Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies— 605  
 What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,  
 And how the bloody Tiber swell'd the main.  
 All saw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire  
 In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.  
 The giant brothers, in their camp, have found, 610  
 I was not forced with ease to quit my ground.  
 Not such the Trojans tried me, when, enclosed,  
 I singly their united arms opposed—  
 First forced an entrance through their thick array,  
 Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my  
 way. 615  
 'Tis a destructive war ! So let it be,  
 But to the Phrygian pirate, and to thee !  
 Meantime proceed to fill the people's ears  
 With false reports, their minds with panic fears.  
 Extol the strength of a twice conquer'd race ; 620  
 Our foes encourage and our friends debase.  
 Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town  
 Triumphant stands ; the Grecians are o'erthrown ;

Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies ;  
And Diomede from fierce Æneas flies. 635  
Say, rapid Aufidus with awful dread  
Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,  
When the great Trojan on his bank appears :  
For that's as true as thy dissembled fears  
Of my revenge : dismiss that vanity : 630  
Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.  
Let that vile soul in that vile body rest ;  
The lodging is well worthy of the guest.  
Now, royal father, to the present state  
Of our affairs, and of this high debate— 635  
If in your arms thus early you diffide,  
And think your fortune is already tried ;  
If one defeat has brought us down so low,  
As never more in fields to meet the foe ;  
Then I conclude for peace : 'tis time to treat, 640  
And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.  
But, oh ! if any ancient blood remains,  
One drop of all our fathers, in our veins,  
That man would I prefer before the rest,  
Who dared his death with an undaunted breast ; 645  
Who comely fell by no dishonest wound,  
To shun that sight, and, dying, gnaw'd the ground.  
But, if we still have fresh recruits in store,  
If our confed'rates can afford us more ;  
If the contended field we bravely fought ; 650  
And not a bloodless victory was bought.  
Their losses equall'd ours ; and, for their slain,  
With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain ;  
Why thus, unforced, should we so tamely yield,  
And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field ? 655  
Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,  
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene.  
Some raised aloft, come tumbling down again :  
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.  
If Diomede refuse his aid to lend, 660  
The great Messapus yet remains our friend :

Tolumnius, who foretells events, is ours :  
 Th' Italian chiefs and princes join their pow'rs :  
 Nor least in number, nor in name the last,  
 Your own brave subjects have our cause embraced.  
 Above the rest, the Volscian amazon 666  
 Contains an army in herself alone,  
 And heads a squadron, terrible to sight,  
 With glitt'ring shields, in brazen armour bright.  
 Yet, if the foe a single fight demand, 670  
 And I alone the public peace withstand ;  
 If you consent, he shall not be refused ;  
 Nor find a hand to victory unused.  
 This new Achilles, let him take the field,  
 With fated armour, and Vulcanian shield ; 675  
 For you, my royal father, and my fame,  
 I, Turnus, not the least of all my name,  
 Devote my soul. He calls me hand to hand :  
 And I alone will answer his demand.  
 Drances shall rest secure, and neither share 680  
 The danger, nor divide the prize of war."

While they debate, nor these nor those will  
 yield,

Æneas draws his forces to the field,  
 And moves his camp. The scouts with flying  
 speed

Return, and through the frightened city spread 685  
 Th' unpleasing news. "The Trojans are descried,  
 In battle marching by the river side,  
 And bending to the town." They take th' alarm :  
 Some tremble ; some are bold : all in confusion  
 arm.

Th' impetuous youth press forward to the field : 690  
 They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield.  
 The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry ;  
 Old feeble men with fainter groans reply :  
 A jarring sound results, and mingles in the sky,  
 Like that of swans remurm'ring to the floods, 695  
 Of birds of diff'ring kinds in hollow woods.

Turnus th' occasion takes, and cries aloud ;  
" Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd :  
Declaim in praise of peace, when danger calls,  
And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls." 700  
He said, and, turning short with speedy pace,  
Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the place.  
" Thou, Volusus, the Volscian troops command  
To mount ; and lead thyself our Ardean band.  
Messapus, and Catillus, post your force 705  
Along the fields, to charge the Trojan horse.  
Some guard the passes ; others man the wall ;  
Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call."  
They swarm from ev'ry quarter of the town,  
And with disorder'd haste the ramparts crown. 710  
Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,  
The gath'ring storm just breaking on the state,  
Dismiss'd the council till a fitter time,  
And own'd his easy temper as his crime,  
Who, forced against his reason, had complied 715  
To break the treaty for the promised bride.  
Some help to sink new trenches ; others aid  
To ram the stones, or raise the palisade.  
Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm : around the walls  
Runs a distracted crew, whom their last labour  
calls. 720  
A sad procession in the streets is seen  
Of matrons that attend the mother queen :  
High in her chair she sits, and, at her side,  
With downcast eyes appears the fatal bride.  
They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple stands ;  
Pray'rs in their mouths, and presents in their  
hands. 726  
With censers, first they fume the sacred shrine,  
Then in this common supplication join :  
" O patroness of arms, unspotted maid !  
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid : 730  
Break short the pirate's lance ; pronounce his fate,  
And lay the Phrygian low before the gate."

Now Turnus arms for fight. His back and breast  
 Well-temper'd steel and scaly brass invest :  
 The cuishes, which his brawny thighs infold, 735  
 Are mingled metal damask'd o'er with gold.  
 His faithful falchion sits upon his side ;  
 Nor casque nor crest his manly features hide :  
 But, bare to view, amid surrounding friends,  
 With godlike grace, he from the tow'r descends. 740  
 Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare  
 His absent rival, and to promise war.

Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,  
 The wanton courser prances o'er the plains,  
 Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds, 745  
 And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds,  
 Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-known flood,  
 To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood :  
 He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,  
 And o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane : 750  
 He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high ;  
 Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.

Soon as the prince appears without the gate,  
 The Volscians, and their virgin leader, wait  
 His last commands. Then, with a graceful mien,  
 Lights from her lofty steed the warrior queen : 756  
 Her squadron imitates, and each descends ;  
 Whose common suit Camilla thus commends :  
 " If sense of honour, if a soul secure  
 Of inborn worth that can all tests endure, 760  
 Can promise aught, or on itself rely  
 Greatly to dare to conquer or to die ;  
 Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet  
 The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.  
 Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown : 765  
 You, gen'ral, stay behind, and guard the town."  
 Turnus a while stood mute with glad surprise,  
 And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes,  
 Then thus return'd : " O grace of Italy !  
 With what becoming thanks can I reply ? 770

Not only words lie lab'ring in my breast ;  
 But thought itself is by thy praise oppress'd.  
 Yet rob me not of all ; but let me join  
 My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.  
 The Trojan, not in stratagem unskill'd, 775  
 Sends his light horse before to scour the field :  
 Himself, through steep ascent and thorny brakes,  
 A larger compass to the city takes.

This news my scouts confirm : and I prepare  
 To foil his cunning, and his force to dare : 780  
 With chosen foot his passage to forelay,  
 And place an ambush in the winding way.  
 Thou, with thy Volscians, face the Tuscan horse :  
 The brave Messapus shall thy troops inforce  
 With those of Tibur, and the Latian band, 785  
 Subjected all to thy supreme command."

This said, he warns Messapus to the war ;  
 Then ev'ry chief exhorts with equal care.  
 All thus encouraged, his own troops he joins,  
 And hastes to prosecute his deep designs. 790

Inclosed with hills a winding valley lies,  
 By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprise.  
 A narrow track, by human steps untrode,  
 Leads, through perplexing thorns, to this obscure  
 abode.

High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands, 795  
 Whence the surveying sight the nether ground com-  
 mands,

The top is level—an offensive seat  
 Of war ; and from the war a safe retreat :  
 For, on the right and left, is room to press  
 The foes at hand, or from afar distress ; 800  
 To drive 'em headlong downward ; and to pour  
 On their descending backs a stony show'r.  
 Thither young Turnus took the well-known way,  
 Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.

Meantime, Latonian Phœbe, from the skies, 805  
 Behold the approaching war with hateful eyes,



And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,  
 Her most beloved and ever trusty maid;  
 Then with a sigh began: "Camilla goes  
 To meet her death amid her fatal foes— 810  
 The nymph I loved of all my mortal train,  
 Invested with Diana's arms, in vain.  
 Nor is my kindness for the virgin new:  
 'Twas born with her; and with her years it grew.  
 Her father Metabus, when forced away 815  
 From old Privernum for tyrannic sway,  
 Snatch'd up, and saved from his prevailing foes,  
 This tender babe, companion of his woes.  
 Casmilla was her mother: but he drown'd  
 One hissing letter in a softer sound, 820  
 And call'd Camilla. Through the woods he flies;  
 Wrapp'd in his robe the royal infant lies.  
 His foes in sight, he mends his weary pace;  
 With shouts and clamours they pursue the chase.  
 The banks of Amasene at length he gains; 825  
 The raging flood his farther flight restrains,  
 Raised o'er the borders with unusual rains.  
 Prepared to plunge into the stream, he fears,  
 Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.  
 Anxious, he stops a while, and thinks in haste, 830  
 Then, desp'rate in distress, resolves at last.  
 A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore:  
 The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:  
 He closed the child within the hollow space;  
 With twigs of bending osier bound the case, 835  
 Then poised the spear, heavy with human weight,  
 And thus invoked my favour for the freight:  
 'Accept, great goddess of the woods,' he said,  
 'Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid!  
 Through air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine; 840  
 And the first weapons that she knows are thine.'  
 He said; and with full force the spear he threw:  
 Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.  
 Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide,  
 And gain'd, by stress of arms, the farther side. 845

His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground,  
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound :  
Nor, after that, in towns which walls enclose,  
Would trust his hunted life amid his foes ;  
But, rough, in open air he chose to lie : 850  
Earth was his couch ; his cov'ring was the sky  
On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,  
He shunn'd the dire society of men.  
A shepherd's solitary life he led :  
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed. 855  
The dugs of bears, and ev'ry savage beast,  
He drew, and through her lips the liquor press'd.  
The little amazon could scarcely go—  
He loads her with a quiver and a bow ;  
And, that she might her stagg'ring steps command,  
He with a slender jav'lin fills her hand. 860  
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound ;  
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.  
Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread  
Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head. 865  
The flying dart she first attempts to fling,  
And round her tender temples toss'd the sling ;  
Then, as her strength with years increased, began  
To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan,  
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the  
crane. 870  
The Tuscan matrons with each other vied  
To bless their rival sons with such a bride :  
But she diddains their love, to share with me  
The sylvan shades, and vow'd virginity.  
And, oh ! I wish, contented with my cares 875  
Of savage spoils, she had not sought the wars :  
Then had she been of my celestial train,  
And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be slain.  
But since, opposing heav'ns decree, she goes  
To find her death among forbidden foes, 880  
Haste with these arms, and take thy steepy flight,  
Where, with the gods averse, the Latins fight.

This bow to thee, this quiver, I bequeath,  
 This chosen arrow, to revenge her death :  
 By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain, 885  
 Or of the Trojan or Italian train,  
 Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.  
 Then, in a hollow cloud, myself will aid  
 To bear the breathless body of my maid :  
 Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprofaned 890  
 Her holy limbs with any human hand,  
 And in a marble tomb laid in her native land."

She said. The faithful nymph descends from  
 high  
 With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky :  
 Black clouds and stormy winds around her body 895  
 fly.

By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan horse,  
 Drawn up in squadrons, with united force  
 Approach the walls: the sprightly coursers bound,  
 Press forward on their bits, and shift their ground.  
 Shields, arms, and spears, flash horribly from far;  
 And the fields glitter with a waving war. 901  
 Opposed to these, come on with furious force  
 Messapus, Coras, and the Latian horse;  
 These in the body placed, on either hand  
 Sustain'd and closed by fair Camilla's band. 905  
 Advancing in a line, they couch their spears;  
 And less and less the middle space appears.  
 Thick smoke obscures the field; and scarce are  
 seen

The neighing coursers, and the shouting men.  
 In distance of their darts they stop their course; 910  
 Then man to man they rush, and horse to horse.  
 The face of heaven their flying jav'lins hide;  
 And deaths unseen are dealt on either side.  
 Tyrrhenus and Aconteus, void of fear,  
 By mettled coursers borne in full career, 915  
 Meet first opposed; and, with a mighty shock,  
 Their horses' heads against each other knock.

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Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus cast,  
As with an engine's force, or lightning's blast :  
He rolls along in blood, and breathes his last. 920  
The Latin squadrons take a sudden fright,  
And sling their shields behind, to save their backs  
in flight.

Spurring at speed, to their own walls they drew ;  
Close in the rear the Tuscan troops pursue,  
And urge their flight : Asylas leads the chase ; 925  
Till, seized with shame, they wheel about, and face,  
Receive their foes, and raise a threat'ning cry.  
The Tuscans take their turn to fear and fly.

So swelling surges, with a thund'ring roar,  
Driven on each other's backs, insult the shore, 930  
Bound o'er the rocks, encroach upon the land,  
And far upon the beach eject the sand ;  
Then backward, with a swing, they take their way,  
Repulsed from upper ground, and seek their mother-  
sea ;

With equal hurry quit th' invaded shore, 935  
And swallow back the sand and stones they spew'd  
before.

Twice were the Tuscans masters of the field,  
Twice were the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.  
Ashamed at length, to the third charge they ran—  
Both hosts resolved, and mingled man to man. 940  
Now dying groans are heard ; the fields are strow'd  
With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood.  
Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie :  
Confused the fight, and more confused the cry.  
Orsilochns, who durst not press too near 945  
Strong Remulus, at distance drove his spear,  
And struck the steel beneath his horse's ear.  
The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,  
Curvets, and, springing upward with a bound,  
His helpless lord cast backward on the ground. 950  
Catillus pierced Iolas first ; then drew  
His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw,  
The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew.

His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,  
 But shaded with a length of yellow hair: 955  
 Secure, he fought, exposed on ev'ry part,  
 A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying  
 dart.

Across the shoulders came the feather'd wound.  
 Transfix'd he fell, and doubled to the ground.

The sands with streaming blood are sanguine  
 died, 960

And death, with honour, sought on either side.

Resistless, through the war Camilla rode,  
 In danger unappall'd, and pleased with blood.  
 One side was bare for her exerted breast;  
 One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd. 965  
 Now from afar her fatal jav'lin's play;  
 Now with her axe's edge she hews her way:  
 Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound;  
 And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground,  
 From her bent bow she sends a backward wound.  
 Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side, 970  
 Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia, ride—  
 Italians all—in peace, their queen's delight,  
 In war, the bold companions of the fight.

So march'd the Thracian amazons of old, 975  
 When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd:  
 Such troops as these in shining arms were seen  
 When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen:  
 Such to the field Penthesilea led,  
 From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled; 980  
 With such return'd triumphant from the war,  
 Her maids with cries attend the lofty car;  
 They clash with manly force their moony shields:  
 With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.

Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid, 985  
 On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?  
 Thy spear, of mountain-ash, Eunæus first,  
 With fury driv'n from side to side transpierced:  
 A purple stream came spouting from the wound;  
 Bathed in his blood he lies, and bites the ground. 990

Liris and Pagasus at once she slew :  
 The former as the slacken'd reins he drew  
 Of his faint steed—the latter as he stretch'd  
 His arm to prop his friend—the jav'lin reach'd.  
 By the same weapon, sent from the same hand, 995  
 Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.  
 Amastrus next is added to the slain :  
 The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain :  
 Terens, Harpalycus, Demophoon,  
 And Chromis, at full speed her fury shun. 1000  
 Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost ;  
 Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.  
 Young Ornytus bestrode a hunter steed,  
 Swift for the chase, and of Apulian breed.  
 Him, from afar, she spied in arms unknown : 1005  
 O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown ;  
 His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spread  
 A cov'ring for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his  
 head.  
 He clench'd within his hand an iron prong,  
 And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the  
 throng. 1010  
 Him soon she singled from the flying train,  
 And slew with ease : then thus insults the slain :  
 " Vain hunter ! didst thou think through woods to  
 chase  
 The savage herd, a vile and trembling race ?  
 Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory : 1015  
 A woman warrior was too strong for thee.  
 Yet, if the ghosts demand the conqu'ror's name,  
 Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame."  
 Then Butes and Orsilochus she slew,  
 The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew : 1020  
 But Butes breast to breast : the spear descends  
 Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,  
 And o'er the shield which his left side defends.  
 Orsilochus, and she, their coursers ply ;  
 He seems to follow, and she seems to fly. 1025

But in a narrower ring she makes the race ;  
 And then he flies, and she pursues the chase .  
 Gathering at length on her deluded foe,  
 She swings her axe, and rises to the blow :  
 Full on the helm behind, with such a sway 1030  
 The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way :  
 He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace ;  
 Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.  
 Astonish'd Aunus just arrives by chance,  
 To see his fall, nor farther dares advance ; 1035  
 But, fixing on the horrid maid his eye,  
 He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly ;  
 Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat  
 (At least while Fortune favour'd his deceit),  
 Cries out aloud, " What courage have you shown,  
 Who trust your courser's strength, and not your  
 own ! 1041  
 Forego the 'vantage of your horse ; alight ;  
 And then on equal terms begin the fight ;  
 It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,  
 When, foot to foot, you combat with a man." 1045  
 He said. She glows with anger and disdain,  
 Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain,  
 And leaves her horse at large among her train ;  
 With her drawn sword defies him to the field,  
 And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield. 1050  
 The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,  
 Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed,  
 Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides  
 The groaning rowels in his bleeding sides.  
 " Vain fool, and coward !" said the lofty maid, 1055  
 " Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid !  
 On others practise thy Ligurian arts :  
 Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts,  
 Are lost on me : nor shalt thou safe retire,  
 With vaunting lies, to thy fallacious sire." 1060  
 At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,  
 That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head :

Then turning short, at once she seized the rein,  
 And laid the boaster grov'ling on the plain.  
 Not with more ease the falcon, from above, 1065  
 Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove,  
 Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound :  
 The feathers, foul with blood, come tumbling to the  
 ground.

Now mighty Jove, from his superior height,  
 With his broad eye surveys th' unequal fight. 1070  
 He fires the breast of Tarchon with disdain,  
 And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.  
 Between the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,  
 And these encourages, and those he chides ;  
 Recalls each leader, by his name, from fight ; 1075  
 Renews their ardour, and restores the fight.  
 " What panic fear has seized your souls ?  
 shame !

O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name !  
 Cowards incurable ! a woman's hand  
 Drives, breaks, and scatters your ignoble band !  
 Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield ! 1081  
 What use of weapons which you dare not wield ?  
 Not thus you fly your female foes by night,  
 Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite ;  
 When to fat off'rings the glad augur calls, 1085  
 And the shrill horn-pipe sounds to bacchanals,  
 These are your studied cares, your lewd delight—  
 Swift to debauch, but slow to manly fight."  
 Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes,  
 Not managing the life he meant to lose. 1090  
 The first he found he seized, with headlong haste,  
 In his strong gripe, and clasp'd around the waist :  
 'Twas Venulus, whom from his horse he tore,  
 And (laid athwart his own) in triumph bore.  
 Loud shouts ensue ; the Latins turn their eyes, 1095  
 And view th' unusual sight with vast surprise.  
 The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,  
 Press'd in his arms the pond'rous prey sustains,



Then, with his shorten'd spear, explores around  
His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound. 1100  
Nor less the captive struggles for his life  
He writhes his body to prolong the strife,  
And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts  
His utmost vigour, and the point averts.

So stoops the yellow eagle from on high, 1105  
And bears a speckled serpent through the sky,  
Fast'ning his crooked talons on the prey :  
The pris'ner hisses through the liquid way ;  
Resists the royal hawk ; and, though oppress'd,  
She fights in volumes, and erects her crest : 1110  
Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens ev'ry scale,  
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threat-  
'ning tail.

Against the victor all defence is weak :  
Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak ;  
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores, 1115  
Then clasps his pinions, and securely soars.

Thus, through the midst of circling enemies,  
Strong Tarchon snatch'd and bore away his prize.  
The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press  
The Latins, and presume the like success. 1120

Then Arruns, doom'd to death, his arts essay'd  
To murder, unespied, the Volscian maid :  
This way and that his winding course he bends,  
And, wheresoe'er she turns, her steps attends.  
When she retires victorious from the chase, 1125  
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place  
When, rushing on, she seeks her foes in fight  
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight :  
He threatens, and trembles, trying ev'ry way,  
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray. 1130

Chloreus, the priest of Cybele, from far,  
Glitt'ring in Phrygian arms amid the war,  
Was by the virgin view'd. The steed he press'd  
Was proud with trappings ; and his brawny chest  
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er : 1035  
A robe of Tyrian die the rider wore.

With deadly wounds he gall'd the distant foe ;  
 Gnossian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow ;  
 A golden helm his front and head surrounds ;  
 A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds. 1140  
 Gold, weaved with linen, on his thighs he wore,  
 With flow'rs of needlework distinguish'd o'er,  
 With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up be-  
 fore,

Him the fierce maid beheld with ardent eyes,  
 Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize. 1145

Or that the temple might his trophies hold,  
 Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold.  
 Blind in her haste, she chases him alone,  
 And seeks his life, regardless of her own.  
 This lucky moment the sly traitor chose : 1150

Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,  
 And threw, but first to heav'n address'd his vows ;  
 " O patron of Soracte's high abodes !

Phœbus, the ruling pow'r among the gods !  
 Whom first we serve : whole woods of unctuous  
 pine 1155

Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine ;  
 By thee protected, with our naked soles,  
 Through flames unsinged we march, and tread the  
 kindled coals.

Give me, propitious pow'r, to wash away  
 The stains of this dishonourable day : 1160

Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim ;  
 But with my future actions trust my fame.

Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome,  
 And from the field return inglorious home."

Apollo heard, and, granting half his pray'r, 1165  
 Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air.

He gives the death desired : his safe return  
 By southern tempests to the seas is borne.

Now, when the jav'lin whizz'd along the skies,  
 Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes. 1170

Directed by the sound of either host,  
 Th' unhappy virgin, though concern'd the most,

Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent  
 On golden spoils, and on her prey intent;  
 Till in her pap the winged weapon stood 1175  
 Infix'd, and deeply drunk the purple blood.  
 Her sad attendants hasten to sustain  
 Their dying lady, drooping on the plain.  
 Far from their sight the trembling Arruns flies,  
 With beating heart, and fear confused with joys;  
 Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow, 1181  
 Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.

As, when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide  
 At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side,  
 Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies, 1185  
 And claps his quiv'ring tail between his thighs:  
 So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends,  
 But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.  
 She wrench'd the jav'lin with her dying hands;  
 But wedged within her breast the weapon stands:  
 The wood she draws, the steely point remains: 1191  
 She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains  
 (A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes;  
 And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies);  
 Then turns to her, whom, of her female train, 1195  
 She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:  
 "Acca, 'tis past: he swims before my sight,  
 Inexorable Death; and claims his right.  
 Bear my last words to Turnus: fly with speed,  
 And bid him timely to my charge succeed, 1200  
 Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:—  
 Farewell! and in this kiss my parting breath re-  
 ceive."

She said, and, sliding, sunk upon the plain:  
 Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein:  
 Short, and more short, she pants: by slow degrees  
 Her mind the passage from her body frees. 1206  
 She drops her sword; she nods her plummy crest,  
 Her drooping head declining on her breast:  
 In the last sigh her struggling soul expires,  
 And, murmur'ing with disdain, to Stygian sounds re-  
 tires. 1210

A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensued ;  
Despair and rage, and languish'd fight renew'd  
The Trojan troops and Tuscans, in a line,  
Advance to charge : the mix'd Arcadians join.

But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar 1215  
Surveys the field and fortune of the war,  
Unmoved awhile, till, prostrate on the plain,  
Welt'ring in blood, she sees Camilla slain,  
And, round her corse, of friends and foes a fighting  
train.

Then, from the bottom of her breast she drew 1220  
A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue :  
" Too dear a fine, ah, much lamented maid !  
For warring with the 'Trojans, thou hast paid :  
Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy strife,  
Diana's sacred arms to save thy life. 1225

Yet unrevenge'd thy goddess will not leave  
Her vot'ry's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.  
Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd ;  
But after-ages shall thy praise record. 1229  
Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain :  
Thus vows thy queen, and thus the Fates ordain."

High o'er the field there stood a hilly mound—  
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around—  
Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,  
A king that once in Latium bore the sway. 1235  
The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,  
To mark the traitor Arruns from the height.  
Him in refulgent arms she soon espied,  
Sworn with success ; and loudly thus she cried .  
" Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late ;  
Turn like a man, at length, and meet thy fate. 1241  
Charged with my message to Camilla, go,  
And say I sent thee to the shades below—  
An honour undeserved from Cynthia's bow."

She said, and from her quiver chose with speed  
The winged shaft, predestined for the deed ; 1246  
Then to the stubborn yew her strength applied,  
Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side,

The bowstring touch'd her breast, so strong she  
drew ;

Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew. 1250

At once the twanging bow and sounding dart

115 The traitor heard, and felt the point within his  
heart.

Him, beating with his heels in pangs of death,

His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.

120 The conqu'ring damsel, with expanded wings, 1255

The welcome message to her mistress brings.

120 Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field ;

And, unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.

The frightened soldiers, when their captains fly,

More on their speed than on their strength rely.

Confused in flight, they bear each other down, 1261

225 And spur their horses headlong to the town.

Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,

Not once they turn, but take their wounds behind.

These drop the shield, and those the lance forego,

120 Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow. 1266

The hoofs of horses, with a rattling sound,

Beat short and thick, and shake the rotten ground.

Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,

And o'er the darken'd walls and ramparts fly. 1270

The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,

125 Rend heav'n with female shrieks, and wring their  
hands.

All pressing on, pursuers and pursued,

Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.

Some happy few escape : the throng too late 1275

Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.

141 Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched sire

Looks on and sees his helpless son expire.

Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close,

But leave their friends excluded with their foes.

1 The vanquish'd cry ; the victors loudly shout : 1281

46 'Tis terror all within, and slaughter all without.

Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,

3 Or, to the moats pursued, precipitate their fall.

The Latian virgins, valiant with despair, 1285  
 Arm'd on the tow'rs, the common danger share :  
 So much of zeal their country's cause inspired :  
 So much Camilla's great example fired.  
 Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they  
 throw,  
 With imitated darts to gall the foe. 1290  
 Their lives for godlike freedom they bequeath,  
 And crowd each other to be first in death.  
 Meantime to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,  
 With heavy tidings came th' unhappy maid :  
 "The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd— 1295  
 The foes entirely masters of the field,  
 Like a resistless flood, came rolling on :  
 The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the  
 town."

Inflamed with rage (for so the Furies fire  
 The Daunian's breast, and so the Fates require),  
 He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain 1301  
 Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain.  
 Scarce was he gone, when to the straits, now freed  
 From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.  
 Through the black forest and the ferny brake, 1305  
 Unknowingly secure, their way they take ;  
 From the rough mountains to the plain descend,  
 And there, in order drawn, their line extend.  
 Both armies now in open fields are seen ;  
 Nor far the distance of the space between. 1310  
 Both to the city bend. Æneas sees,  
 Through smoking fields, his hast'ning enemies ;  
 And Turnus views the Trojans in array,  
 And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh.  
 Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd: 1315  
 But westward to the sea the sun declined.  
 Intrench'd before the town both armies lie,  
 While night with sable wings involves the sky.

## BOOK XII.

## ARGUMENT.

**TURNUS** challenges **Æneas** to a single combat : articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound **Æneas**. He is miraculously cured by **Venus** ; forces **Turnus** to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.

WHEN **Turnus** saw the Latins leave the field,  
 Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd,  
 Himself become the mark of public spite,  
 His honour question'd for the promised fight—  
 The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd, 5  
 The more his fury boil'd within his breast ;  
 He roused his vigour for the last debate,  
 And raised his haughty soul to meet his fate.

As, when the swains the Libyan lion chase,  
 He makes a sour retreat, nor mends his pace ; 10  
 But, if the pointed jav'lin pierce his side,  
 The lordly beast returns with double pride ;  
 He wrenches out the steel ; he roars for pain ;  
 His sides he lashes, and erects his mane ;  
 So **Turnus** fares ; his eyeballs flash with fire ; 15  
 Through his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.

Trembling with rage, around the court he ran,  
 At length approach'd the king, and thus began :  
 " No more excuses or delays : I stand  
 In arms prepared to combat, hand to hand, 20  
 This base deserter of his native land.  
 The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take  
 The same conditions which himself did make.  
 Renew the truce : the solemn rites prepare,  
 And to my single virtue trust the war. 25

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The Latians unconcern'd shall see the fight :  
 This arm unaided shall assert your right :  
 Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,  
 To him the crown and beauteous bride remain."

To whom the king sedately thus replied : 30

" Brave youth ! the more your valour has been tried,  
 The more becomes it us ; with due respect

To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.

You want not wealth, or a successive throne,  
 Or cities which your arms have made your own : 35

My towns and treasures are at your command ;

And stored with blooming beauties is my land :

Laurentum more than one Lavinia sees,

Unmarried, fair, of noble families.

Now let me speak, and you with patience hear, 40

Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear,

But sound advice, proceeding from a heart

Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent art.

The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown

No prince, Italian born, should heir my throne : 45

Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,

And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.

Yet, won by worth that cannot be withstood,

Bribed by my kindness to my kindred blood,

Urged by my wife, who would not be denied, 50

I promised my Lavinia for your bride :

Her from her plighted lord by force I took ;

All ties of treaties, and of honour, broke :

On your account I waged an impious war—

With what success, 'tis needless to declare ; 55

I and my subjects feel ; and you have had your  
 share.

Twice vanquish'd while in bloody fields we strive,

Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive :

The rolling flood runs warm with human gore ;

The bones of Latians blanch the neighb'ring  
 shore. 60

Why put I not an end to this debate,

Still unresolved, and still a slave to fate ?



If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,  
 Why should I not procure it while you live ?  
 Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,      65  
 What would my kinsmen, the Rutulians, say ?  
 And, should you fall in fight (which heav'n defend !)

How curse the cause, which hasten'd to his end  
 The daughter's lover, and the father's friend ?  
 Weigh in your mind the various chance of war :      70  
 Pity your parent's age, and ease his care."

Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain :  
 The proffer'd med'cine but provoked the pain.  
 The wrathful youth, disdaining the relief,  
 With intermitting sobs thus vents his grief :      75  
 "The care, O best of fathers ! which you take  
 For my concerns, at my desire forsake :  
 Permit me not to languish out my days,  
 But make the best exchange of life for praise.  
 This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize ;      80  
 And the blood follows where the weapon flies.  
 His goddess-mother is not near, to shroud  
 The flying coward with an empty cloud."

But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,  
 And loathed the hard conditions of the strife,      85  
 Held him by force ; and, dying in his death,  
 In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath :  
 "O Turnus ! I adjure thee by these tears,  
 And whate'er price Amata's honour bears  
 Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope,      90  
 My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop—  
 Since on the safety of thy life alone  
 Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne—  
 Refuse me not this one, this only pray'r,  
 To wave the combat, and pursue the war :      95  
 Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,  
 Think it includes, in thine, Amata's life.  
 I cannot live a slave, or see my throne  
 Usurp'd by strangers, or a Trojan son."

At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed ; 100  
 A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,  
 Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.  
 The driving colours, never at a stay,  
 Run here and there, and flush and fade away.  
 Delightful change ! thus Indian iv'ry shows, 105  
 Which with the bord'ring paint of purple glows ;  
 Or lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring rose.  
 The lover gazed, and, burning with desire,  
 The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire :  
 Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spite, 110  
 Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.

Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,  
 Firm to his first intent, he thus replies :  
 " O mother ! do not by your tears prepare  
 Such boding omens, and prejudge the war. 115  
 Resolved on fight, I am no longer free  
 To shun my death, if heav'n my death decree."—  
 Then turning to the herald, thus pursues :  
 " Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news :  
 Denounce from me, that, when to-morrow's  
 light 120  
 Shall gild the heav'ns, he need not urge the  
 fight :

The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more  
 Shall die, with mutual blood, the Latian shore :  
 Our single swords the quarrel shall decide ;  
 And to the victor be the beauteous bride." 125

He said, and, striding on with speedy pace,  
 He sought his coursers of the Thracian race.  
 At his approach they toss their heads on high,  
 And, proudly neighing, promise victory.  
 The sires of these Orithyia sent from far, 130  
 To grace Pylumus, when he went to war.  
 The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so  
 white,  
 Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their  
 flight.

Officious grooms stand ready by his side;  
And some with combs their flowing manes di-  
vide, 135

And others stroke their chests, and gently sooth  
their pride.

He sheathed his limbs in arms; a temper'd mass  
Of golden metal those, and mountain brass:  
Then to his head his glitt'ring helm he tied,  
And girt his faithful falchion to his side. 140

In his Ætnæan forge the god of fire  
That falchion labour'd for the hero's sire,  
Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,  
And plunged it hissing in the Stygian flood.  
Propp'd on a pillar, which the ceiling bore, 145

Was placed the lance Auruncan Actor wore;  
Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,  
The tough ash trembled like an osier wand:  
Then cried, "O pond'rous spoil of Actor slain,  
And never yet by Turnus toss'd in vain! 150

Fail not this day thy wonted force: but go,  
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe;  
Give me to tear his corselet from his breast,  
And from that eunuch head to rend the crest;  
Dragg'd in the dust, his frizzled hair to soil, 155  
Hot from the vexing ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant  
oil."

Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils  
flies

A fiery steam, and sparkles from his eyes.  
So fares the bull in his loved female's sight:  
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight: 160  
He tries his goring horns against a tree,  
And meditates his absent enemy:

He pushes at the winds; he digs the strand  
With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.

Nor less the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms, 165  
To future fight his manly courage warms:  
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares  
To terminate at once the ling'ring wars;

To cheer his chiefs and tender son, relates  
 What heav'n had promised, and expounds the fates.  
 Then to the Latian king he sends, to cease 171  
 The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.

The morn' ensuing, from the mountain's height,  
 Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light ;  
 Th' ethereal coursers, bounding from the sea, 175  
 From out their flaming nostrils breathed the day ;  
 When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,  
 In friendly labour join'd, the list prepared.  
 Beneath the walls they measure out the space ;  
 Then sacred altars rear, on sods of grass, 180  
 Where, with religious rites, their common gods they  
 place.

In purest white the priests their heads attire,  
 And living waters bear and holy fire ;  
 And, o'er their linen hoods and shaded hair,  
 Long twisted wreaths of sacred vervain wear. 185

In order issuing from the town, appears  
 The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed spears ;  
 And from the fields, advancing on a line,  
 The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join :  
 Their various arms afford a pleasing sight : 190  
 A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepared for  
 fight.

Between the ranks the proud commanders ride,  
 Glitt'ring with gold, and vests in purple died.  
 Here Mnestheus, author of the Memmian line,  
 And there Messapus, born of seed divine. 195  
 The sign is giv'n ; and, round the listed space,  
 Each man in order fills his proper place.  
 Reclining on their ample shields, they stand,  
 And fix their pointed lances in the sand.  
 Now, studious of the sight, a num'rous throng 200  
 Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,  
 Swarm from the town : by those who rest behind,  
 The gates and walls, and houses' tops are lined.

Meantime the queen of heav'n beheld the sight,  
 With eyes unpleased, from Mount Albano's height :

(Since call'd Albano by succeeding fame, 296  
 But then an empty hill, without a name.)  
 She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan pow'rs,  
 The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine tow'rs.  
 Then thus the goddess of the skies bespake, 298  
 With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake,  
 King Turnus' sister, once a lovely maid,  
 Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray'd—  
 Compress'd by force; but, by the grateful god,  
 Now made the Naïds of the neighb'ring flood: 299  
 "O nymph, the pride of living lakes!" said she,  
 "O most renown'd, and most beloved by me!  
 Long hast thou known, nor need I to record  
 The wanton sallies of my wand'ring lord.  
 Of ev'ry Latian fair, whom Jove misled 299  
 To mount by stealth my violated bed,  
 To thee alone I grudged not his embrace,  
 But gave a part of heav'n, and an unenvied place.  
 Now learn from me thy near approaching grief,  
 Nor think my wishes want to thy relief. 299  
 While fortune favour'd, nor heav'n's king denied  
 To lend my succour to the Latian side,  
 I saved thy brother, and the sinking state:  
 But now he struggles with unequal fate,  
 And goes, with gods averse, o'ermatch'd in might,  
 To meet inevitable death in fight; 299  
 Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the  
 sight.  
 Thou, if thou darest, thy present aid supply:  
 It well becomes a sister's care to try."  
 At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd, 299  
 Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast.  
 To whom Saturnia thus: "Thy tears are late:  
 Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd, from  
 fate:  
 New tumults kindle; violate the truce.  
 Who knows what changeful fortune may produce?  
 'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I decree; 299  
 Or, if it were, discharge the crime on me."

She said, and, sailing on the winged wind,  
Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.

And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear: 245

Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:

Twelve golden beams around his temples play,

To mark his lineage from the god of day.

Two snowy coursers Turnus' chariot yoke,

And in his hand two massy spears he shook: 250

Then issued from the camp, in arms divine,

Æneas, author of the Roman line;

And by his side Ascanius took his place,

The second hope of Rome's immortal race.

Adorn'd in white, a rev'rend priest appears, 255

And off'rings to the flaming altars bears—

A porket, and a lamb that never suffer'd shears

Then to the rising sun he turns his eyes,

And strews the beasts design'd for sacrifice

With salt and meal; with like officious care 260

He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.

Between their horns the purple wine he sheds;

With the same gen'rous juice the flame he feeds.

Æneas then unsheathed his shining sword,

And thus with pious pray'rs the gods adored: 265

“All-seeing sun! and thou, Ausonian soil,

For which I have sustain'd so long a toil!

Thou, king of heav'n! and thou, the queen of air,

Propitious now, and reconciled by pray'r!

Thou, god of war, whose unresisted sway 270

The labours and events of arms obey!

Ye living fountains, and ye running floods!

All pow'rs of ocean, all ethereal gods!

Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,

Or, recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield, 275

My Trojans shall increase Evander's town;

Ascanius shall renounce th' Ausonian crown:

All claims, all questions of debate shall cease;

Nor he nor they with force infringe the peace.

But, if my juster arms prevail in fight 280

(As sure they shall, if I divine aright),

My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians reign :  
 Both equal, both unconquer'd shall remain :  
 Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes ;  
 I ask but altars for my weary gods. 285  
 The care of those religious rites be mine :  
 The crown to king Latinus I resign :  
 His be the sov'reign sway. Nor will I share  
 His pow'r in peace, or his command in war.  
 For me, my friends another town shall frame, 290  
 And bless the rising tow'rs with fair Lavinia's  
 name."

Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and hands,  
 The Latian king before his altar stands.  
 "By the same heav'n," said he, "and earth, and  
 main,  
 And all the pow'rs that all the three contain ; 295  
 By hell below, and by that upper god,  
 Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with  
 his nod ;  
 So let Latona's double offspring hear,  
 And double-fronted Janus, what I swear :  
 I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames, 300  
 And all those pow'rs attest, and all their names :  
 Whatever chance befall on either side,  
 No term of time this union shall divide :  
 No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,  
 Or shake the steadfast tenor of my mind ; 305  
 Not, though the circling seas should break their  
 bound,  
 O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground ;  
 Not, though the lamps of heav'n their spheres for-  
 sake,  
 Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake :  
 Ev'n as this royal sceptre (for he bore 310  
 A sceptre in his hand) shall never more  
 Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth—  
 An orphan now, cut from the mother earth  
 By the keen axe, dishonour'd of its hair,  
 And cased in brass, for Latian kings to bear." 315

When thus in public view the peace was tied  
 With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,  
 All dues perform'd which holy rites require,  
 The victim beasts are slain before the fire,  
 The trembling entrails from their bodies torn, 320  
 And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.

Already the Rutulians deem'd their man  
 O'ermatch'd in arms before the fight began.  
 First rising fears are whisper'd through the crowd ;  
 Then, gath'ring sound, they murmur more aloud.  
 Now, side to side, they measure with their eyes 326  
 The champions' bulk, their sinews, and their size :  
 The nearer they approach, the more is known  
 Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.  
 Turnus himself appears in public sight 330  
 Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.  
 Slowly he moves, and at his altar stands  
 With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands :  
 And, while he mutters undistinguish'd pray'rs,  
 A livid deadness in his cheeks appears. 335

With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd  
 Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude ;  
 When their short sighs and thick'ning sobs she  
 heard,

And found their ready minds for change prepared ;  
 Dissembling her immortal form, she took 340  
 Camertes' mien, his habit, and his look—

A chief of ancient blood :—In arms well known  
 Was his great sire, and he his greater son.  
 His shape assumed, amid the ranks she ran,  
 And hum'ring their first motions, thus began : 345  
 “For shame, Rutulians ! can you bear the sight  
 Of one exposed for all, in single fight ?

Can we, before the face of heav'n, confess  
 Our courage colder, or our numbers less !  
 View all the Trojan host, th' Arcadian band, 350  
 And Tuscan army ; count them as they stand :  
 Undaunted to the battle if we go,  
 Scarce ev'ry second man will share a foe.



Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife,  
 Shall lose, with honour, his devoted life, 355  
 Or change it rather for immortal fame,  
 Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came :  
 But you, a servile and inglorious band,  
 For foreign lords shall sow your native land,  
 Those fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd, 360  
 Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd."

With words like these she carried her design :  
 A rising murmur runs along the line.  
 Then ev'n the city troops, and Latians, tired  
 With tedious war, seem with new souls inspired :  
 Their champion's fate with pity they lament, 366  
 And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.

Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage  
 With lying wonders, and a false presage ;  
 But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes, 370  
 Inspires new courage, and a glad surprise.  
 For, sudden, in the fiery tracks above,  
 Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove :  
 A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes,  
 And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes ;  
 Then, stooping on the fairest of the train, 376  
 In his strong talons truss'd a silver swan.  
 Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight :  
 But, while he lags, and labours in his flight,  
 Behold, the dastard fowl return anew, 380  
 And with united force the foe pursue ;  
 Clam'rous around the royal hawk they fly,  
 And, thick'ning in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.  
 They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy course  
 Nor can th' encumber'd bird sustain their force ;  
 But, vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous  
 prey, 386

And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.

Th' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the sight,  
 Eager of action, and demand the fight.  
 Then King Tolumnius, versed in augurs' arts, 390  
 Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts :



Brands from the fire are missive weapons made,  
 With chargers, bowls, and all the priestly trade. 430  
 Latinus, frightened, hastens from the fray,  
 And bears his unregarded gods away.  
 These on their horses vault; those yoke the car;  
 The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the  
 war.

Messapus, eager to confound the peace, 435  
 Spurr'd his hot courser through the fighting prease,  
 At King Aulestes, by his purple known  
 A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown;  
 And, with a shock encount'ring, bore him down.  
 Backward he fell; and, as his fate design'd, 440  
 The ruins of an altar were behind:

There pitching on his shoulders and his head,  
 Amid the scatt'ring fires he lay supinely spread.  
 The beamy spear descending from above,  
 His cuirass pierced, and through his body drove.  
 Then, with a scornful smile, the victor cries, 446  
 "The gods have found a fitter sacrifice."

Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the dead  
 Of his rich armour, and uncrown his head.

Priest Corynæus arm'd his better hand, 450  
 From his own altar, with a blazing brand;  
 And, as Ebusus, with a thund'ring pace,  
 Advanced to battle, dash'd it on his face:  
 His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires;  
 The crackling crop a noisome scent expires. 455  
 Following the blow, he seized his curling crown  
 With his left hand; his other cast him down.  
 The prostrate body with his knees he press'd,  
 And plunged his holy poniard in his breast.

While Podalirius, with his sword, pursued 460  
 The shepherd Alsus through the flying crowd,  
 Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow  
 Full on the front of his unwary foe.  
 The broad axe enters with a crashing sound,  
 And cleaves the chin with one continued wound:

Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his arms  
around. 466

An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,  
And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.  
But good Æneas rush'd amid the bands:  
Bare was his head, and naked were his hands, 470  
In sign of truce; then thus he cries aloud:  
"What sudden rage, what new desire of blood,  
Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans! cease  
From impious arms, nor violate the peace.  
By human sanctions, and by laws divine, 475  
The terms are all agreed; the war is mine.  
Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;  
This hand alone shall right the gods and you:  
Our injured altars, and their broken vow,  
To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe."

Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defence, 481  
A winged arrow struck the pious prince.  
But, whether from some human hand it came,  
Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame:  
No human hand or hostile god was found 485  
To boast the triumph of so base a wound.

When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,  
His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train,  
Th' unhoped event his heighten'd soul inspires:  
At once his arms and coursers he requires; 490  
Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,  
And with a ready hand assumes the reins.  
He drives impetuous, and, where'er he goes,  
He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.  
These his lance reaches; over these he rolls 495  
His rapid car, and crushes out their souls.  
In vain the vanquish'd fly: the victor sends  
The dead men's weapons at their living friends.

Thus, on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood,  
The god of battles, in his angry mood, 500  
Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,  
Lets loose the reins, and scours along the field;

Before the wind his fiery coursers fly ;  
Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.  
Wrath, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and Despair 505  
(Dire faces, and deform'd), surround the car—  
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.

With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,  
Exulting Turnus flies along the plain ;  
His smoking horses, at their utmost speed, 510  
He lashes on ; and urges o'er the dead.  
Their fetlocks run with blood ; and, when they  
bound,

The gore and gath'ring dust are dash'd around.  
Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,  
He kill'd at hand, but Sthenelus afar : 515  
From far the sons of Imbrasmus he slew,  
Glaucus and Lades, of the Lycian crew—  
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd,  
Or mount the courser that outstrips the wind.

Meantime Eumedes, vaunting in the field, 520  
New fired the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.  
This son of Dolon bore his grandsire's name,  
But emulated more his father's fame—  
His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,  
The Grecian camp and order to descry : 525  
Hard enterprise ! and well he might require  
Achilles' car and horses for his hire :  
But, met upon the scout, th' Ætolian prince  
In death bestow'd a juster recompense.

Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar, 530  
And launch'd his jav'lin from his lofty car ;  
Then lightly leaping down, pursued the blow,  
And, pressing with his foot his prostrate foe,  
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword,  
And plunged it in the bosom of its lord. 535  
" Possess," said he, " the fruit of all thy pains,  
And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains.  
Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand ;  
Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the  
land !"

Then Dares, Butes, Sybaris, he slew, 540  
Whom o'er his neck the found'ring courser threw.  
As when loud Boreas, with his blust'ring train,  
Stoops from above, incumbent on the main :  
Where'er he flies, he drives the rack before,  
And rolls the billows on th' Ægean shore : 545  
So, where resistless Turnus takes his course,  
The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force ;  
His crest of horses' hair is blown behind  
By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.

This haughty Phegeus saw with high disdain, 550  
And, as the chariot roll'd along the plain,  
Light from the ground he leap'd, and seized the  
rein,

Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold,  
The coursers frighted, and their course controll'd.  
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung, 555  
And pierced his plated arms, but pass'd along,  
And only razed the skin. He turn'd, and held  
Against his threat'ning foe his ample shield,  
Then call'd for aid : but, while he cried in vain,  
The chariot bore him backward on the plain. 560  
He lies reversed ; the victor king descends,  
And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,  
He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk  
With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.

While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield,  
The wounded prince is forced to leave the field : 566  
Strong Mnestheus, and Achates often tried,  
And young Ascanius, weeping by his side,  
Conduct him to his tent. Scarce can he rear  
His limbs from earth, supported on his spear. 570  
Resolved in mind, regardless of the smart,  
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.  
The steel remains. No readier way he found  
To draw the weapon, than t' enlarge the wound.  
Eager of fight, impatient of delay, 575  
He begs ; and his unwilling friends obey.

Iâpis was at hand to prove his art,  
 Whose blooming youth so fired Apollo's heart,  
 That, for his love he proffer'd to bestow  
 His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow; 580  
 The pious youth, more studious how to save  
 His aged sire, now sinking to the grave,  
 Preferr'd the pow'r of plants, and silent praise  
 Of healing arts, before Phœbean bays.

Propp'd on his lance the pensive hero stood, 585  
 And heard and saw, unmoved, the mourning  
 crowd.

The famed physician tucks his robes around  
 With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.  
 With gentle touches he performs his part,  
 This way and that, soliciting the dart, 590  
 And exercises all his heav'nly art.

All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign use,  
 He presses out, and pours their noble juice.  
 These first infused, to lenify the pain—  
 He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain. 595  
 Then to the patron of his art he pray'd :  
 The patron of his art refused his aid.

Meantime the war approaches to the tents :  
 Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments :  
 The driving dust proclaims the danger near; 600  
 And first their friends, and then their foes, ap-  
 pear :

Their friends retreat : their foes pursue the rear.  
 The camp is fill'd with terror and affright :  
 The hissing shafts within the trench alight :  
 An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky— 605  
 The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those  
 who die.

But now the goddess-mother, moved with grief,  
 And pierced with pity, hastens her relief.  
 A branch of healing dittany she brought,  
 Which in the Cretan fields with care she 610  
 sought—

(Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround ;  
The leaves with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple  
crown'd)

Well known to wounded goats ; a sure relief  
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.  
This Venus brings, in clouds involved, and brews  
Th' extracted liquor with ambrosian dew, 616  
And od'rous panacee. Unseen she stands,  
Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands,  
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd  
With juice of med'c'nal herbs prepared to bathe the  
wound. 620

The leech, unknowing of superior art,  
Which aids the cure, with this foment the part ;  
And in a moment ceased the raging smart.  
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands :  
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,  
Moves up, and follows of its own accord ; 626  
And health and vigour are at once restored.  
Iâpis first perceived the closing wound ;  
And first the footsteps of a god he found.  
"Arms ! arms !" he cries : "the sword and shield  
prepare, 630

And send the willing chief, renew'd, to war.  
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,  
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine.  
Some god our gen'ral to the battle sends ;  
Some god preserves his life for greater ends." 635

The hero arms in haste, his hands infold  
His thighs with cuishes of refulgent gold :  
Inflamed to fight, and rushing to the field,  
That hand sustaining the celestial shield,  
This gripes the lance, and with such vigour  
shakes, 640

That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes.  
Then with a close embrace he strain'd his son,  
And, kissing through his helmet, thus begun :  
"My son ! from my example learn the war,



In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare : 645  
 But happier chance than mine attend thy care !  
 This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,  
 And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:  
 Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth  
 To toils of war, be mindful of my worth : 650  
 Assert thy birthright ; and in arms be known  
 For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' son."

He said ; and, striding, issued on the plain.  
 Antheus and Mnestheus, and a num'rous train,  
 Attend his steps : the rest their weapons take, 655  
 And, crowding to the field, the camp forsake.  
 A cloud of blinding dust is raised around ;  
 Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.

Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far  
 Beheld the progress of the moving war : 660  
 With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains ;  
 And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.  
 Juturna saw th' advancing troops appear,  
 And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.  
 Æneas leads ; and draws a sweeping train, 665  
 Closed in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.  
 As, when a whirlwind, rushing to the shore  
 From the mid ocean, drives the waves before ;  
 The painful hind with heavy heart foresees  
 The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees ; 670  
 With such impetuous rage the prince appears  
 Before his doubled front ; nor less destruction  
 bears.

And now both armies shock in open field ;  
 Osiris is by strong Thymbræus kill'd.  
 Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain 675  
 (All famed in arms, and of the Latian train)  
 By Gyas', Mnestheus', and Achates' hand.  
 The fatal augur falls, by whose command  
 The truce was broken, and whose lance, imbrued  
 With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd. 680  
 Loud shouts and clamours rend the liquid sky,  
 And o'er the fields the frightened Latins fly.

The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,  
 Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few. 685  
 Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain,  
 He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.  
 Juturna heard, and, seized with mortal fear,  
 Forced from the beam her brother's charioteer;  
 Assumes his shape, his armour, and his mien,  
 And, like Metiscus, in his seat is seen. 690

As the black swallow near the palace plies;  
 O'er empty courts, and under arches flies;  
 Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,  
 To furnish her loquacious nest with food:  
 So drives the rapid goddess o'er the plains; 695  
 The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.  
 She steers a various course among the foes;  
 Now here, now there, her conqu'ring brother  
 shows;

Now with a straight, now with a wheeling flight,  
 She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight. 700  
 Æneas, fired with fury, breaks the crowd,  
 And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud:  
 He runs within a narrower ring, and tries  
 To stop the chariot; but the chariot flies.  
 If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears, 705  
 And far away the Daunian hero bears.

What should he do? Nor arts nor arms avail;  
 And various cares in vain his mind assail.  
 The great Messapus, thund'ring through the field,  
 In his left hand two pointed jav'lins held: 710  
 Encount'ring on the prince, one dart he drew,  
 And with unerring aim, and utmost vigour threw.  
 Æneas saw it come, and stooping low  
 Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threat'ning blow.  
 The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore 715  
 The waving plume, which on his helm he wore.  
 Forced by this hostile act, and fired with spite  
 That flying Turnus still declined the fight,  
 The prince, whose piety had long repell'd  
 His inborn ardour, now invades the field; 720

Invokes the pow'rs of violated peace,  
 Their rites and injured altars to redress ;  
 Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,  
 With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.

What god can tell, what numbers can display 725  
 The various labours of that fatal day !  
 What chiefs and champions fell on either side,  
 In combat slain, or by what deaths they died ?  
 Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd ?  
 Who shared the fame and fortune of the field ? 730  
 Jove ! couldst thou view, and not avert thy sight,  
 Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,  
 Whom leagues of lasting love so shortly shall  
 unite !

Æneas first Rutulian Sucro found,  
 Whose valour made the Trojans quit their ground ;  
 Between his ribs the jav'lin drove so just, 736  
 It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.  
 Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren slew ;  
 First from his horse fierce Amycus he threw :  
 Then, leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd 740  
 Diorea, and in equal fight prevail'd.

Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place ;  
 Their heads, distilling gore, his chariot grace.

Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw,  
 Whom without respite at one charge he slew : 745  
 Cethegus, Tanaïs, Talus, fell oppress'd.  
 And sad Onytes, added to the rest—  
 Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.

Turnus two brothers from the Lycian shore,  
 And from Apollo's fane to battle sent, 750  
 O'erthrew ; nor Phœbus could their fate prevent.  
 Peaceful Menœtes after these he kill'd,  
 Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field :  
 On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,  
 And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread. 755  
 Nor pompous cares, nor palaces, he knew,  
 But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew.

Poor was his house : his father's painful hand  
Discharged his rent, and plough'd another's land.

As flames among the lofty woods are thrown 760  
On diff'rent sides, and both by winds are blown :

The laurels crackle in the sputt'ring fire ;  
The frightened sylvans from their shades retire :  
Or as two neighb'ring torrents fall from high,  
Rapid they run ; the foamy waters fry ; 765

They roll to sea with unresisted force,  
And down the rocks precipitate their course :  
Not with less rage the rival heroes take  
Their diff'rent ways ; nor less destruction make.

With spears afar, with swords at hand, they strike ;  
And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike. 771

Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field ;  
And hearts are pierced, unknowing how to yield :  
They blow for blow return, and wound for wound,  
And heaps of bodies raise the level ground. 775

Murrhanus, boasting of his blood, that springs  
From a long royal race of Latian kings,  
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,  
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone :  
Between the wheels he fell ; the wheels, that bore  
His living load, his dying body tore. 781

His starting steeds, to shun the glitt'ring sword,  
Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their  
lord.

Fierce Hyllus threaten'd high, and, face to face,  
Affronted Turnus in the middle space : 785

The prince encounter'd him in full career,  
And at his temples aim'd a deadly spear :  
So fatally the flying weapon sped,  
That through his brazen helm it pierced his head.  
Nor, Cisseus, couldst thou 'scape from Turnus'  
hand, 790

In vain the strongest of th' Arcadian band :  
Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford  
Availing aid against th' Ænean sword,

Which to his naked heart pursued the course ;  
Nor could his plated shield sustain the force. 795

Iōlas fell, whom not the Grecian pow'rs,  
Nor great subverter of the Trojan tow'rs,  
Were doom'd to kill, while heav'n prolong'd his  
date.

But who can pass the bounds prefix'd by Fate?  
In high Lyrnessus, and in Troy, he held 800  
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:  
Of all the mighty man, the last remains  
A little spot of foreign earth contains.

And now both hosts their broken troops unite  
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight. 805  
Serestus and undaunted Mnestheus join  
The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line :  
Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads  
The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.  
They strike ; they push ; they throng the scanty  
space, 810

Resolved on death, impatient of disgrace :  
And, where one falls, another fills his place.

The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son  
To leave th' unfinish'd fight, and storm the town ;  
For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain 815  
In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in vain,  
He views the unguarded city from afar,  
In careless quiet, and secure of war.  
Occasion offers, and excites his mind  
To dare beyond the task he first design'd. 820  
Resolved, he calls his chiefs ; they leave the  
fight :

Attended thus, he takes a neighb'ring height :  
The crowding troops about their gen'ral stand,  
All under arms, and wait his high command.  
Then thus the lofty prince : " Hear and obey, 825  
Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay.  
Jove is with us ; and what I have decreed  
Requires our utmost vigour and our speed.

Your instant arms against the town prepare,  
 The source of mischief, and the seat of war. 830  
 This day the Latian tow'rs, that mate the sky,  
 Shall, level with the plain, in ashes lie:  
 The people shall be slaves, unless in time  
 They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.  
 Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the  
 plain: 835

Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain!  
 Your force against the perjured city bend:  
 There it began, and there the war shall end.  
 The peace profaned our rightful arms requires:  
 Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires." 840

He finish'd; and—one soul inspiring all—  
 Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.  
 Without the town an unprovided train  
 Of gaping gazing citizens are slain.  
 Some firebrands, others scaling ladders, bear; 845  
 And those they toss aloft, and these they rear.  
 The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,  
 And clouds of missive arms obscure the sky.  
 Advancing to the front, the hero stands,  
 And, stretching out to heav'n his pious hands, 850  
 Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,  
 Upbraids with breach of faith th' Ausonian prince;  
 Declares the royal honour doubly stain'd,  
 And twice the rites of holy peace profaned.

Dissenting clamours in the town arise: 855  
 Each will be heard, and all at once advise.  
 One part for peace, and one for war contends:  
 Some would exclude their foes, and some admit  
 their friends.

The helpless king is hurried in the throng,  
 And (what'er tide prevails) is borne along. 860

Thus, when the swain, within a hollow rock,  
 Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,  
 They run around, or labour on their wings,  
 Disused to flight, and shoot their sleepy stings;

To shun the bitter fumes, in vain they try ; 865  
 Black vapours, issuing from the vent, involve the  
 sky.

But Fate and envious Fortune now prepare  
 To plunge the Latins in the last despair.  
 The queen, who saw the foes invade the town,  
 And brands on tops of burning houses thrown, 870  
 Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear :—  
 No troops of Turnus in the field appear.  
 Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain,  
 And then concludes the royal youth is slain.  
 Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear 875  
 The mighty grief, she loathes the vital air.  
 She calls herself the cause of all this ill,  
 And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will :  
 She raves against the gods ; she beats her breast ;  
 She tears with both her hands her purple vest : 880  
 Then round a beam a running noose she tied,  
 And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely died.  
 Soon as the fatal news by fame was blown,  
 And to her dames and to her daughter known,  
 The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair, 885  
 And rosy cheeks : the rest her sorrow share :  
 With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of  
 despair.

The spreading rumour fills the public place :  
 Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,  
 And silent shame, are seen in ev'ry face. 890  
 Latinus tears his garments as he goes,  
 Both for his public and his private woes ;  
 With filth his venerable beard besmears ;  
 And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs :  
 And much he blames the softness of his mind, 895  
 Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,  
 And soon reduced to change what he so well de-  
 sign'd—

To break the solemn league so long desired,  
 Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy, re-  
 quired.

Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains; 900  
And here and there some straggling foes he  
gleans.

His flying coursers please him less and less,  
Ashamed of easy fight and cheap success.

Thus half-contented, anxious in his mind,

The distant cries come driving in the wind— 905  
Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmurs  
drown'd;

A jarring mixture, and a boding sound.

"Alas!" said he, "what mean these dismal cries?

What doleful clamours from the town arise!"

Confused he stops, and backward pulls the reins. 910

She, who the driver's office now sustains,

Replies: "Neglect, my lord, these new alarms;

Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms;

There want not others to defend the wall.

If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall, 915

So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,

In honour equal, equal in success."

To this the prince: "O sister! for I knew

The peace infringed proceeded first from you:

I knew you, when you mingled first in fight: 920

And now in vain you would deceive my sight.

Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?

Who sent you down from heav'n, involved in  
air,

Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,

And see your brother bleeding on the plain! 925

For to what pow'r can Turnus have recourse,

Or how resist his fate's prevailing force?

These eyes beheld Murrhanus bite the ground.

Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.

I heard my dearest friend, with dying breath, 930

My name invoking to revenge his death.

Brave Ufens fell with honour on the place,

To shun the shameful sight of my disgrace.

On earth supine a manly corse he lies;

His vest and armour are the victor's prize. 935



Then, shall I see Laurentum in a flame,  
Which only wanted, to complete my shame !  
How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight !  
How Drances will insult, and point them to the  
sight !

Is death so hard to bear ?—Ye gods below ! 940  
(Since those above so small compassion show)  
Receive a soul unsullied yet with shame,  
Which not belies my great forefather's name."

He said ; and, while he spoke, with flying speed  
Came Saces urging on his foaming steed : 945  
Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,  
And, seeking Turnus, sent his voice before :

" Turnus ! on you, on you alone depends  
Our last relief : compassionate your friends !  
Like lightning, fierce Æneas, rolling on, 950  
With arms invests, with flames invades the town :  
The brands are toss'd on high : the winds conspire  
To drive along the deluge of the fire.

All eyes are fix'd on you : your foes rejoice ;  
Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice :  
Doubts to deliver or defend the town, 956  
Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.

The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were  
placed,

Herself suborning death, has breathed her last.  
'Tis true Messapus, fearless of his fate, 960  
With fierce Atinas' aid defends the gate :

On ev'ry side surrounded by the foe,  
The more they kill, the greater numbers grow ;  
An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow.  
You, far aloof from your forsaken bands, 965  
Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty sands."

Stupid he sat, his eyes on earth declined,  
And various cares revolving in his mind :  
Rage, boiling from the bottom of his breast,  
And sorrow mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd ;  
And conscious worth lay lab'ring in his thought, 971  
And love by jealousy to madness wrought.

By slow degrees his reason drove away  
 The mists of passion, and resumed her sway :  
 Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look, 975  
 And saw the town involved in fire and smoke.  
 A wooden tow'r with flames already blazed,  
 Which his own hands on beams and rafters raised,  
 And bridges laid above to join the space,  
 And wheels below to roll from place to place. 980  
 " Sister ! the fates have vanquish'd : let us go  
 The way which heav'n and my hard fortune show.  
 The fight is fix'd : nor shall the branded name  
 Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.  
 Death is my choice : but suffer me to try 985  
 My force, and vent my rage before I die."  
 He said ; and, leaping down without delay,  
 Through crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his way.  
 Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,  
 And left the grieving goddess far behind. 990  
 As, when a fragment, from a mountain torn  
 By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,  
 Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots—  
 Prone through the void the rocky ruin shoots,  
 Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep : 995  
 Down sink at once the shepherds and their sheep.  
 Involved alike, they rush to nether ground :  
 Stunn'd with the shock, they fall, and stunn'd from  
 earth rebound :  
 So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,  
 Should'ring and shoving, bore the squadrons down.  
 Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew, 1001  
 Where shafts and spears and darts promiscuous  
 flew,  
 And sanguine streams the slipp'ry ground imbrue.  
 First stretching out his arm, in sign of peace,  
 He cries aloud, to make the combat cease : 1005  
 " Rutulians, hold ! and, Latin troops, retire !  
 The fight is mine ; and me the gods require.  
 'Tis just that I should vindicate alone  
 The broken truce, or for the breach atone.

This day shall free from wars th' Ausonian state,  
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate." 1011

Both armies from their bloody work desist,  
And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.  
The Trojan hero, who received from fame  
The welcome sound, and heard the champion's  
name, 1015

Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls:  
Greedy of war where greater glory calls,  
He springs to fight, exulting in his force;  
His jointed armour rattles in the course.  
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows, 1020  
Or father Appennine, when, white with snows,  
His head divine obscure in clouds he hides,  
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.

The nations overaw'd, surcease the fight;  
Immovable their bodies, fix'd their sight; 1025  
Ev'n death stands still; nor from above they throw  
Their darts, nor drive their batt'ring-rams below.  
In silent order either army stands,  
And drop their swords, unknowing, from their  
hands.

Th' Ausonian king beholds, with wond'ring sight,  
Two mighty champions match'd in single fight, 1031  
Born under climes remote, and brought by fate  
With swords to try their titles to the state.

Now, in closed field, each other from afar  
They view; and, rushing on, begin the war. 1035  
They launch their spears; then hand to hand they  
meet.

The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet:  
Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from  
high,

And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.  
Courage conspires with chance; and both engage  
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage. 1041

As, when two bulls for their fair female fight  
In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus' height,

With horns adverse they meet : the keeper flies :  
Mute stands the herd ; the heifers roll their  
eyes, 1045

And wait th' event—which victor they shall bear,  
And who shall be the lord to rule the lusty year :  
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,  
And push for push, and wound for wound return :  
Their dewlaps gored, their sides are laved in blood :  
Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow through the  
wood. 1051

Such was the combat in the listed ground ;  
So clash their swords, and so their shields resound.

Jove sets the beam : in either scale he lays  
The champions' fate, and each exactly weighs. 1055  
On this side, life, and lucky chance ascends :  
Loaded with death, that other scale descends.  
Raised on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow  
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe :  
Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side, 1060  
As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.  
But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,  
And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.  
Now 'tis but death or flight : disarm'd he flies,  
When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies. 1065  
Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,  
Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,  
Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste could  
find.

'Twas not the fated sword his father bore,  
But that his charioteer Metiscus wore. 1070  
This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held :  
But vain against the great Vulcanian shield.  
The mortal-temper'd steel deceived his hand :  
The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.

Surprised with fear, he fled along the field, 1075  
And now forthright, and now in orbits wheel'd :  
For here the Trojan troops the list surround,  
And there the pass is closed with pools and marshy  
ground.

Æneas hastens, though with heavier pace—  
 His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase, 1080  
 And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse,  
 Yet, pressing foot by foot, his foe pursues.

Thus, when a fearful stag is closed around  
 With crimson toils, or in a river found,  
 High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound ap-  
 pears, 1085

Still op'ning, following still, where'er he steers ;  
 The persecuted creature, to and fro,  
 Turns here and there, to 'scape his Umbrian foe :  
 Steep is th' ascent, and, if he gains the land,  
 The purple death is pitch'd along the strand : 1090  
 His eager foe, determin'd to the chase,  
 Stretch'd at his length, gains ground at ev'ry pace :  
 Now to his beamy head he makes his way,  
 And now he holds, or thinks he holds his prey :  
 Just at the pinch, the stag springs out with fear :  
 He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws with  
 air : 1096

The rocks, the lakes, the meadows, ring with cries ;  
 The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the  
 skies.

Thus flies the Daunian prince, and, flying, blames  
 His tardy troops, and, calling by their names, 1100  
 Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats  
 The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats  
 To lay in ashes, if they dare supply,  
 With arms or aid, his vanquish'd enemy.  
 Thus menacing, he still pursues the course 1105  
 With vigour, though diminish'd of his force.  
 Ten times already, round the listed place,  
 One chief had fled, and t'other giv'n the chase :  
 No trivial prize is play'd ; for, on the life  
 Or death of Turnus, now depends the strife. 1110

Within the space an olive-tree had stood,  
 A sacred shade, a venerable wood,  
 For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins' guardian  
 god.

Here hung the vests, and tablets were engraved,  
Of sinking mariners from shipwreck saved. 1115  
With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,  
To make the ground enclosed for combat free.  
Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,  
Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance;  
Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to  
free 1120

Th' encumber'd spear from the tenacious tree :  
That, whom his fainting limbs pursued in vain,  
His flying weapon might from far attain.

Confused with fear, bereft of human aid,  
Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus,  
pray'd : 1125

"O Faunus ! pity ! and thou, mother Earth,  
Where I, thy foster-son, received my birth,  
Hold fast the steel ! If my religious hand  
Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profaned,  
Propitious hear my pious pray'r !" He said, 1130  
Nor with successless vows invoked their aid.  
Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and  
strain'd ;

But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.  
Juturna took her time ; and, while in vain  
He strove, assumed Metiscus' form again, 1135  
And, in that imitated shape, restored  
To the despairing prince his Daunian sword  
The queen of love—who, with disdain and grief,  
Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief—  
T' assert her offspring with a greater deed, 1140  
From the tough root the ling'ring weapon freed.

Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance :  
One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance ;  
And both resolved alike to try their fatal chance.

Meantime imperial Jove to Juno spoke, 1145  
Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock :  
"What new arrest, O queen of heav'n ! is sent  
To stop the Fates now lab'ring in th' event !

What further hopes are left thee to pursue ?  
 Divine Æneas (and thou know'st it too), 1150  
 Foredoom'd, to these celestial seats is due,  
 What more attempts for Turnus can be made,  
 That thus thou ling'rest in this lonely shade ?

Is it becoming of the due respect  
 And awful honour of a god elect, 1155

A wound unworthy of our state to feel,  
 Patient of human hands, and earthly steel ?  
 Or seems it just the sister should restore  
 A second sword, when one was lost before,  
 And arm a conquer'd wretch against his conqueror ?  
 For what, without thy knowledge and avow, 1161  
 Nay more, thy dictate, durst Juturna do ?

At last, in def'rence to my love, forbear,  
 To lodge within thy soul this anxious care :  
 Reclined upon my breast, thy grief unload :— 1165

Who should relieve the goddess but the god ?  
 Now all things to their utmost issue tend,  
 Push'd by the Fates to their appointed end.

While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour  
 For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted pow'r, 1170

Toss'd on the seas thou couldst thy foes distress,  
 And, driv'n ashore, with hostile arms oppress ;  
 Deform the royal house ; and, from the side  
 Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride :  
 Now cease at my command." The thund'rer  
 said ; 1175

And, with dejected eyes, this answer Juno made :  
 "Because your dread decree too well I knew,  
 From Turnus and from earth unwilling I with-  
 drew.

Else should you not behold me here, alone,  
 Involved in empty clouds, my friends bemoan, 1180  
 But, girt with vengeful flames, in open sight,  
 Engaged against my foes in mortal fight.

'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the strife  
 By my commands, to save her brother's life.

At least to try ; but (by the Stygian lake— 1185  
 The most religious oath the gods can take)  
 With this restriction, not to bend the bow,  
 Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.  
 And now resign'd to your superior might,  
 And tired with fruitless toils, I loath the fight. 1190  
 This let me beg (and this no fates withstand)  
 Both for myself and for your father's land,  
 That, when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,  
 (Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless)  
 The laws of either nation be the same ; 1195  
 But let the Latins still retain their name,  
 Speak the same language which they spoke before,  
 Wear the same habits which their grandsires wore.  
 Call them not Trojans : perish the renown  
 And name of Troy, with that detested town. 1200  
 Latium be Latium still ; let Alba reign,  
 And Rome's immortal majesty remain."  
 Then thus the founder of mankind replies,  
 (Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes) :  
 " Can Saturn's issue, and heaven's other heir, 1205  
 Such endless anger in her bosom bear ?  
 Be mistress, and your full desires obtain ;  
 But quench the choler you foment in vain.  
 From ancient blood th' Ausonian people sprung,  
 Shall keep their name, their habit, and their 1210  
 tongue :  
 The Trojans to their customs shall be tied.  
 I will myself their common rites provide.  
 The natives shall command, the foreigners subside.  
 All shall be Latium ; Troy without a name ;  
 And her lost sons forget from whence they came.  
 From blood so mix'd a pious race shall flow, 1216  
 Equal to gods, excelling all below.  
 No nation more respect to you shall pay,  
 Or greater off'rings on your altars lay."  
 Juno consents, well pleased that her desires 1220  
 Had found success, and from the cloud retires.



The peace thus made, the thund'rer next prepares

To force the wat'ry goddess from the wars.

Deep in the dismal regions void of light,

Three daughters, at a birth, were born to Night; 1225

These their brown mother, brooding on her care,

Endued with windy wings, to flit in air,

With serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing hair.

In heav'n the Diræ call'd, and still at hand,

Before the throne of angry Jove they stand, 1230

His ministers of wrath, and ready still

The minds of mortal men with fears to fill,

Whene'er the moody sire, to wreak his hate

On realms or towns deserving of their fate,

Hurls down diseases, death, and deadly care, 1235

And terrifies the guilty world with war.

One sister plague of these from heav'n he sent

To fright Juturna with a dire portent.

The pest comes whirling down: by far more slow,

Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow, 1240

Or Cydon yew, when, traversing the skies,

And drench'd in poisonous juice, the sure destruction flies.

With such a sudden, and unseen a flight,

Shot through the clouds the daughter of the Night.

Soon as the field enclosed she had in view, 1245

And from afar her destined quarry knew—

Contracted, to the boding bird she turns,

Which haunts the ruin'd piles and hollow'd urns,

And beats about the tombs with nightly wings,

Where songs obscene on sepulchres she sings. 1250

Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries

The Fury round unhappy Turnus flies,

Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.

A lazy chillness crept along his blood;

Choked was his voice; his hair with horror stood.

Juturna from afar beheld her fly, 1255

And knew th' ill omen, by her screaming cry,

And stridor of her wing. Amazed with fear,  
Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her flowing  
hair.

"Ah me!" she cries—"in this unequal strife, 1260  
What can thy sister more to save thy life!

Weak as I am, can I, alas! contend

In arms with that inexorable fiend?

Now, now I quit the field! forbear to fright

My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night! 1265

The lashing of your wings I know too well,

The sounding flight, and fun'ral screams of hell!

These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,

The worthy recompense of ravish'd love!

Did he for this exempt my life from fate! 1270

O hard conditions of immortal state!

Though born to death, not privileged to die,

But forced to bear imposed eternity!

Take back your envious bribes, and let me go

Companion to my brother's ghost below! 1275

The joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains

Of life immortal, but immortal pains.

What earth will open her devouring womb

To rest a weary goddess in the tomb!"

She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said, 1280

But in her azure mantle wrapp'd her head,

Then plunged into her stream, with deep despair;

And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.

Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear

Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear: 1285

"What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?

What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?

'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight:

Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.

Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare 1290

What skill and courage can attempt in war;

Wish for the wings of winds, to mount the sky;

Or hid within the hollow earth to lie!"

The champion shook his head, and made this short  
reply:

"No threats of thine my manly mind can move :  
 'Tis hostile heav'n I dread, and partial Jove." 1296  
 He said no more, but, with a sigh, repress'd  
 The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.  
 Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,  
 An antique stone he saw, the common bound 1300  
 Of neighb'ring fields, and barrier of the ground—  
 So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days  
 Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.  
 He heaved it at a lift, and, poised on high,  
 Ran stagg'ring on against his enemy, 1305  
 But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew  
 His way, or what unwieldy weight he threw.  
 His knocking knees are bent beneath the load ;  
 And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.  
 The stone drops from his arms, and, falling short  
 For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort. 1311  
 And as, when heavy sleep has closed the sight,  
 The sickly fancy labours in the night :  
 We seem to run ; and, destitute of force,  
 Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course : 1315  
 In vain we heave for breath ; in vain we cry :  
 The nerves, unbraced, their usual strength deny ;  
 And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die :  
 So Turnus fared : whatever means he tried,  
 All force of arms, and points of art employ'd, 1320  
 The fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour void.  
 A thousand various thoughts his soul confound :  
 He stared about ; nor aid nor issue found :  
 His own men stop the pass ; and his own walls sur-  
 round.

Once more he pauses, and looks out again, 1325  
 And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.  
 Trembling he views the thund'ring chief advance,  
 And brandishing aloft the deadly lance :  
 Amazed he cowers beneath his conqu'ring foe,  
 Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow. 1330  
 Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,  
 Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear  
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The hero measured first, with narrow view,  
The destined mark ; and, rising as he threw,  
With its full swing the fatal weapon flew. 1335  
Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,  
Or stones from batt'ring engines break the walls :  
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,  
The lance drove on, and bore the death along.  
Nought could his sev'nfold shield the prince  
avail, 1340

Nor aught, beneath his arms, the coat of mail :  
It pierced through all, and with a grisly wound  
Transfix'd his thigh and doubled him to ground.  
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky :  
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply. 1345

Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,  
With eyes cast upwards, and with arms display'd,  
And, recreant, thus to the proud victor pray'd :  
" I know my death deserved, nor hope to live :  
Use what the gods and thy good fortune give. 1350  
Yet think, oh ! think, if mercy may be shown  
(Thou hadst a father once, and hast a son),  
Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave ;  
And, for Anchises' sake, old Daunus save !  
Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death, 1355  
Give to my friends my body void of breath !  
The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life :  
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife :  
Against a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble strife."

In deep suspense the Trojan seemed to stand, 1360  
And, just prepared to strike, repress'd his hand.  
He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt  
His manly soul with more compassion melt ;  
When, casting down a casual glance, he spied  
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side, 1365  
The fatal spoil which haughty Turnus tore  
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore ;  
Then roused anew to wrath, he loudly cries  
(Flames while he spoke came flashing from his  
eyes).

## ÆNEID.—BOOK III.

"Traitor! dost thou—dost thou to grace pretend,  
 Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend? 1371  
 To his sad soul a grateful offering go!  
 'Tis Pallas—Pallas gives this deadly blow!"  
 He raised his arm aloft, and, at the word, 1375  
 Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.  
 The streaming blood distain'd his arms around;  
 And the disdainful soul came rushing through the  
 wound.

END OF VIRGIL.